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“Well, gentlemen, on the eve of great events, closing a great campaign, I look into your faces and draw from you such consolation as even you can not understand. Whatever the event may be, our post is secure, and whatever may befall me hereafter, if I can succeed in keeping the hearts of Portage County near to me I shall know that I do not go far wrong in any thing, for they are men who love the truth for truth’s sake, far more than they love any man.

“Ladies and gentlemen, all the doors of my house are open to you. The hand of every member of my family is outstretched to you. Our hearts greet you, and we ask you to come in.”

In the meantime there had occurred the most remarkable episode of the campaign. On the 21st of October appeared in the columns of a New York newspaper called *Truth*, a letter purporting to have been written on the 23d of January, 1880, to one H. L. Morey, of Lynn, Massachusetts. The communication was ostensibly a reply to a letter written to General Garfield with the purpose of obtaining his views on the great question of the Chinese in the United States, and more particularly to extract his ideas on the subject of Chinese cheap labor. This previous supposititious letter of Morey was never produced, but only the alleged answer of General Garfield, which was as follows:

“HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }  
WASHINGTON, D. C., January 23, 1880. }

“*Dear Sir:* Yours in relation to the Chinese problem came duly to hand. I take it that the question of employes is only a question of private and corporate economy. Individuals or companies have the right to buy labor where they can get it the cheapest. We have a treaty with the Chinese Government, which should be religiously kept until its provisions are abrogated by the action of the General Government, and I am not prepared to say that it should be abrogated until our great manufacturing interests are conserved in the matter of labor.

Very truly yours,

“J. A. GARFIELD.

“To H. L. MOREY, Employers’ Union, Lynn, Mass.”

It was instantly manifested, on the appearance of this letter,

Personal & Confidential  
House of Representatives.

Washington, D. C., May 23, 1880

Dear Sir,

Yours in relation to the Chinese  
problem came duly to hand.

I take it that the question of labor  
is only a question of private and corporate  
economy, and individuals or companies have  
the right to buy labor where they can get  
it cheapest.

We have a treaty with the Chinese  
government, which should be religiously kept  
until its provisions are abrogated by the  
action of the general Government, and I am  
not prepared to say that it should be  
abrogated, until our great manufacturing  
and corporate interests are considered in the  
matter of labor.

A. D. Morey  
Employers Union  
Superintendent.

Very truly yours  
J. A. Garfield.

MENTOR, OHIO. Oct 23, 1880.

Hon Marshall Jewell  
Chairman Rep. Nat. Committee  
Fifth Avenue N.Y.

Dear Sir

In my dispatches of yesterday and this evening (which one also sent you by mail) I have denounced the Morey letter as a base forgery. Its stupid and brutal sentiments I never expressed nor entertained. The lithographic copy shows a very clumsy attempt to imitate my penmanship and signature. Any one who is familiar with my handwriting will instantly see that the letter is spurious.

Very Truly Yours  
J. A. Garfield.

that its almost certain effect would be to lose General Garfield the electoral votes of the Pacific States; for the settled sentiment of those States against Chinese immigration and the consequent competition of that people with American free labor, was known to be so pronounced as to make it sure that no party discipline could hold them in allegiance to a candidate who squinted at favoring the Celestials. There was instant alarm among the General's friends, but their fears were quickly quieted by the prompt action of Garfield himself, who immediately sent to Hon. Marshall Jewell, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, the following dispatch:

“MENTOR, O., October 22, 1880.

“*To Hon. M. Jewell and Hon. S. W. Dorsey:*

“I will not break the rule I have adopted by making a public reply to campaign lies, but I authorize you to denounce the so-called Morey letter as a bold forgery, both in its language and sentiment. Until its publication I never heard of the existence of the Employers' Union of Lynn, Massachusetts, nor of such a person as H. L. Morey.

“J. A. GARFIELD.”

The mails of the same day brought to General Garfield a copy of the *Truth* newspaper, containing a lithographic fac-simile of his alleged letter, and to this he made immediate answer as follows:

MENTOR, O., October 23, 1880.

“*To Hon. Marshall Jewell:*

“Your telegram of this afternoon is received. Publish my dispatch of last evening, if you think best. Within the last hour the mail has brought me a lithographic copy of the forged letter. It is the work of some clumsy villain who can not spell nor write English, nor imitate my handwriting. Every honest and manly Democrat in America, who is familiar with my handwriting, will denounce the forgery at sight. Put the case in the hands of the ablest detectives at once, and hunt the rascal down.

“J. A. GARFIELD.”

The question of veracity was thus broadly opened between General Garfield and the mythical Morey and his backers. It did not take the American people long to decide between them. Except in the columns of extreme and reckless partisan news-

papers and in the mouths of irresponsible demagogues, the matter was laid forever to rest. To convince the people that James A. Garfield was a liar was an up-hill work. The Republicans simply said that the Morey letter was an outrageous fraud, a forged expedient, a last resort to stay a lost cause.

In the investigation the following facts clearly appeared:

1. That no such person as H. L. Morey lived at or near Lynn, Massachusetts, at the time when the alleged Garfield letter was written.

2. That no such association as the supposed Morey pretended to represent, ever existed in Lynn.

3. The fac-simile of the letter printed in the columns of *Truth* showed, on close examination, all the internal evidences of forgery. It was a coarse and easily detected counterfeit of the General's handwriting and signature, and contained, among other palpable absurdities, the word "companies," spelled *companys*—a blunder utterly at variance with General Garfield's scholarship and careful literary habit.

4. The fact that the sentiments of the letter were in broad and palpable contradiction of Garfield's letter of acceptance and other public utterances on the Chinese question.

5. General Garfield's positive and unreserved denial of authorship.

This put the abettors of the Morey business on the defensive, and they squirmed not a little. They said that Morey was dead; which was a necessary thing to say. They declared themselves innocent of all complicity. The letter had come into their hands in the regular way. They *believed* it to be true, etc. But all these allegations combined would not suffice to stay the inevitable reaction; for say what you will, do not the American people believe in fair play?

According to General Garfield's expressed desire, the Morey case was carried to the courts. A certain Kenward Philp, a contributor to *Truth*, was charged with the forgery and arrested.

The grand jury in General Sessions presented an indictment against Joseph Hart, Louis A. Post, Kenward Philp and Charles A.

Bryne for publishing in the newspaper *Truth* a criminal libel on General Garfield.

A long trial followed in the court of Oyer and Terminer, of New York. The suit was at first directed against the editors of *Truth*, and Philp was thus unearthed. As the trial progressed, although the evidence was inconclusive as to Philp's authorship of the letter, yet every circumstance tended to show unmistakably that the whole affair had been a cunning conspiracy of some prodigious scoundrel to injure General Garfield's chances for the Presidency.

The production of the letter and its envelope in Court betrayed at once the tampering to which the latter had been subjected, and settled the character of the disgraceful political maneuver which had given it birth. The alleged forger proved to be an English Bohemian, who contributed to the "story papers," and who confessedly wrote the editorial articles defending the genuineness of the letter in the under-ground journal which first published it. The register of the Kirtland House, at Lynn, Massachusetts, was produced by the defense, and the name "H. L. Morey" was shown there in October, 1879, and again in February of 1880. But there was the most circumstantial evidence that the name had been recently written on each page of the register. The name had, undoubtedly, been added to the hotel register in each instance by some one who was anxious to bolster up the fraud.

The discovery was made that the envelope containing the forged letter had originally been addressed to some one else than H. L. Morey; and an enlarged photographic copy of the envelope revealed the fact that the original name was Edward or Edwin Fox or Cox, in care of some company in the city of New York. And in the next place it was shown that Edward Fox was employed upon the *Truth*!

The prosecution failed to convict the publishers of the *Truth* of criminal libel; but the country rendered again the old Scotch verdict of "Guilty—but not proven." The Presidential election, however, was imminent, and it is not improbable that General Garfield's vote on the Pacific Slope was injured by the base machinations of the Morey conspirators.

On the 2d of November was held the Presidential election. The result had been foreseen. The Democracy could not stem the tide. The "Solid South," the unfortunate plank in their platform declaring in favor of "a tariff for revenue only," and the Morey forgery which had been charged up to their account, wrought their ruin. Garfield was overwhelmingly elected. The morning of the 3d revealed the general outline of the result. For a few days it was claimed by the Republicans that they had carried two or three of the Southern States, but this idea was soon dispelled. In a like unprofitable way the Democrats set up certain and sundry claims for some of the Northern States. One day they had carried New York; another day they had authentic information that California and Oregon were safe for Hancock. It was all in vain. The South all went Democratic, and all of the Northern States, except Nevada and one electoral vote from California, had been secured by the Republicans. The victory was unequivocal. The humble boy of Mother Garfield was elected President of the United States by 214 electoral votes against 155 for his antagonist, General Hancock. Thus, under the benign institutions of our country, was conferred upon one who began his life in a log cabin the highest civic honor known among the nations of the earth.

General Garfield spent election day at home without manifest excitement. In the evening, and later in the night, news began to arrive indicative of the result. Still no agitation. To some friends he said: "I have been busying myself with a calculation to determine the rate of voting to-day. During the hours in which the election has been in progress about 2000 ballots have dropped for every tick of the pendulum." With the morning light there was no longer doubt. The title of General, won on the bloody field of Chickamauga, had given place to that of President-elect, won before the grandest bar of public opinion under the circle of the sun.

On the day succeeding the election, the first delegation bearing congratulations visited Mentor. It was composed of the Oberlin College faculty and students, headed by President Fairchild, and

the occasion was one of more than usual interest. In reply to the speech of introduction, General Garfield said:

*“Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:* This spontaneous visit is so much more agreeable than a prepared one. It comes more directly from the heart of the people who participate, and I receive it as a greater compliment for that reason. I do not wish to be unduly impressible or superstitious, but, though we have outlived the days of the augurs, I think we have a right to think of some events as omens; and I greet this as a happy and auspicious omen, that the first general greeting since the event of yesterday is tendered to me by a venerable institution of learning. The thought has been abroad in the world a good deal, and with reason, that there is a divorce between scholarship and politics. Oberlin, I believe, has never advocated that divorce. But there has been a sort of cloistered scholarship in the United States that has stood aloof from active participation in public affairs, and I am glad to be greeted here to-day by the active, live scholarship of Ohio; and I know of no place where scholarship has touched upon the nerve center of the public so effectually as Oberlin. For this reason I am specially grateful for this greeting from the Faculty and students of Oberlin College and its venerable and venerated President. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for this visit. Whatever the significance of yesterday’s event may be, it will be all the more significant for being immediately indorsed by the scholarship and culture of my State. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, and thank your President for coming with you. You are cordially welcome.”

On the 6th of November the Republican Central Committee of Indiana repaired to Mentor and paid their respects to the coming Chief Magistrate; and on the 12th of the month the President, soon-to-be, was visited by the Republican Central Committee of Cuyahoga County. In answer to their salutation he said:

*“Gentlemen:* I have been saying a good many things during the past few weeks, and think I should be nearly through talking by this time. I should be the listener. But I can not refrain from saying that I am exceedingly glad to meet with you, a company of Republicans from my native county, and congratulate you upon what you have done. You

have shown your strength and character in your work. You have shown that you are men of high convictions and observe them in all that you do. I have always taken pride in this county and in the city of Cleveland. The Forest City is well worthy to be the capital of the Western Reserve. It has the credit of our country at heart, never losing sight of it in the heat of political warfare. In no city in the country can be found more active and earnest men—solid business men. It is an honor to any one to have the confidence of such a people. I am glad to be here this evening to greet you and thank you for your kind invitation.” [Applause.]

Garfield had now more offices in prospect or actual possession than usually fall to the lot of one man. He was still a member of the House of Representatives in the Forty-sixth Congress; he was also United States Senator-elect for the State of Ohio; and, thirdly, he was President-elect of the United States. On the 10th of November, being perhaps content with the Presidency, he resigned his seats in the House and Senate, and thus for about four months became Citizen Garfield, of Ohio.

The 2d of December was rather a Red-letter day at Mentor. The Presidential electors for the State of Ohio, on that day called on the President-elect and tendered their best regards. In answer to their congratulations he spoke with much animation and feeling as follows:

“*Gentlemen:* I am deeply grateful to you for this call, and for these personal and public congratulations. If I were to look upon the late campaign and its result merely in the light of a personal struggle and a personal success, it would probably be as gratifying as any thing could be in the history of politics. If my own conduct during the campaign has been in any way a help and a strength to our cause, I am glad. It is not always an easy thing to behave well. If, under trying circumstances, my behavior as a candidate has met your approval, I am greatly gratified. But the larger subject—your congratulations to the country on the triumph of the Republican party—opens a theme too vast for me to enter upon now.

“I venture, however, to mention a reflection which has occurred to me in reference to the election of yesterday. I suppose that no political

event has happened in all the course of the contest since the early spring, which caused so little excitement, and, indeed, so little public observation, as the Presidential election which was held yesterday at midday. The American people paid but little attention to the details of the real Presidential election, and for a very significant reason: although you and all the members of the Electoral Colleges had absolute constitutional and technical right to vote for any body you chose, and although no written law directed or suggested your choice, yet every American knew that the august sovereign of this Republic—the 9,000,000 of voters—on an early day in November had pronounced the omnipotent fiat of choice; and that sovereign, assuming as done that which he had ordered to be done, entertained no doubt but that his will would be implicitly obeyed by all the Colleges in all the States. That is the reason why the people were so serenely quiet yesterday. They had never yet found an American who failed to keep his trust as a Presidential Elector.

“From this thought I draw this lesson: that when that omnipotent sovereign, the American people, speaks to any one man and orders him to do a duty, that man is under the most solemn obligations of obedience which can be conceived, except what the God of the universe might impose upon him. Yesterday, through your votes, and the votes of others in the various States of the Union, it is probable (the returns will show) that our great political sovereign has laid his commands upon me. If he has done so, I am as bound by his will and his great inspiration and purpose as I could be bound by any consideration that this earth can impose upon any human being. In that presence, therefore, I stand and am awed by the majesty and authority of such a command.

“In so far as I can interpret the best aspirations and purposes of our august sovereign, I shall seek to realize them. You and I, and those who have acted with us in the years past, believe that our sovereign loves liberty, and desires for all inhabitants of the Republic peace and prosperity under the sway of just and equal laws. Gentlemen, I thank you for this visit; for this welcome; for the suggestions that your presence and your words bring, and for the hope that you have expressed, that in the arduous and great work before us we may maintain the standard of Nationality and promote all that is good and worthy in this country, and during the coming four years we may raise just as large a crop of peace, prosperity, justice, liberty, and culture as it is possible for forty-nine millions of people to raise.”

At the close of the address there was a general hand-shaking *à la Americaine*; and then to add to the interest of the occasion the President's aged mother, to whom more than ever of late his heart had turned with loyal devotion, was led into the apartment and presented to the distinguished guests by her more distinguished son.

Two days afterwards there was another assembly of visitors at Mentor. This time it was a delegation of colored Republicans—Black Republicans in both senses of the word—from South Carolina, headed by the negro orator, R. B. Elliott, who delivered the congratulatory address. In answer, the President-elect said:

*“General Elliott and Gentlemen:* I thank you for your congratulations on the successful termination of the great campaign that recently closed, and especially for your kind allusion to me personally for the part I bore in that campaign.

“What I have done, what I have said concerning your race and the great problem that your presence on this continent has raised, I have said as a matter of profound conviction, and hold to with all the meaning of the words employed in expressing it. What you have said in regard to the situation of your people, the troubles that they encountered, the evils from which they have suffered and still suffer, I listened to with deep attention, and shall give it full measure of reflection.

“This is not the time nor the place for me to indicate any thing as to what I shall have to say and do, by and by, in an official way. But this I may say: I noted as peculiarly significant one sentence in the remarks of General Elliott, to the effect that the majority of citizens, as he alleges, in some portions of the South, are oppressed by the minority. If this be so, why is it so? Because a trained man is two or three men in one, in comparison with an untrained man; and outside of politics and outside of parties, that suggestion is full, brim-full, of significance, that the way to make the majority always powerful over the minority, is to make its members as trained and intelligent as the minority itself. That brings the equality of citizenship; and no law can confer and maintain in the long run a thing that is not upheld with a reasonable degree of culture and intelligence. Legislation ought to do all it can. I have made these suggestions simply to indicate that the education of your race, in my judgment, lies at the base of the final solution of your great ques-

tion; and that can not be altogether in the hands of the State or National Government. The Government ought to do all it properly can, but the native hungering and thirsting for knowledge that the Creator planted in every child, must be cultivated by the parents of those children to the last possible degree of their ability, so that the hands of the people shall reach out and grasp in the darkness the hand of the Government extended to help, and by that union of effort bring what mere legislation alone can not immediately bring.

"I rejoice that you have expressed so strongly and earnestly your views in regard to the necessity of your education. I have felt for years that that was the final solution.

"Those efforts that are humble and comparatively out of sight are, in the long run, the efforts that tell. I have sometimes thought that the men that sink a coffer-dam into the river, and work for months in anchoring great stones to build the solid abutments and piers, whose work is by and by hidden by the water and out of sight, do not get their share of the credit. The gaudy structure of the bridge that rests on these piers, and across which the trains thunder, is the thing that strikes the eye of the general public a great deal more than the sunken piers and hard work. The educational growth and the building up of industry, the economy and all that can help the foundations of real prosperity is the work that, in the long run, tells. Some Scotch poet said, or put it in the mouth of some prophet to say, that the time would come 'when Bertram's right and Bertram's might shall meet on Ellengowan's height,' and it is when the might and the right of a people meet that majorities are never oppressed by minorities. Trusting, gentlemen, that you may take part in this earnest work of building up your race from the foundation into the solidity of intelligence and industry, and upon those bases at last see all your rights recognized, is my personal wish and hope for your people."

About this time in November, the weather closed in stormy and cold, and, fortunately for Garfield, the tide of visitors ebbed, and he found a little rest. Late in the month, he made a brief visit to Washington, where he spent a few days among his friends and political advisers. After that, he returned to Mentor, and during December his life was passed in comparative quiet at his home.

No doubt in these December days the vision of his boyhood rose many times to view. No doubt, in the silence of the winter evening, by his glowing hearth at Lawnfield, with the wife of his youth by his side and the children of their love around them, and the certain Presidency of the Republic just beyond, he realized in as full measure as falls to the lot of man that strange thing which is called success.

The New Year came in. The bleak January—bitter cold—went by. On the 16th of February, the distinguished Senator Conkling, of New York, made a visit to the President-elect. In the imagination of the political busy-bodies the event was fraught with great consequences. It was said that the haughty stalwart leader was on a mission looking to the construction of the new administration, to seek favor for his friends, and to pledge therefor the support—hitherto somewhat doubted—of himself and his partisans. The interview was named the “Treaty of Mentor;” but the likelihood is that the *treaty* consisted of no more than distinguished civilities and informal discussion of the *personnel* of the new Cabinet, etc. A few days later the President-elect made his departure for Washington to be inaugurated. The special train which was to bear himself and family away, left Mentor on the 28th of February. Fully three thousand people were gathered at the dépôt. Cheer after cheer was given in honor of him who had made the name of Mentor for ever famous. A farewell speech was delivered by Hon. A. L. Tinker, of Painesville, and to this the Chief Magistrate responded thus:

“*Fellow-citizens and neighbors of Lake County:* I thank you for the cordial and kindly greeting and farewell. You have come from your homes than which no happier are known in this country, from this beautiful lakeside full of that which makes country life happy, to give me your blessing and farewell. You do not know how much I leave behind me of friendship, and confidence, and home-like happiness; but I know I am indebted to this whole people for acts of kindness, of neighborly friendship, of political confidence, of public support, that few men have ever enjoyed at the hands of any people. You are a part of this great community of Northern Ohio, which, for so many years, have had no

political desire but the good of your country ; and now wishing but the promotion of liberty and justice, have had no scheme but the building up of all that was worthy and true in our Republic. If I were to search over all the world I could not find a better model of political spirit, of aspirations for the truth and the right, than I have found in this community during the eighteen years its people have honored me with their confidence. I thank the citizens of this county for their kindness, and especially my neighbors of Mentor, who have demanded so little of me, and have done so much to make my home a refuge and a joy. What awaits me I can not now speak of, but I shall carry to the discharge of the duties that lie before me, to the problems and dangers I may meet, a sense of your confidence and your love, which will always be answered by my gratitude. Neighbors, friends, and constituents, farewell." [Great applause.]

Promptly at 1 P. M. the train moved off, and the crowd dispersed. At Ashtabula, that famous old seat of abolitionism, the President-elect was called out by the chorus of cheers, and, in answer, said :

"*Citizens of Ashtabula*: I greatly thank you for this greeting. I can not forget the tree that was planted so many years ago, and its planting so far watched and assisted by the people of Ashtabula County. It has grown to be a great tree. Its branches cover the whole Republic, and its leaves and fruit are liberty to all men. That is a work for the citizens of Ashtabula County to be proud of to the latest generation. If I, as your representative, have helped on the cause you so much have at heart, I am glad; and if in the future I can help to confirm and strengthen what you have done so much to build; if I can help to garner the harvest that you have helped to plant, I shall feel that I have done something toward discharging the debt of gratitude which I owe for your confidence and love. I thank you, fellow-citizens, for this farewell greeting, and I bid you good-bye." [Great cheering.]

All along the route, as far as Altoona, Pennsylvania, where night overtook the train, the scene at Ashtabula was renewed, the President-elect responding pleasantly to the many greetings of the people.

We are now come to the last scene in the progress of James A.

Garfield from the obscurity of a backwoods home to the high seat of the Presidency. Wonderful career! Magnificent development of American manhood and citizenship! The train carrying the President-elect reached Washington on the evening of the 29th of February. By the courtesy of Mrs. President Hayes the Garfield family was taken at once to the White House. A press note, speaking of the arrival, said:

“The General looks travel-tired and weary, although the excitement keeps him well stimulated, having something of the effect of rich-living. He says that when once his Cabinet is settled, and he begins home-life at the White House, he will have a comparative freedom from worry. He does not sleep excellently well. Probably no man ever did while engaged in making up a Cabinet.”

Here, then, we say, Good-night; but think of To-morrow!

## CHAPTER XII.

## IN THE HIGH SEAT.

Not titled rank nor storied pride of birth,  
But free voice of the Nation  
Hath raised him to the highest place of earth,  
So fit to grace the station.

THE morning of March 4, 1881, dawned—if such days may be said to dawn at all—dark and gloomy. The snow, which had been falling and melting into a very uncomfortable slush for days before, still continued. The “weather clerk” prophesied more snow and rain; and altogether the promise of this day was not good to the unnumbered thousands of Americans who had come to Washington to see Garfield inaugurated. The weather was such as to give a fresh impulse to the talk which is sometimes indulged about changing the date of Inauguration Day to May 4th.

Nevertheless, fair weather or foul, blue sky or gray, the new administration must begin. Shortly before eleven o'clock the military escort of the President and President-elect moved up Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House to the Capitol. It was one of the finest military displays ever seen in Washington. Pennsylvania Avenue was lined with a vast multitude, whose continual cheers made a sound which could be heard afar, like the undying voices of the ocean waves.

President Hayes and President-elect Garfield rode in an open barouche, drawn by four horses. The First Cleveland Troop, splendidly equipped and drilled, marched before, as a guard of honor. Garfield looked weary. He remarked during the morning that the preceding week had been the most trying of his life. The effect of sleepless nights and deep anxiety was plainly visible on his countenance. Thus, with one of the four

grand divisions of the immense procession as his immediate escort, heartily cheered all along the line, at half-past eleven the new President reached the Capitol.

Meanwhile the Senate Chamber and galleries had been rapidly filling with a distinguished throng. The center of attraction was in the front seat in the gallery, opposite the Vice-President's desk, where sat the President-elect's mother and wife and Mrs. Hayes. The venerable woman who sat at the head of the seat was regarded with interest by the whole audience, as she looked down upon the scene in which her son was the most conspicuous figure, with a quiet expression of joy that was very delightful to behold. Next to her sat Mrs. Hayes. Mrs. Garfield sat at her right, and was dressed very quietly. The three ladies chatted together constantly, and the eldest set the other two laughing more than once by her quaint remarks on the proceedings in the chamber below them.

The Senators and Senators-elect were all seated on the left side of the chamber, and the prominent members of the body were eagerly watched by the spectators. Among them were David Davis and Roscoe Conkling engaged in earnest conversation. Near these two sat Thurman and Hamlin, two able Senators whose last day in the Senate had come. The venerable Hamlin was evidently in a meditative mood as the last minutes of his long official life passed by, and was not inclined to be talkative. Thurman brought out the familiar snuff-box, took his last pinch of Senatorial snuff, and flung the traditional bandana handkerchief once more to the breeze.

Soon General Winfield S. Hancock, late Democratic candidate for the Presidency, came in, accompanied by Senator Blaine. Hancock was dressed in Major-General's full uniform, looking in splendid condition, and conducted himself in a manly, modest fashion, which called forth warm applause, and commanded the respect of all spectators. Phil Sheridan was heartily welcomed when he came in soon after and took his seat by Hancock's side.

After these, the Diplomatic Corps entered, presenting a brill-

iant appearance; and following them soon came the Judges of the Supreme Court. Then the Cabinet appeared, and immediately the President and President-elect. Vice-President-elect Arthur came last, and was presented to the Senate by Vice-President Wheeler. He spoke a few quiet, appreciative words in that elegant way he has of doing things, and then took the oath of office, after which, exactly at twelve—the Senate clock having been turned back five minutes—the Forty-Sixth Congress was adjourned without day.

The center of interest was now transferred to the east front of the Capitol, whither, as soon as the new Senators had been sworn in, the procession of distinguished people in the Chamber took up the line of march.

A great platform had been erected in front of the building, and the sight presented from it was a most striking one, for rods and rods in front and to either side were massed thousands upon thousands of spectators wedged in one solid mass, so that nothing but their heads could be seen. It was indeed

#### ONE GREAT SEA OF FACES,

all uplifted in eager expectancy. In the center of the platform, at the front, was a little space raised a few inches above the level of the rest, upon which stood several chairs, the most noticeable being a homely and antique one, which tradition, if not history, says was occupied by Washington at his first inauguration, and which has certainly been used for many years on such occasions.

In this chair Mr. Garfield took his seat for a few minutes when he arrived, the others being occupied by President Hayes, Vice-President Arthur, Mr. Wheeler, Chief-Justice Waite, and Senators Pendleton, Bayard, and Anthony. The elder and younger Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Hayes, and one or two other ladies, were also given seats here. At about a quarter of one o'clock General Garfield arose from the historic chair, and took from his pocket a roll of manuscript, tied at the corner with

blue ribbon. Being introduced by Senator Pendleton, he proceeded to deliver THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

“FELLOW-CITIZENS—We stand to-day upon an eminence which overlooks a hundred years of national life, a century crowded with perils, but crowned with triumphs of liberty and love. Before continuing the onward march let us pause on this height for a moment to strengthen our faith and renew our hope by a glance at the pathway along which our people have traveled.

“It is now three days more than a hundred years since the adoption of the first written Constitution of the United States, the Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union. The new Republic was then beset with danger on every hand. It had not conquered a place in the family of Nations. The decisive battle of the war for independence, whose centennial anniversary will soon be gratefully celebrated at Yorktown, had not yet been fought. The colonists were struggling, not only against the armies of Great Britain, but against the settled opinions of mankind, for the world did not believe that the supreme authority of government could be safely intrusted to the guardianship of the people themselves. We can not overestimate the fervent love, the intelligent courage, the saving common sense with which our fathers made the great experiment of self-government.

“When they found, after a short time, that the Confederacy of States was too weak to meet the necessities of a glorious and expanding Republic, they boldly set it aside, and in its stead established a National Union, founded directly upon the will of the people, endowed with powers of self-preservation, and with ample authority for the accomplishment of its great objects.

“Under this Constitution the boundaries of freedom are enlarged, the foundations of order and peace have been strengthened, and the growth in all the better elements of National life have vindicated the wisdom of the founders and given new hope to their descendants.

“Under this Constitution our people long ago made themselves safe against danger from without, and secured for their mariners and flag equality of rights on all the seas. Under this Constitution twenty-five States have been added to the Union, with constitutions and laws framed and enforced by their own citizens to secure the manifold blessings of local and self-government.

“The jurisdiction of this Constitution now covers an area fifty times

greater than that of the original thirteen states, and a population twenty times greater than that of 1780. The trial of the Constitution came at last under the tremendous pressure of civil war.

“We ourselves are witnesses that the Union emerged from the blood and fire of that conflict, purified and made stronger for all the beneficent purposes of good government, and now at the close of this, the first century of growth, with the inspirations of its history in their hearts, our people have lately reviewed the condition of the Nation, passed judgment upon the conduct and opinions of the political parties, and have registered their will concerning the future administration of the Government. To interpret and to execute that will in accordance with the Constitution is the paramount duty of the Executive. Even from this brief review it is manifest that the Nation is resolutely facing to the front, a resolution to employ its best energies in developing the great possibilities of the future. Sacredly preserving whatever has been gained to liberty and good government during the century, our people are determined to leave behind them all those bitter controversies concerning things which have been irrevocably settled, further discussion of which can only stir up strife and delay the onward march. The supremacy of the Nation and its laws should be no longer the subject of debate. That discussion, which for half a century threatened the existence of the Union, was closed at last in the high court of war by a decree from which there is no appeal: that the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof shall continue to be the supreme law of the land, binding alike on the States and the people. This decree does not disturb the autonomy of the States, nor interfere with any of their necessary rules of local self-government, but it does fix and establish the permanent supremacy of the Union.

“The will of the Nation, speaking with the voice of battle and through the amended Constitution, has fulfilled the great promise of 1776 by proclaiming ‘Liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof.’

“The elevation of the negro race from slavery to full rights of citizenship, is the most important political change we have known since the adoption of the Constitution of 1776.

“No thoughtful man can fail to appreciate its beneficent effect upon our people. It has freed us from the perpetual danger of war and dissolution; it has added immensely to the moral and industrial forces of our people; it has liberated the master as well as the slave from a relation which wronged and enfeebled both.

“It has surrendered to their own guardianship the manhood of more than five millions of people, and has opened to each of them a career of freedom and usefulness. It has given new inspiration to the power of self-help in both races by making labor more honorable to one and more necessary to the other.

“The influence of this force will grow greater and bear richer fruit with coming years. No doubt the great change has caused serious disturbance to the Southern community—this is to be deplored, though it was unavoidable; but those who resisted the change should remember that in our institutions there was no middle ground for the negro race between slavery and equal citizenship. There can be no permanent disfranchised peasantry in the United States. Freedom can never yield its fullness of blessing as long as law or its administration places the smallest obstacle in the pathway of any virtuous citizenship.

“The emancipated race has already made remarkable progress. With unquestionable devotion to the Union, with a patience and gentleness not born of fear, ‘they have followed the light as God gave them to see the light.’

“They are rapidly laying the material foundation for self-support, widening their circle of intelligence, and beginning to enjoy the blessings that gather around the homes of the industrious poor. They deserve the generous encouragement of all good men.

“So far as my authority can lawfully extend, they shall enjoy full and equal protection of the Constitution and laws. The free enjoyment of equal suffrage is still in question, and a frank statement of the issue may aid its solution.

“It is alleged that in many communities negro citizens are practically denied freedom of the ballot. In so far as the truth of this allegation is admitted, it is answered that in many places honest local government is impossible if the mass of uneducated negroes are allowed to vote. These are grave allegations.

“So far as the latter is true, it is no palliation that can be offered for opposing the freedom of the ballot. Bad local government is certainly a great evil which ought to be prevented, but to violate the freedom and sanctity of suffrage is more than an evil, it is a crime, which, if persisted in, will destroy the Government itself. Suicide is not a remedy.

“If in other lands it be high treason to compass the death of a king, it should be counted no less a crime here to strangle our sovereign power

and stifle its voice. It has been said that unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations. It should be said, with the utmost emphasis, that this question of suffrage will never give repose or safety to the States or to the Nation, until each, within its own jurisdiction, makes and keeps the ballot free and pure by strong sanctions of law.

“But the danger which arises from ignorance in voters can not be denied. It covers a field far wider than that of negro suffrage and the present condition of that race. It is a danger that lurks and hides in the sources and fountains of power in every State. We have no standard by which to measure the disaster that may be brought upon us by ignorance and vice in citizens when joined to corruption and fraud in suffrage. The voters of the Union, who make and unmake constitutions, and upon whose will hangs the destiny of our government, can transmit their supreme authority to no successor save the coming generation of voters, who are the sole heirs of sovereign power. If that generation comes to its inheritance blinded by ignorance and corrupted by vice, the fall of the Republic will be certain and remediless. The census has already sounded the alarm in appalling figures, which mark how dangerously high the tide of illiteracy has arisen among our voters and their children. To the South the question is of supreme importance, but the responsibility for its existence and for slavery does not rest upon the South alone.

“The Nation itself is responsible for the extension of suffrage, and is under special obligations to aid in removing the illiteracy which it has added to the voting population. For North and South alike there is but one remedy: All the Constitutional power of the Nation and of the States, and all the volunteer forces of the people, should be summoned to meet this danger by the saving influence of universal education. It is the high privilege and sacred duty of those now living to educate their successors, and fit them, by intelligence and virtue, for the inheritance which awaits them. In this beneficent work section and race should be forgotten, and partisanship should be unknown. Let our people find a new meaning in the divine oracle which declares that ‘a little child shall lead them,’ for our little children will soon control the destinies of the Republic.

“My countrymen, we do not now differ in our judgment concerning the controversies of the past generations, and fifty years hence our children will not be divided in their opinions concerning our controversies; they will surely bless their fathers—and their fathers’ God—that the Union was preserved; that slavery was overthrown, and that both races were

made equal before the law. We may hasten on, we may retard, but we can not prevent the final reconciliation.

“Is it not possible for us now to make a truce with time by anticipating and accepting its inevitable verdict? Enterprises of the highest importance to our moral and material well-being invite us, and offer ample scope for the enjoyment of our best powers.

“Let all our people, leaving behind them the battle-fields of dead issues, move forward, and in the strength of liberty and restored union win the grandest victories of peace. The prosperity which now prevails is without parallel in our history. Fruitful seasons have done much to secure it, but they have not done all.

“The preservation of public credit and the resumption of specie payments, so successfully obtained by the administration of my predecessors, have enabled our people to secure the blessings which the seasons brought.

“By the experience of commercial relations in all ages it has been found that gold and silver afforded the only safe foundation for a monetary system. Confusion has recently been created by variations in the relative value of the two metals; but I confidently believe that arrangements can be made between the leading commercial nations which will secure the general use of both metals. Congress should provide that the compulsory coinage of silver, now required by law, may not disturb our monetary system by driving either metal out of circulation.

“If possible, such adjustment should be made that the purchasing power of every coined dollar will be exactly equal to its debt-paying power in all the markets of the world. The chief duty of a National Government, in connection with the currency of the country, is to coin and declare its value. Grave doubts have been entertained whether Congress is authorized by the Constitution to make any form of paper money legal-tender.

“The present issue of United States notes has been sustained by the necessities of war; but such paper should depend for its value and currency upon its convenience in use and its prompt redemption in coin at the will of the holder, and not upon its compulsory circulation. These notes are not money, but promises to pay money. If the holders demand it, the promises should be kept. The refunding of the National debt at a low rate of interest should be accomplished without compelling the withdrawal of National bank notes, and thus disturbing the business of the country.

"I venture to refer to the position I have occupied on the financial question during a long service in Congress, and to say that time and experience have strengthened the opinions I have so often expressed on these subjects. The finances of the Government shall suffer no detriment which it may be possible for my administration to prevent.

"The interests of agriculture deserve more attention from the Government than they have yet received. The farms of the United States afford homes and employment for more than one-half of our people, and furnish much the largest part of all our exports. As the Government lights our coasts for the protection of the mariners and the benefit of our commerce, so it should give to the tillers of the soil the lights of practical science and experience.

"Our manufacturers are rapidly making us industrially independent, and are opening to capital and labor new and profitable fields of employment. This steady and healthy growth should still be maintained. Our facilities for transportation should be promoted by the continued improvement of our harbors and the great interior water-ways and by the increase of our tonnage on the ocean.

"The development of the world's commerce has led to an urgent demand for a shortening of the great sea voyage around Cape Horn by constructing ship-canals or railways across the Isthmus which unites the two continents. Various plans to this end have been suggested and will need consideration, but none of them have been sufficiently matured to warrant the United States in extending pecuniary aid.

"The subject is one which will immediately engage the attention of the Government with a view to a thorough protection of American interests. We will argue no narrow policy, nor seek peculiar or exclusive privileges in any commercial route; but, in the language of my predecessors, I believe it to be 'the right and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority over any inter-oceanic canal across the Isthmus that connects North and South America as will protect our National interests.'

"The Constitution guarantees absolute religious freedom. Congress is prohibited from making any laws respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting free exercise thereof.

"The Territories of the United States are subject to the direct legislative authority of Congress, and hence the General Government is responsible for any violation of the Constitution in any of them. It is,

therefore, a reproach to the Government that in the most populous of the Territories this constitutional guarantee is not enjoyed by the people, and the authority of Congress is set at naught. The Mormon Church not only offends the moral sense of mankind by sanctioning polygamy, but prevents the administration of justice through the ordinary instrumentalities of the law.

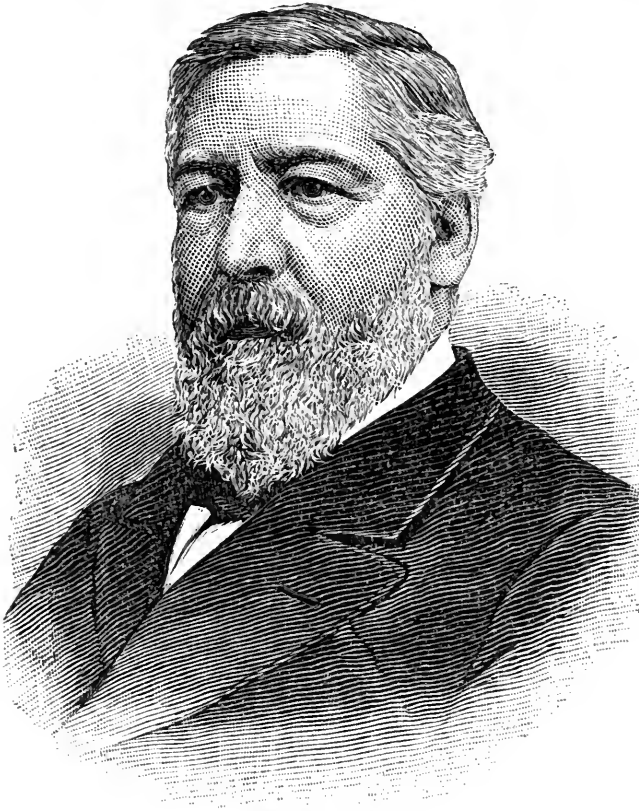
“In my judgment it is the duty of Congress, while respecting to the utmost the conscientious convictions and religious scruples of every citizen, to prohibit within its jurisdiction all criminal practices, especially of that class which destroy family relations and endanger social order. Nor can any ecclesiastical organization be safely permitted to usurp in the smallest degree the functions and powers of the National Government.

“The Civil Service can never be placed on a satisfactory basis until it is regulated by law, for the good of the service itself. For the protection of those who are intrusted with the appointing power against a waste of time and obstruction of public business, caused by the inordinate pressure for place, and for the protection of incumbents against intrigue and wrong, I shall, at the proper time, ask Congress to fix the tenure of minor offices of the several Executive Departments, and prescribe the grounds upon which removals shall be made during the terms for which the incumbents have been appointed.

“Finally, acting always within the authority and limitations of the Constitution, invading neither the rights of States nor the reserved rights of the people, it will be the purpose of my administration to maintain the authority, and in all places within its jurisdiction, to enforce obedience to all laws of the Union; in the interests of the people, to demand rigid economy in all the expenditures of the Government, and to require honest and faithful service of all executive officers, remembering that offices were created not for the benefit of the incumbents or their supporters, but for the service of the Government.

“And now, fellow-citizens, I am about to assume the great trust which you have committed to my hands. I appeal to you for that earnest and thoughtful support which makes this Government in fact, as it is in law, a government of the people. I shall greatly rely upon the wisdom and patriotism of Congress and of those who may share with me the responsibilities and duties of the administration, and upon our efforts to promote the welfare of this great people and their Government I reverently invoke the support and blessing of Almighty God.

The address was delivered in a deliberate, forcible manner. The President's appearance was dignified, and even imposing. That splendid voice, with its magnetic power and fine tone, captivated his admiring audience, who listened patiently throughout the entire



JAMES G. BLAINE.

thirty-five minutes. At its close Garfield turned toward the Chief Justice who advanced and administered the oath of office, the Clerk of the Supreme Court holding a beautifully-bound Bible, upon which the oath was taken. Then occurred as impressive an episode as was ever seen in official life. After the new President had been congratulated by ex-President Hayes and Chief Justice Waite, who stood next to him, he turned around, took his aged mother by the hand and kissed her. The old

lady's cup of happiness at this moment seemed full and running over. It is quite safe to say that nobody, not even Garfield himself, felt more enjoyment at the spectacle of his elevation than this woman whose mind ranged from the days of his obscure and poverty-stricken boyhood to his present elevation, and nobody witnessed the sight but rejoiced at her happiness. Mrs. Eliza Garfield is the first example of a President's mother having a home in the White House. And it was a pleasure to the people to know that special arrangements had been made there for her accommodation.

Garfield next kissed his wife, then shook hands with Mrs.

Hayes, and speedily found the grasp of his hand sought by every body within reach, from Vice-President down through Congressmen to the unknown strangers who could manage to push within reaching distance.

Meanwhile the elements had begun to modify their rigors. The bright sunlight breaking through the clouds, was reflected from the snow, and nature seemed less cheerless. At last, the Presidential party, jostled a good deal on the way, returned through the rotunda to the Senate wing of the Capitol, and prepared for the ride to the White House. Taking their place near the head of the procession, they passed up to the other end of the Avenue, receiving on the



WILLIAM WINDOM.

way the applause of the multitude. President Garfield and party then took position on a stand erected for the purpose in front of a building near the Avenue, and from this point reviewed the procession, which filed past for two full hours. There were over 15,000 men in line, and the whole number of spectators was doubtless over 100,000.

Immediately after review of the procession, President Garfield received the Williams College Association, of Washington, with visiting Alumni to the number of fifty, in the East Room of the Executive Mansion. Rev. Mark Hopkins, ex-president of the college, eloquently presented the congratulations of the Alumni.

President Garfield made an appropriate response, in which he exhibited considerable emotion. Afterward the Alumni were presented to the mother and wife of the President. Twenty members of President Garfield's class were among the Alumni present.



ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

The festivities of March fourth ended at night with a magnificent display of fire-works, a great inaugural ball in the Museum building, and numerous receptions at the houses of the most distinguished residents at the Capital.

On the fifth of March, President Garfield sent to the Senate, then in extra session, a list of nomina-

tions for his Cabinet. These were unanimously confirmed. They were: Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, of Maine; Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom, of Minnesota; Secretary of War, Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois; Secretary of the Navy, Wm. H. Hunt, of Louisiana; Secretary of the Interior, S. J. Kirkwood, of Iowa; Attorney-General, Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania; Postmaster-General, Thomas L. James, of New York.

This proved an admirable selection. Its components are men who stand well with the country, and whose services in other positions had given sufficient evidence of honesty and capacity to recommend them to the American people. And it involved no antagonistic elements.

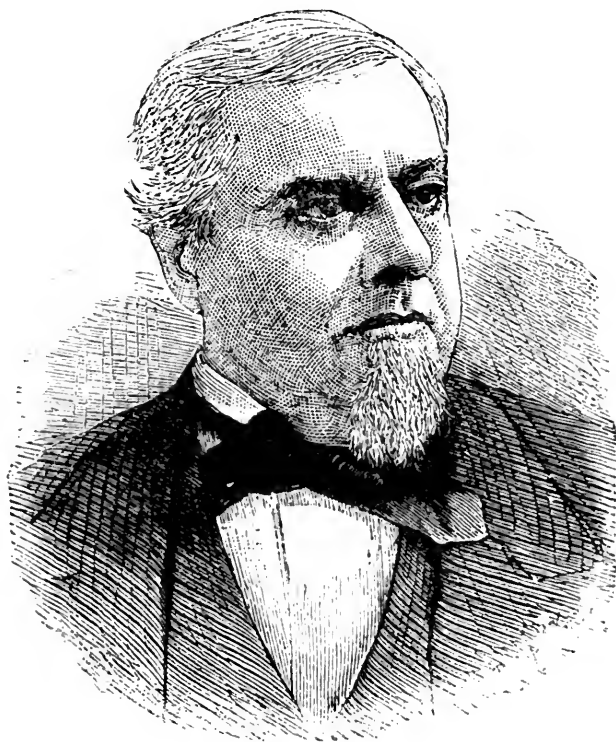
Again, this new Cabinet did not take its bias from any strong political element. It was not a Grant-Conkling selection; nor even a Blaine Cabinet. It was a Garfield Cabinet, in which the President was unmistakably the central figure and the center of power.

James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, was leader of the group. His prominent position in his party and before the country made his nomination generally acceptable, and his long and

intimate acquaintance with affairs of state gave him the requisite experience. Undoubtedly, Blaine is one of the most magnificently endowed men, in intellectual power, now in public life.

Secretary Windom had a difficult place to fill in following John Sherman as Secretary of the Treasury. Sherman had heartily recommended Windom for the place, and he was probably the best choice that could have been made. He had been an anti-third term man, of course, but was very friendly with such Stalwarts as Conkling and Arthur, and was thus a good factor in an administration which did not want to antagonize these men, although not yielding to them.

The nomination of Robert T. Lincoln was very largely the result



WILLIAM H. HUNT.

of sentiment—but a very good sentiment. He had been a respectable lawyer, who attended carefully to his business, and, under trying circumstances, had conducted himself with discretion. It happened that he was a favorite of Senator Logan, and that



DR. D. HAYES AGNEW.

President Garfield desired to make his Cabinet agreeable to the Senator; also, that young Lincoln had been, according to his opportunities, a Third-termers, and it was the desire of the President to conciliate the Third-termers, so far as it could be done without giving his policy an unwarranted slant; and it happened also that General Garfield, as we have seen from his addresses years previous to this time, held the memory of Abraham

Lincoln in the deepest reverence, and felt a solicitude to make his own elevation to the Presidency honor that memory. Under these circumstances, and from these considerations, the appointment of Mr. Robert T. Lincoln to be Secretary of War came naturally about.

Hunt was appointed to represent the South.

Kirkwood was a man whom Garfield had long held in high esteem, and was familiar with public business.

Wayne MacVeagh, though brother-in-law to Don Cameron, did not belong to the Cameron political clan. He was chosen as a Republican of independent proclivities, and a lawyer of whose ability there could be no question.

Mr. James, Postmaster of New York City, was appointed Postmaster-General for purely business reasons, and because he was not only believed to be the best man for the place, but was one of the few first-class public men in New York not fully committed to one or the other of the personal or political factions of Republicans in that State.

Thus Garfield tried, and with a degree of success, to appoint a Cabinet which should not give any one cause for organizing an opposition to the Administration. He certainly had the good will of all Republicans, and even his political enemies conceded that he started out under bright auspices.

The country itself was prosperous, and the most far-sighted men joined the unreflecting multitude in predictions of a happy, uneventful administration of four years, under the peaceful rule of a popular President.

Four days after his inauguration, a company of fifty ladies, members of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, called at the White House to present a portrait of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, just completed by Mr. Huntington. It will be remembered



WAYNE MACVEAGH.

that Mrs. Hayes had won the approval of many good people by declining to put wine on the table at the White House. These ladies now desired to impress on the new incumbents the desirability of continuing that policy. In responding to the presentation

speech, President Garfield received the portrait, and referred to the temperance question thus:



THOMAS L. JAMES.

“Nothing I can say will be equal to my high appreciation of the character of the lady whose picture is now added to the treasures of this place. She is noble, the friend of all good people. Her portrait will take, and I hope will always hold in this house, an honored place. I have observed the significance which you have given to this portrait from the stand-point you occupy,

and in connection with the work in which you are engaged. First, I approve most heartily what you have said in reference to the freedom of individual judgment and action, symbolized in this portrait. There are several sovereignties in this country. First, the sovereignty of the American people, then the sovereignty nearest to us all—the sovereignty of the family—the absolute right of each family to control its affairs in accordance with the conscience and convictions of duty of the heads of the family. In the picture before us that is bravely symbolized. I have no doubt the American people will always tenderly regard their household sovereignty, and however households may differ in their views and convictions, I believe that those differences will be respected. Each household, by following its own convictions, and holding itself responsible to God, will, I think, be re-

spected by the American people. What you have said concerning the evils of intemperance, meets my most hearty concurrence. I have been, in my way, and in accordance with my own convictions, an earnest advocate of temperance, not in so narrow a sense as some, but in a very definite and practical sense. These convictions are deep, and will be maintained. Whether I shall be able to meet the views of all people in regard to all the phases of that question remains to be seen, but I shall do what I can to abate the great evils of intemperance. I shall be glad to have the picture upon these walls; I shall be glad to remember your kind expressions to me and my family; and in your efforts to better mankind by your work, I hope you will be guided by wisdom and that you will achieve a worthy success."

President Hayes had left the new administration a heritage of hatred from the stalwart element of the Republican party. It was President Garfield's chief wish, politically, to heal up the chasm which the past had opened, and not to recognize one faction more than another. Notwithstanding these purposes, the deadly breach which had yawned apart during the Hayes administration, was an ominous thing. The defeat of the Stalwarts at Chicago, by Garfield, naturally tended to transfer their hostility from the outgoing to the incoming President. For months before the inauguration, the embarrassment which threatened Garfield was foreseen by the country. On the one hand were the men who had nominated him in the Chicago Convention,—men who, risking every political prospect, rebelled from the command of their leaders, such as Conkling, Cameron, and Logan, and defeated Grant. To such, Garfield owed his nomination. On the other hand was the stalwart element, still bruised and sore from the defeat at Chicago. Yet they had entered heartily into the campaign. They had swallowed their chagrin, and outwardly, if not inwardly, submitted with good grace to their defeat, and wheeled into line of battle for the fall election. To these men, Garfield was largely indebted for his election. In his administration, how could he recognize either one of these elements without arousing the antagonism of the other? This was the riddle which he must solve.

The breach between the two was as deadly as ever. The Cabi-

net was a compromise, but the Grant men were afraid of it, with Blaine so near the throne.

For a few days after the inauguration, the surface of the sea was tolerably smooth; but acute political mariners prophesied rough weather. The two wings of the party in New York were waiting to fly at each other's throats at the first opportunity. The balance of power between the two elements was the official patronage of the President. Into whose lap the plum was thrown, to that wing belonged the ascendancy.

Senator Conkling's chief political purpose was to chastise the men who had deserted his standard at Chicago. This he could best accomplish by controlling the Federal patronage himself; but failing in that, his next object was to cause the patronage to be distributed to neutrals, thereby preventing it from becoming an element at all in the fight.

Senators Conkling, Logan, and Cameron, as well as Sherman and Blaine, were visitors at the White House, and left in pleasant humor. In the eyes of the country it seemed plain that Conkling had made the disposition of the New York patronage the price of his friendship to the new administration. Every body was on tip-toe to see what the President would do. On March 22d, he sent to the Senate, for confirmation, the names of Stewart L. Woodford, to be United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, and Asa W. Tenney, for the Eastern District; Lewis F. Payne, to be United States Marshal, for the Southern, and Clinton D. McDougall, for the Northern District of New York, and John Tyler, to be Collector of Customs at Buffalo.

This move was interpreted by the country to mean a great victory for Conkling, and that the New York patronage was controlled by him. Other nominations, in Conkling's supposed interest, were those of James in the Cabinet, and Morton, Minister to France.

But on the following day, President Garfield nominated, for Collector of the port of New York, William H. Robertson. In New York, and more or less throughout the country, this was a great surprise. But it was not an objectionable

nomination. Then it was Robertson who headed the break in the New York delegation at Chicago. He had risked much; he had been very largely instrumental in nominating Garfield. Gratitude is a noble quality of human nature, and the President was a man of generous motives and impulses. The general expression from the country upon the Robertson nomination was one of approval. To disinterested people, far away from the heat and dust of the battle, it was, coupled with the nominations of the preceding day, plainly a declaration of an intention to recognize each branch of the party in New York. Weaker men would have recognized neither, giving the offices to neutrals, and pleasing nobody. Mere partisan men would have recognized one faction only. Garfield tried to recognize both. A deeper significance also lay in the Robertson nomination. Whether Garfield meant it or not, it was, in a sense, a declaration of independence. Garfield, with his lion-like courage, his intellectual powers, his moral greatness, could not, in fact or in appearance, allow his administration to be manipulated by outside influence. It was said that Mr. Blaine was the author of the Robertson nomination; that it was his revenge on Conkling. Garfield said repeatedly, even on the bed of pain, that it was his own in every sense, and that Blaine had not known that it was intended to be made.

Whatever President Garfield intended by the nomination of Robertson, Senator Conkling treated it as a declaration of war. In their views of what followed, men will differ. It is not for these pages, penned so soon in the darkness of an awful assassination, to do more than relate the facts, though it is impossible for a biographer of the dead to do other than sympathize with him. Senator Conkling said that Hayes had never done a thing so terrible. He said that the nomination of Robertson, the most objectionable man possible—without consultation with the Senators from New York, or without their being informed of the intention to make a change in the most important office in the State, was a grievous personal

and political wrong. He said that the long dispute as to whether a small faction of New York Republicans, or four-fifths of the party in the State, as represented by him, were to be treated by the Administration as the Republican party of New York, had at last to be settled finally and forever.

The situation was one of intense interest. Popular opinion supported the President, though not a few took the side of Conkling. The latter, together with Platt, the junior New York Senator, resolved to fight the confirmation of Robertson. They believed that, with the Senate evenly balanced, they could, with the help of the Democrats, prevent Robertson's confirmation. It was a battle of giants. Men wondered whether, when war was declared, Garfield would strike back or not. The Stalwarts offered only one way of compromise—the withdrawal of Robertson's nomination. But the President was firm. Efforts were made to induce Robertson to ask the President to withdraw his name in the interest of harmony. But he scouted the idea. The State Senate of New York, of which Robertson was the presiding officer, passed a resolution in support of the Administration. On behalf of the President's action it was claimed, that it was his constitutional right to nominate; that the New York Senators overstepped their prerogative in attacking his action; that the office of Collector of the Port was a national office, and not rightfully a part of the local patronage; that the Executive should select the man through whose hands passed nine-tenths of the tariff revenues of the country.

There had been a dead-lock of the Senate over the nomination of its officers, and this still continued, and the President was, in consequence, embarrassed by the failure to act on any of his nominations. It began to be thought that this delay, covered by the pretense of securing Mahone, of Virginia, to the Republicans, was really a scheme to prevent any action on the President's nominations.

Meanwhile, the administration had to deal with problems more important to the country than the Robertson nomination.

Two hundred millions of six per cent. bonds were shortly to become redeemable. It was every way desirable that the bonds should be redeemed and the rate of interest on the public debt reduced. To issue bonds under the existing laws, in order to raise money to redeem the six per cents., would require the new bonds to be issued at four per cent. for thirty years, or four and a half per cent. for twenty years. These rates of interest were too high, and the time for the bonds to run too long. In case the Government acquired the means to pay them off before they were due, still the interest would keep running. There were grave objections to calling an extra session of Congress. Garfield and the country were afraid of the unsettling influence of our national legislature. Early in his Congressional career, Garfield had said, "if the laws of God were as vacillating as the laws of this country, the universe would be reduced to chaos in a single day." Above all things, the business of the country demanded a rest from congressional tinkering.

When powerful, and it was thought overwhelming influences pressed upon President Garfield the policy of an extra session of Congress, he sent to the Secretary of the Treasury a call for full information as to the powers he had under existing laws. It was a wise conclusion that it might be easier to hunt up old laws than to have new ones made. Whatever the old laws permitted was certain, but a fresh Congress is uncertain, especially on finance.

The Secretary found that there was no law to prevent the Government from using its credit and business foresight in handling and refunding its indebtedness. The plan which President Garfield and Secretary Windom evolved was absolutely original and proved to be the highest statesmanship. Garfield was at home on questions of finance.

A circular was issued to the holders of the six per cents., saying that after the following July 1st, interest would cease, and the bonds be redeemed as fast as presented. If, however, the holders preferred to retain the bonds, and receive

three and a half per cent., at the pleasure of the Government, they could do so.

As the event showed, hardly any bonds were presented for redemption. And without any legislation the interest on that portion of the public debt was reduced from six to three and a half per cent., and all that without the expense of a new issue of bonds, or the disadvantage of a debt not maturing till long after the Government would probably be ready to pay it. This financial feat attracted the attention of European States, and was pronounced one of the most masterly financial schemes of history.

While the Senate was still at a dead-lock over the offices of Secretary and Sergeant-at-Arms, and the Robertson quarrel grew blacker and blacker, President Garfield and his cabinet found time to commence an investigation of the alleged gigantic frauds in the post-office department. It promised to engulf and destroy some of the best workers of the Republican party, but the President, in spite of terrific pressure, and in spite of the battle raging over the Robertson matter, set his face like brass against all corruption. The Star Route contracts, though they may not fall within reach of the law, were of the following character: In lonely mountain districts of the West, where a mail for miner's camps would be needed about once in two weeks, a contract would be let for carrying the mail at say \$500 a trip, making the cost for the line for the year about \$13,000. Then, under pretense of the need of more mails on account of the development of the West, Congress would be induced to order a daily instead of a bi-weekly mail. By this "expediting," the contractor was enabled, under the old rate of \$500 per trip, to make \$150,000 a year out of the line. Many times the mail bags in these "expedited" routes are said to have been empty as they were carried through the mountains. Postmaster-General James and Attorney-General MacVeagh were the principal prosecutors of the investigation.

Meanwhile, the storm raged with ever-growing fierceness

around the President. The Republican Senatorial caucus sent committee after committee to him to induce the withdrawal of Robertson's name. He was subjected to every possible pressure and influence, but Grant himself never held a position with greater firmness. Conkling, however, proposed and carried through the Republican caucus the following plan, by which the dead-lock was to be broken temporarily, allowing the Senate to go into executive session: *All nominations that were not opposed by one Senator from the nominee's State were first to be acted upon.* The rest could take care of themselves. This admitted about every one except Robertson to the consideration of the Senate. The plan was popularly supposed to mean the confirmation of all unopposed nominations, including those of Senator Conkling's friends, and then either an adjournment *sine die*, or a breaking of the quorum, by absentees, so as to prevent any action on Robertson's name till December. This would be a victory for the New York Senator.

But the President, though possessing too much self-respect to make this a personal controversy, was yet brave and strategic. Shortly after the Senate went into executive session, the President's private secretary arrived with a message which fell like a thunder-bolt on that body. The message withdrew the nominations of Senator Conkling's friends. It was a checkmate. The plan of the caucus was foiled. President Garfield assigned as his reason simply that the discrimination which was attempted, in acting on all the nominations from the Stalwart element and refusing to act on the solitary representative of the opposite element, was wrong and unfair. He said that the President's duty was to nominate, and that the Senate's sworn duty was to *confirm* or *reject*. To refuse to do either was surpassing their prerogative. To show how consistent the President was in this struggle, with views held long years before he ever thought of the Presidency, we insert an extract from an article by him on "A Century of Congress," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for July, 1877:

## CONGRESS AND THE EXECUTIVE.

“In the main, the balance of powers so admirably adjusted and distributed among the three great departments of the Government have been safely preserved. It was the purpose of our fathers to lodge absolute power nowhere; to leave each department independent within its own sphere, yet, in every case, responsible for the exercise of its discretion. But some dangerous innovations have been made.

“And first, the appointing power of the President has been seriously encroached upon by Congress, or rather by the members of Congress. Curiously enough, this encroachment originated in the act of the Chief Executive himself. The fierce popular hatred of the Federal party, which resulted in the elevation of Jefferson to the Presidency, led that officer to set the first example of removing men from office on account of political opinions. For political causes alone he removed a considerable number of officers who had recently been appointed by President Adams, and thus set the pernicious example. His immediate successors made only a few removals for political reasons. But Jackson made his political opponents who were in office feel the full weight of his executive hand. From that time forward the civil offices of the Government became the prizes for which political parties strove; and, twenty-five years ago, the corrupting doctrine that ‘to the victors belong the spoils’ was shamelessly announced as an article of political faith and practice. It is hardly possible to state with adequate force the noxious influence of this doctrine. It was bad enough when the Federal officers numbered no more than eight or ten thousand; but now, when the growth of the country and the great increase in the number of public offices occasioned by the late war, have swelled the civil list to more than eighty thousand, and to the ordinary motives for political strife this vast patronage is offered as a reward to the victorious party, the magnitude of the evil can hardly be measured. The public mind has, by degrees, drifted into an acceptance of this doctrine; and thus an election has become a fierce, selfish struggle between the ‘ins’ and the ‘outs,’ the one striving to keep and the other to gain the prize of office. It is not possible for any President to select, with any degree of intelligence, so vast an army of office-holders without the aid of men who are acquainted with the people of the various sections of the country. And thus it has become the habit of Presidents to make most of their appointments on the recommendation of members of Congress. During the last twenty-five years, it has been un-

derstood, by the Congress and the people, that offices are to be obtained by the aid of Senators and Representatives, who thus become the dispensers, sometimes the brokers, of patronage. The members of State legislatures who choose a senator, and the district electors who choose a representative, look to the man of their choice for appointments to office. Thus, from the President downward, through all the grades of official authority, to the electors themselves, civil office becomes a vast corrupting power, to be used in running the machine of party politics.

“This evil has been greatly aggravated by the passage of the Tenure of Office Act, of 1867, whose object was to restrain President Johnson from making removals for political cause. But it has virtually resulted in the usurpation, by the Senate, of a large share of the appointing power. The President can remove no officer without the consent of the Senate; and such consent is not often given, unless the appointment of the successor nominated to fill the proposed vacancy is agreeable to the Senator in whose State the appointee resides. Thus it has happened that a policy inaugurated by an early President has resulted in seriously crippling the just powers of the Executive, and has placed in the hands of Senators and Representatives a power most corrupting and dangerous.

“Not the least serious evil resulting from this invasion of the Executive functions by members of Congress is the fact that it greatly impairs their own usefulness as legislators. One-third of the working hours of Senators and Representatives is hardly sufficient to meet the demands made upon them in reference to appointments to office. To sum up in a word: the present system invades the independence of the Executive, and makes him less responsible for the character of his appointments; it impairs the efficiency of the legislator by diverting him from his proper sphere of duty and involving him in the intrigues of aspirants for office; it degrades the civil service itself by destroying the personal independence of those who are appointed; it repels from the service those high and manly qualities which are so necessary to a pure and efficient administration; and, finally, it debauches the public mind by holding up public office as the reward of mere party zeal.

“To reform this service is one of the highest and most imperative duties of statesmanship. This reform can not be accomplished without a complete divorce between Congress and the Executive in the matter of appointments. It will be a proud day when an Administration Senator or

Representative, who is in good standing in his party, can say, as Thomas Hughes said, during his recent visit to this country, that though he was on the most intimate terms with the members of his own administration, yet it was not in his power to secure the removal of the humblest clerk in the civil service of his government."

It is easy to see the principle which lay behind the nomination of Robertson independently of the New York Senators, and the demand that it should be acted upon by the Senate. It is idle to say that Mr. Blaine or any other man made the President his tool. President Garfield's policy was the logical outgrowth of his opinions, and it was he who, opinions and all, was elected by the people.

The withdrawal of the other nominations, it was conceded, defeated the New York Senators. The country watched the situation with interest, if not anxiety. The next move of Conkling was anxiously expected. It came.

On May 16, 1881, Vice-President Arthur handed the Reading Clerk a little sheet of note-paper containing these words:

WASHINGTON, May 16, 1881.

*Sir:* Will you please announce to the Senate that my resignation as Senator of the United States from the State of New York has been forwarded to the Governor of the State.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

ROSCOE CONKLING.

To Hon. C. A. ARTHUR.

He read it in the monotonous sing-song, uninflected way of which he is master, but before he had finished all eyes were upon him, and all ears were opened to receive the announcement. Astonishment sat on every face. Each man looked to his neighbor in questioning wonder. A murmur of surprised comment crept around the chamber. Then some incredulous Senators demanded a second reading of the momentous missive. Once more the clerk chanted its contents, while the incredulous ones, convinced against their will, drank in the simple statement of the startling fact. Then the Vice-President handed the clerk another note of like tenor, running thus:

SENATE CHAMBER, May 16, 1881.

*Sir:* I have forwarded to the Governor of the State of New York my resignation as Senator of the United States for the State of New York. Will you please announce the fact to the Senate?

With great respect, your obedient servant,

T. C. PLATT.

To Hon. C. A. ARTHUR.

This was read amid the increasing hum of astonishment in the galleries and on the floor. Mr. Hill, of Georgia, had the cruelty to suggest that the officers ought now to be elected. Then Mr. Burnside, endeavoring very hard to look as though nothing unusual had occurred, rose nervously and presented the report of the Foreign Affairs Committee, recommending the adoption of the Morgan-Monroe Doctrine resolution, which he gave notice he would call up to-morrow. His carefully prepared report was read, but nobody paid the slightest attention to it. All were absorbed in the consideration of the step taken by Conkling, its meaning, and its probable effect.

Three days after, William H. Robertson was confirmed Collector of the Port of New York, with scarcely a dissenting voice.

No more exciting and stormy experience ever fell to the lot of any Administration than that which marked the first seventy-five days of Garfield's. The first days in the Presidential chair are full enough of embarrassment without a tremendous struggle with a powerful element of the incumbent's own party. A new President feels that fifty millions of people are watching him critically. From the privacy of the citizen's life, the new President passes into the most glaring sunlight. He is surrounded by hundreds of detectives and spies, and subjected to the most impudent scrutiny. Things which all his life have been sacredly private, the sweet affections of the fireside, care for parents, anxious consultations with the wife, training of the children, all suddenly become public property. The number of coats he wears, the size of his hat, the purchase of a new pair of gloves, the dresses of his wife, a walk or drive, attendance at church, all these things are spread before the eyes of the world in the most exaggerated and distorted form.

If a member of the Cabinet calls and remains in private consultation for two hours, the President is said to be the cat's-paw of secretary so-and-so. If the same secretary calls again and remains but five minutes, it is reported that a disagreement has occurred, and the said secretary's resignation will be demanded. If the President, worn out and disgusted with the besetments of office-seekers and the malignant attacks on his character, slips away from the cares of State for a day or two, he is said not to be earning his salary. If he does not take up with every whispered scandal, and call upon Congress for a committee of investigation, he is openly charged with corruption and a disposition to cover up frauds. If, on the other hand, he does ask for an investigation, he is said to be using his official power to injure his enemies. The strain, the worry, the insults, the outrages, the scrutiny, the misconstruction, which a new President has to undergo are enough for one human heart to bear. Add to this such an unparalleled battle as that into which Garfield was forced almost from his inauguration day, and one would think the burden hard to increase.

But this was not all he had to endure. In the midst of the storm, his wife, from whom he had so long drawn consolation and support, was stricken down with the most malignant form of typhoid fever. Dr. Boynton, her home physician, was hastily summoned from Ohio. But the sufferer grew worse. This was a calamity which no courage, no calm conservatism, no intellectual resources, no popular support, could remedy. Up to this time the President had kept heart bravely, but the mighty shadow which seemed about to darken his life forever, was too much for his great, loving soul. Hurrying away from the crowded office of State, he sought the sufferer, sat by her side hour after hour, denying himself necessary sleep, and nursed her with the most devoted care. Every day the papers told of the critical condition of the President's wife, and it seemed that her death was an assured and grievous calamity. The people's hearts swelled with sympathy for the suffering husband. Day after day the story of his silent watching at the bedside of the wife brought tears unbidden to the eye. But the calamity which seemed impending was turned

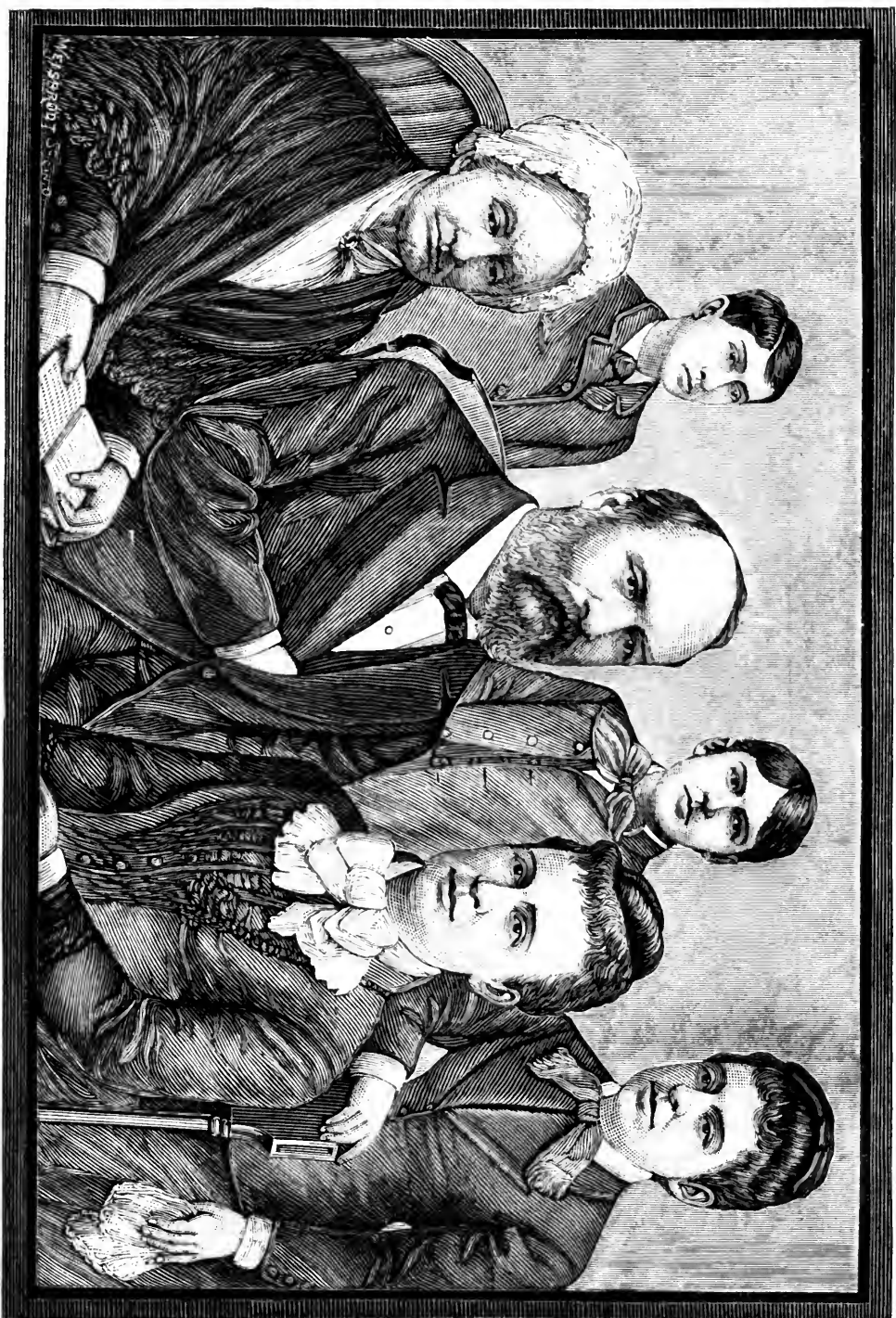
aside. On the 20th of May, Dr. Boynton announced a slight change for the better, which proved permanent. Days and weeks were required before Mrs. Garfield could leave her bed, but the shadow gradually lifted.

On the same day that her improvement was announced, the Senate of the United States adjourned. The President had sustained himself. No man ever stood higher in the hearts of the people. After his victory, he had returned to the Senate all but one of the nominations of Mr. Conkling's friends, which had been withdrawn in order to force action one way or the other upon Robertson's name. As for Senators Conkling and Platt, after their resignations, they presented themselves to the New York Legislature, then in session, as candidates for reëlection. The story of the memorable struggle at Albany is beyond the scope of these pages. Vice-President Arthur, being so closely attached to Conkling, was, of course, completely out of harmony with the administration. He was attached, heartily and honestly, to the other side. At one time he said he would resign the Vice-Presidency if he thought it would benefit Mr. Conkling. But the calm level of popular opinion to which President Garfield was so fond of referring, was overwhelmingly with him. The prospect was, for the first time, comparatively bright. As the weeks passed, Mrs. Garfield grew steadily better. The President was wearied by the arduous duties of the past three months, and needed a vacation. A time or two, in early June, he took his children for an afternoon trip to Mount Vernon. His face grew brighter and his step more elastic. As the struggle at Albany proceeded, the Administration steadily rose in public esteem, until the admiration of the people knew no bounds. The President paid especial attention to his Departments. The Star Route cases were pushed with tremendous vigor. Irregularities in the Treasury and Naval Departments were dealt with most heroically. Altogether the sky was clear, and men looked forward to the future with confidence. Mrs. Garfield's health being still precarious, the question of where to spend the summer was carefully and thoughtfully discussed.

On the 19th of June, the President and Mrs. Garfield, accom-

panied by their daughter Mollie, and their two sons, Irvin and Abram, Colonel Rockwell and Dr. Boynton and wife, left Washington for Long Branch.

The President, with a loving husband's care, secured pleasant rooms in a quiet hotel for his wife, where she would get the full benefit of the sea breezes. On the 27th of June he returned to Washington to hold a cabinet meeting. The session was long, but characterized by great cordiality. The whole situation was gone over, and the President and his Cabinet separated for the summer, as they thought, with kindly hope and a multitude of good wishes for each other. The President was to return to Long Branch, meet his wife and family, and commence a carefully laid out summer trip, including a visit to Williams College. The journey to Long Branch was not taken till two months later, and the remainder of the trip never was and never will be taken.



THE GARFIELD FAMILY.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## SHOT DOWN.

A wasp flew out upon our fairest son,  
 And stung him to the quick with poisoned shaft,  
 The while he chatted carelessly and laughed,  
 And knew not of the fateful mischief done.  
 And so this life, amid our love begun,  
 Envenomed by the insect's hellish craft,  
 Was drunk by Death in one long feverish draught,  
 And he was lost—our precious, priceless one!  
 Oh, mystery of blind, remorseless fate!  
 Oh, cruel end of a most causeless hate!  
 That life so mean should murder life so great!  
 What is there left to us who think and feel,  
 Who have no remedy, and no appeal,  
 But damn the wasp and crush him under heel?—*Holland.*

THE Senate had adjourned. The bitterness of the political contest at Albany had subsided. Washington was deserted for the summer. Mrs. Garfield, slowly recovering from her long illness, was regaining health and courage at Long Branch. It was the purpose of the President, as soon as the pressing cares and anxieties of his great office could be put aside, to join his wife by the sea-side, and to enjoy with her a brief respite from the burdens and distractions which weighed him down. His brief life at the White House had been any thing but happy. Sickness had entered almost from the date of his occupancy. The political imbroglio in the Senate, and afterwards in New York, had greatly annoyed him. He had had the mortification of seeing, in the very first months of his administration, his party torn with feuds, and brought to the verge of disruption. The clamor for office was deafening, and he had been obliged to meet and pacify the hungry horde that swarmed like locusts around the capital. All this he had, during the spring and early summer, met with the equanim-

ity and dignity becoming his high station. So with the coming of July he purposed to rest with his family for a brief season by the sea. Afterwards he would visit Williams College and make arrangements for the admission of his two sons to those same classic halls where his own youthful thirst for knowledge had been quenched.

On the morning of the 2d of July—fatal day in the calendar of American history—the President made ready to put his purpose into execution. Several members of the Cabinet, headed by Secretary Blaine, were to accompany him to Long Branch. A few ladies, personal friends of the President's family and one of his sons, were of the company; and as the hour for departure drew near, they gathered at the dépôt of the Baltimore and Potomac Railway to await the train. The President and Secretary Blaine were somewhat later than the rest. On the way to the dépôt the Chief Magistrate, always buoyant and hopeful, was more than usually joyous, expressing his keen gratification that the relations between himself and the members of his Cabinet were so harmonious, and that the Administration was a unit.

When the carriage arrived at the station at half past nine o'clock, the President and Mr. Blaine left it and entered the ladies' waiting-room, which they passed through arm in arm. A moment afterwards, as they were passing through the door into the main room two pistol shots suddenly rang out upon the air. Mr. Blaine saw a man running, and started toward him, but turned almost immediately and saw that **THE PRESIDENT HAD FALLEN!** It was instantly realized that the shots had been directed with fatal accuracy at the beloved President. Mr. Blaine sprang toward him, as did several others, and raised his head from the floor. Postmaster-General James, Secretary Windom, and Secretary Lincoln, who had arrived earlier at the train, were promenading on the platform outside. They, together with the policemen who were on duty in the neighborhood, immediately rushed to the spot where their fallen chief lay weltering in blood. A moment afterwards the assassin was discovered, and before he could lose himself in the crowd the miserable miscreant was con-

fronted by the rigid, passionate faces and strong uplifted arms of those to whom their own lives were but a bauble if they might save the President. The dastardly wretch cowered before them, and in the middle of B Street, just outside of the dépôt, was seized by the policemen and disarmed. A pistol of very heavy caliber was wrenched out of his hand, and it became clear that a large ball had entered the President's body. The assassin gave his name as Charles Jules Guiteau, and begged to be taken safely to jail. He was instantly hurried to police headquarters and confined; and it was well for him that he was thus out of the way of the angry populace, who would not have hesitated to put an instant and tragic end to his despicable career.

The poor President was borne on a couch to a room in the second story, and a preliminary examination of his wounds was made; but the ball, which had entered the right side of his back, near the spinal column and immediately over the hip bone, could not be found. The sufferer moaned at intervals, but otherwise uttered no complaint; was conscious at all times except when under the influence of opiates, and was cheerful. When, in answer to his eager question, the physicians informed him that he had “one chance in a hundred” of living, he said calmly and bravely: “Then, doctor, we will take that chance!” Before he was removed from the dépôt his heart turned anxiously to his wife, and to her he dictated, by Colonel Rockwell, the following touching and loyal dispatch:

“*Mrs. Lucretia R. Garfield:*

“The President wishes me to say to you from him that he has been seriously hurt. How seriously he can not yet say. He is himself, and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you.

“A. F. ROCKWELL.”

Colonel H. C. Corbin, Assistant Adjutant-General, immediately telegraphed for a special train to convey Mrs. Garfield to Washington, and frequent dispatches, giving the latest intelligence of the President's condition, were sent to meet her at different stations. In a few minutes after the shooting several physicians were beside the wounded President. First of those who were summoned

was Dr. D. W. Bliss, who from first to last remained in charge as chief attending surgeon. Associated with him were Surgeon-General J. K. Barnes and Drs. J. J. Woodward and Robert Reymann. It was at once determined to remove the President to the White House at the earliest practicable moment. Within a half hour preparations to that end had been made. At ten o'clock every thing was in readiness. The main room of the dépôt building was cleared, and in a few moments the wounded President was borne through the building and placed in an ambulance which was in waiting on the outside. He bore the removal with great fortitude, not uttering a complaint or groan. The ambulance was surrounded by a cordon of police, and the horses were whipped into a gallop all the way to the White House. An excited crowd followed at a run, but were stopped at the White House, and none but a select few admitted.

Meanwhile the excitement was at fever heat throughout the panic-struck city. Even before leaving the dépôt the pressure for admittance to the room where the President was lying was so great that the police could not keep back the crowd. Men persisted that they must see the President, despite the surgeons' orders that the room and hallways must not be filled up. Upon the arrival of the ambulance at the White House the gates of the Executive grounds were immediately closed and guarded by soldiers and policemen, and nobody was admitted without authority from the President's private secretary. Those members of the Cabinet who were not at the dépôt when the shooting took place were immediately summoned, and all of them remained in attendance at the Executive Mansion during the day.

After the President's removal, he began to react from the first shock of the wound. Several encouraging dispatches were sent out. At 11:30 A. M. the first official bulletin was issued by the physicians in attendance. It was as follows:

"The President has returned to his normal condition. Will make another examination soon. His pulse is now 63."

An hour later a second bulletin was issued:

"The reaction from the shot injury has been very gradual. The patient is suffering some pain, but it is thought best not to disturb him by making an exploration for the ball until after the consultation at 3 P. M."

From that hour, however, the symptoms became unfavorable; and at 2:45 P. M. the following unofficial dispatch was issued:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, 2:45 P. M.

"No official bulletin has been furnished by Dr. Bliss since 1 o'clock. The condition of the President has been growing more unfavorable since that time. Internal hemorrhage is taking place, and the gravest fears are felt as to the result."

As yet no critical knowledge of the President's injury had been reached. There was nothing on which the people could base a judgment of the relative probabilities of recovery and death. The shadows of evening gathered, and the darkness of night settled over fifty millions of sorrowing people.

The minds of all naturally reverted to the assassin. The hope was cherished that he would prove to be a lunatic or madman, and that the American people would thus be spared the horrid contemplation of a cold-blooded attempt against the life of the noble statesman who had been called by the voice of his countrymen to the highest place of honor. This hope, however, was soon dispelled. The assassin was found to be a mixture of fool and fanatic, who, in his previous career, had managed to build up, on a basis of total depravity, a considerable degree of scholarship. He was a lawyer by profession, and had made a pretense of practicing in several places—more particularly in Chicago. In that city and elsewhere he had made a reputation both malodorous and detestable. In the previous spring, about the time of the inauguration, he had gone to Washington to advance a claim to be Consul-General at Paris. He had sought and obtained interviews with both the President and Mr. Blaine, and pretended to believe that the former was on the point of dismissing the present consul at Paris to make a place for himself! Hanging about the Execu-

tive Mansion and the Department of State for several weeks, he seems to have conceived an intense hatred of the President, and to have determined on the commission of the crime. Unless his motive can be found in this, it would seem impossible to discover for what reason his foul and atrocious deed was committed. In the whole history of crime, it would, perhaps, be impossible to find a single example of a criminal with a moral nature so depraved and loathsome as that displayed by Guiteau in the cell to which he was consigned.

*The second day.*—The morning was anxiously awaited. The first news from Washington gave grounds of hope. The President's mind had remained clear, and his admirable courage had had a marked effect in staying his bodily powers against the fearful effects of the wound. Mrs. Garfield had, meanwhile, reached Washington, and was at her husband's bed-side. Both were hopeful against the dreadful odds, and both resolved to face the issue with unfaltering trust. In the course of the early morning the President was able to take nourishment, thus gaining a small measure of that strength so needful in the coming struggle. The morning bulletins from the attending surgeons were as follows:

“WASHINGTON, July 3, 2:45 A. M.

“The President has been quietly sleeping much of the time since 9 P. M., awakening for a few moments every half hour. He has not vomited since 1 A. M., and is now taking some nourishment for the first time since his injury. Pulse, 124; temperature, normal; respiration, 18.

“D. W. BLISS, M. D.

“4 A. M.—The President has just awakened, greatly refreshed, and has not vomited since 1 A. M., having taken milk and lime-water on each occasion, frequently asking for it. Pulse, 120—fuller and of decidedly more character; temperature, 98 2-10; respiration, 18. The patient is decidedly more cheerful, and has amused himself and watchers by telling a laughable incident of his early career.

“D. W. BLISS, M. D.

“6 A. M.—The President's rest has been refreshing during the night, and only broken at intervals of about half hours by occasional pain in the feet, and to take his nourishment of milk and lime-water and bits

of cracked ice, to relieve the thirst, which has been constant. He is cheerful and hopeful, and has from the first manifested the most remarkable courage and fortitude.

“7:50 A. M.—This morning the physicians decide that no effort will be made at present to extract the ball, as its presence in the location determined does not necessarily interfere with the ultimate recovery of the President.

“7:57 A. M.—Most of the members of the Cabinet who watched at the Executive Mansion last night remained until a late hour this morning.

“11 A. M.—The President's condition is greatly improved. He secures sufficient refreshing sleep; and, during his waking hours, is cheerful, and is inclined to discuss pleasant topics. Pulse, 106—with more full and safe expression; temperature and respiration, normal,

“D. W. BLISS, M. D.”

In the afternoon of the second memorable day, however, the President's symptoms grew worse, and news well calculated to alarm was telegraphed to all parts of the country. Of one thing there could be no doubt, and that was that the heart of the Nation was stirred to its profoundest depths, and that the whole civilized world was in sympathy with the American people and their stricken head. In London the news created the profoundest sensation. The Queen, from Windsor Palace, at once telegraphed to learn the facts, and then ordered her Minister of Foreign Affairs to send the following dispatch:

“*To Sir Edward Thornton, British Embassy, Washington:* The Queen desires that you will at once express the horror with which she has learned of the attempt upon the President's life, and her earnest hope for his recovery. Her Majesty wishes for full and immediate reports as to his condition.

LORD GRANVILLE.”

From almost every civilized nation came similar messages of sympathy. Hardly a distinguished man in America failed to go on record in some way to express his horror and detestation of the crime that had been committed. The spirit of party was utterly forgotten. The South and the North were at last as one.

The old Southern soldiers who had fought many a fierce battle under Lee and Johnston, as well as the legionaries who sprang up at the call of Lincoln, burst into tears at the thought of Garfield bleeding!

The afternoon bulletins of this first sad Sunday of July were well calculated to excite apprehension. The physicians said:

"2 P. M.—The President has slept a good deal since last bulletin, though occasionally suffering from pain in both feet and ankles. Pulse, 104; respiration, 18; temperature, nearly normal. While the President is by no means out of danger, yet his symptoms continue favorable.

"D. W. BLISS, M. D.

"6 P. M.—There is no appreciable danger since last bulletin. The President sleeps well at intervals. Pulse, 108; temperature and respiration normal.

"D. W. BLISS,

"J. K. BARNES,

"J. J. WOODWARD.

"10:30 P. M.—The condition of the President is less favorable. Pulse, 120; temperature, 100; respiration, 20. He is more restless, and again complains of the pain in his feet.

"D. W. BLISS,

"J. K. BARNES,

"J. J. WOODWARD,

"ROBERT REYBURN."

*The third day.*—For the American people the morning sun of the Glorious Fourth shed only a disastrous twilight. Never before did this vast and sensitive citizenship waken to the realization of such a Fourth. In almost all parts of the country preparations had been made to observe the day with more than the usual outburst of patriotism. All this was turned to doubt and sorrow. The orator could speak of nothing but the wounded President and his probable fate. The people would hear nothing but dispatches that told of either reviving hope or coming despair. In many cities and country places the celebration was wholly abandoned; in others the ceremonies were changed so as to be in keeping with the great national calamity. The people sat down in the shadow of their grief and waited for the worst.

On the morning of the Fourth the distinguished Dr. D. Hayes

Agnew, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Frank H. Hamilton, of New York City, arrived at Washington, having been called thither as consulting surgeons. On their arrival they made a critical examination of the President's condition and the method of treatment adopted by the physicians in charge, and thereupon issued the following bulletin:

“EXECUTIVE MANSION, 8:15 A. M.

“We held a consultation with the physicians in charge of the President's case at 7 o'clock this morning, and approve in every particular of the management and of the course of treatment that has been pursued.

“FRANK H. HAMILTON, of New York.

“D. H. AGNEW, of Philadelphia.”

The regular announcement appeared at the same time and carried to the people, far as the lightning's wings could bear it, the following message:

“8:15 A. M.—The condition of the President is not materially different from that reported in the last bulletin (12:30 A. M.). He has dozed at intervals during the night, and at times has complained of the pain in his feet. The tympanitis has not sensibly increased. Pulse, 108; temperature, 99.4; respiration, 19.

“D. W. BLISS,

“ROBERT REYBURN,

“J. K. BARNES,

“FRANK H. HAMILTON,

“J. J. WOODWARD,

“D. HAYES AGNEW.”

To this bulletin was added the report of a free conversation with Dr. Bliss, in which he said of the President's condition and prospects:

“I admit that his state is very precarious, and the balance of probabilities is not in his favor, and yet there is reasonable ground for hope. We can not say that he is better or worse than he was last night, except that he has gained eight hours of time, and his strength appears not to have declined. The symptoms of peritoneal inflammation are not more grave now than they were eight hours ago.”

The morning wore away in suspense, and the noonday report of the physicians was anxiously awaited. It was felt, however, that every hour now added to the President's life was a fair indication

that he would have some chance in the final struggle for recovery. Just after noon the following report was issued by the surgeons:

“12:30 P. M.—There has been but little change in the President’s condition since the last bulletin. Complains much less of the pain in his feet. Light vomiting occasionally. Pulse, 110; temperature, 100; respiration, 24. “D. W. BLISS, “J. J. WOODWARD,  
“J. K. BARNES, “ROBERT REYBURN.”

Meanwhile a diagnosis of the President’s condition had been made, and though there was not entire unanimity as to the course of the ball and the consequent character of the wound, yet the physicians gave it as their opinion—some of them positively so declaring—that the ball, after striking the President’s back above the twelfth rib and about two and a half inches to the right of the spine, had plunged forward and downward, fracturing the rib, penetrating the peritoneal cavity, piercing the lower lobe of the liver, and lodging perhaps in the front wall of the abdomen. The treatment during the first week after the President was wounded was based upon this diagnosis, but gradually thereafter the idea that the ball had traversed the body in the manner indicated was abandoned and a modified theory adopted in its stead.\*

\* The great error, as subsequently developed in the diagnosis of the President’s case, seems clearly to have arisen from the fact, that although the relative position of the assassin and his victim were definitely ascertained and could be precisely marked on the floor of the dépôt, yet *the axial position of the President’s body seems never to have been considered!* It seems to have been taken for granted that because the wound was in the back, therefore the assassin must have stood *behind* the President when he fired. So, in one sense, he undoubtedly did, but in another he did not. The murderer’s position was five feet away and *rather to the right side of the Chief Magistrate*, and Guiteau should therefore be said to have stood at an *acute side-angle* and a little in the rear of his victim. This being the real position of the President and his assailant, it will readily be seen that the ball, instead of being “deflected,” as has been so many times reiterated, really was very little turned from its course, but plunged straight across the President’s back, going deeper and deeper as it proceeded, until, having fractured the spine in front, it was lodged in the thick tissues to the left of the vertebral column. If the assassin had fired square at the President’s back, and the ball had struck where it did strike, the President would have been a dead man from the start. The axial position of the body was manifestly overlooked in making the diagnosis.

As the Fourth wore away the fear of immediate death somewhat subsided. At half-past seven in the evening the surgeons' bulletin carried the following message to the public:

"7:35 P. M.—The President this evening is not so comfortable. He does not suffer so much from pain in the feet. The tympanitis is again more noticeable. Pulse, 126; temperature, 101.9; respiration, 24. Another bulletin will be issued at 10 P. M., after which, in order not to disturb the President unnecessarily, no further bulletins will be issued until to-morrow morning.

"D. W. BLISS,

"J. J. WOODWARD,

"J. K. BARNES,

"ROBERT REYBURN."

Taken all in all the advices during the day respecting the President's condition had been more encouraging than those of the day before, when despondency seemed to be making itself generally felt in Washington and throughout the country.

An unofficial bulletin at midnight—the last issued for the day—announced a further improvement, the pulse and temperature having again changed slightly for the better. At that hour the President was sleeping quietly. The peritoneal inflammation had decreased somewhat during the evening, and there was, generally speaking, a larger ground for hope. During the day from the extremes of the earth had come the profoundest expressions of sorrow for the great calamity to the Republic. From Prince Charles, of Bucharest, was received the following touching dispatch:

"BUCHAREST, CATROCINI, July 4, 1881.

"*To President Garfield, Washington:*

"I have learned with the greatest indignation, and deplore most deeply, the horrible attempt against your precious life, and beg you to accept my warmest wishes for your quick recovery. CHARLES."

On the same day from far-off Japan this message of sympathy was sent to the Minister resident of the Royal Government at Washington:

"TOKIO, July 4, 1881.

"*To Yoshida, Japanese Minister, Washington:*

"The dispatch announcing an attempt upon the life of the President

has caused here profound sorrow, and you are hereby instructed to convey, in the name of His Majesty, to the Government of the United States, the deepest sympathy and hope that his recovery will be speedy. Make immediate and full report regarding the sad event.

“WOODYERO,  
“Acting Minister for Foreign Affairs.”

So the sun went down upon the national anniversary, and the stars of the summer night looked upon an anxious and stricken people.

*The fourth day.*—The morning of the 5th of July broke with a more cheerful message. The President was decidedly better. The improvement in his condition was noticed shortly before midnight of Monday, and had become marked. The first bulletin of the morning was so reassuring that the feeling of relief became general, and a cheerful hopefulness succeeded the dread of the previous day. . The crowds of anxious people in all parts of the country returned slowly to their vocations—not, indeed, with a feeling of security, but with a good degree of hope for the President’s ultimate recovery. The members of the Cabinet experienced such a sense of relief that they were enabled to give consideration to their official duties. The President’s physicians, while not taking a sanguine view of his case, did not discourage the hope of final recovery. The President—so said the bulletins—took nourishment and retained it. His pulse was lower throughout the day, and altogether his symptoms were such as to afford no little encouragement. The first official bulletin was issued at half-past eight in the morning. It was as follows:

“8:30 A. M.—The President has passed a comfortable night, and his condition this morning is decidedly more favorable. There has been no vomiting since last evening at 8 o’clock, and he has been able to retain the liquid nourishment administered. There is less tympanitis and no abdominal tenderness except in the wounded region. Pulse, 114; temperature, 100.5; respiration, 24.

“D. W. BLISS,  
“J. K. BARNES,

“J. J. WOODWARD,  
“ROBERT REYBURN.”

Drs. Agnew and Hamilton had both, in the meantime, been called to their homes. To them the attending surgeons communicated their views of the President's condition more fully in a message during the forenoon, as follows:

“EXECUTIVE MANSION, 9:30 A. M.

“After you left the urgent symptom continued. There was much restlessness, constant slight vomiting, and by 8 o'clock P. M. the President's condition seemed even more serious than when you saw him. Since then the symptoms have gradually become more favorable. There has been no vomiting nor regurgitation of fluid from the stomach since 8 o'clock last evening.

“The President has slept a good deal during the night, and this morning expresses himself as comparatively comfortable. The spasmodic pains in the lower extremities have entirely disappeared, leaving behind, however, much muscular soreness and tenderness to the touch. There is less tympanitis, and no abdominal tenderness whatever, except in the hepatic region. Since 8 P. M. he has taken an ounce and a-half of chicken broth every two hours, and has retained all. The wound was again dressed antiseptically this morning. Altogether but one-half a grain of morphia has been administered hypodermically during the last twenty-four hours, and it has been found quite sufficient. His pulse, however, still keeps up. At 8:30 A. M. it was 114; temperature, 100.5; respiration, 24. Seventy-two hours have now elapsed since the wound was received. We can not but feel encouraged this morning, although, of course, we do not overlook any of the perils that still beset the path toward recovery. The course of treatment agreed upon will be steadily pursued.

“D. W. BLISS,

“J. J. WOODWARD,

“J. K. BARNES,

“ROBERT REYBURN.”

In the course of the day the feeling of confidence grew apace. There were not wanting many grave apprehensions, the most serious of all being the fear that the dreaded peritonitis would set in and destroy the President's life. But the hours crept by, and no symptoms of such inflammation appeared. The President, though restless and somewhat weakened, kept in good courage; and during the forenoon, awaking from sleep, denounced with not a little spirit the “wishy-washy” food which the doctors prescribed for him. During the day it was quite clearly determined from the

natural indications of the case, that, contrary to the previously expressed views of the attending physicians, the President's internal organs had not been perforated by the ball. This discovery gave additional grounds of hope. The noonday bulletin strengthened rather than discouraged the idea of ultimate recovery :

"12:30 P. M.—The favorable condition of the symptoms reported in the last bulletin continues. There has been no recurrence of the vomiting. Pulse, 110; temperature, 101; respiration, 24. The President lies at present in a natural sleep. No further bulletins will be issued till 8:30 P. M., unless in case of an unfavorable change.

"D. W. BLISS,

"J. J. WOODWARD,

"J. K. BARNES,

"ROBERT REYBURN."

Under the assurances given by the surgeons the people began to find time to discuss the collateral circumstances of the crime, the character of the criminal, what should be his punishment, the course of events in case of President Garfield's death, and the danger in general to be apprehended from political assassins. At first it was believed that the criminal had committed the deed on account of rebuffs received in seeking an appointment. This, Guiteau himself stoutly denied, declaring that he had tried to destroy the President wholly and solely *for the good of the country, and at the command of God!* He had been influenced only by high and patriotic motives! When the people came to understand the reasons why he had shot the President, against whom he had not the slightest enmity, they would change their mind as to him and his deed! Every utterance of the monstrous villain was of the self-same character, and to all his loathsome speeches was added the disgusting cowardice which he constantly exhibited in his cell.

Many incidents in the previous life of Guiteau came to the surface and were published. It was found that he had come to Washington shortly after March 4. On April 8 he made his appearance at the Navy Department library and registered his name on the visitors' book. He returned on April 14, and from that time up to the time of the adjournment of the Senate he was a daily

visitor. On one occasion he had told the librarian, Captain J. Ross Browne, that he was going to be appointed Consul to France. He had been on hand every day, sometimes before the library was opened, and remained all day. He had never shown himself very communicative, and when spoken to he responded in monosyllables. He seemed to be of a morose disposition, but was quiet and orderly in his manner. While in the library he sat in a corner reading a book. He had thus read Lang's *American Battles*, and frequently called for the manual of the Consular Service, over which he would sit pouring for hours. The last book he had read was John Russell Young's *Tour of General Grant*. Mr. Browne one day said to him: "I should think if you wanted a place you ought to be up at the Senate or at the State Department. Some one will get ahead of you."

"I can attend to my own affairs," was the rather sullen retort, and then glancing up suspiciously, he asked: "Have you told any one about my place?" Further efforts at conversation he repulsed.

The possible event of the President's death was a subject of the gravest anxiety. It was well known that Vice-President Arthur had not, in the recent imbroglio between the friends of the administration and Senator Conkling, been in sympathy with the President. It was to the Senator indeed that General Arthur owed his nomination. And so among the immediate supporters of the President and a large part of the people generally, there were, in prospect of the Chief Magistrate's death, deep forebodings of a disastrous reversal of the policy of the government and a universal uproar in the circles of office-holding. General Arthur became the central figure among the possibilities of the future. To the Vice-President the situation was exceedingly trying; but fortunately for the good name of the Republic he so demeaned himself as to win universal respect. His whole bearing from the day of the crime to the close of the scene was such as to indicate the profoundest sorrow and anxiety. His forbearance from comment, beyond giving expression to his grief, was noticed as the result of the exercise of sound common sense under trying circumstances, and the hasty opinions which had been pressed in many quarters when the

worst was feared were quickly revised and recalled.\* General Arthur visited the Executive Mansion on the afternoon of the 5th, and remained for an hour in conversation with members of the Cabinet. He did not see the President, the physicians deeming it unwise to admit him. The members of the Cabinet, however, spoke of him in terms of warm friendliness, feeling that he fully shared with them the sympathy and sorrow which they entertained in common with the Nation at large.

The evening bulletin, issued at half-past eight o'clock, was briefly as follows:

"8:30 P. M.—The condition of the President continues as favorable as at the last bulletin. Pulse, 106; temperature, 100.9; respiration, 24. No further bulletin will be issued till to-morrow morning, unless in case of an unfavorable change.

"D. W. BLISS,

"J. K. BARNES,

"J. J. WOODWARD,

"ROBERT REYBURN."

At eleven o'clock of this (Tuesday) evening, Secretary Blaine sent out a dispatch announcing, as the result of the day, "a substantial gain."

*The fifth day.*—It was now the crisis of summer. The intense heat was an unfavorable circumstance with which the physicians in charge of the wounded President had to contend. Wednesday was ushered in with a fearfully high temperature. In order to relieve the President as far as possible from the oppression caused by the intense heat, the attending physicians put into operation a simple refrigerating apparatus, which it was thought would render the atmosphere of his room much more comfortable than it had

\*The only farcical thing which has happened in connection with the dark tragedy has been the miserable and ludicrous shuffling of the base crowd of office-holders and office-seekers which clung to General Garfield's skirts, denouncing and abusing General Arthur and his friends until the possibility of his accession to power dawned on the minds of the patriots. The quickness which they displayed in discovering the latent virtues of the Vice-President and advancing themselves to the rank of his most ardent supporters, even before the illustrious dead was consigned to his grave, was a picture full of the most disgusting subserviency of the place-hunter.

been hitherto. It consisted of a number of troughs of galvanized iron, about ten inches in width and fourteen feet in length, placed on the floor along the walls, and filled with water and broken ice. Over these troughs, and corresponding with them in length, were suspended sheets of flannel, the lower edges of which were immersed in the ice-water which filled the troughs. The water was thus absorbed and carried upward by capillary attraction in the flannel, as oil is in the wick of a lamp, until the sheets were saturated. This cold water, both by direct contact with the air, and by the rapid evaporation which took place over the extended surface of the saturated flannel, lowered the temperature of the room. Very soon after this apparatus was put into operation, it made a perceptible change in the temperature, and the President was greatly refreshed. The morning bulletin was given to the public at half-past eight. It said:

“8:30 A. M.—The President has passed a most comfortable night, and has slept well. His condition has remained throughout as favorable as when the last bulletin was issued. The pulse is becoming less frequent, and is now 98; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 23.

“D. W. BLISS,

“J. J. WOODWARD,

“J. K. BARNES,

ROBERT REYBURN.”

This was decidedly the best report which the physicians had yet been able to make. The effect was immediate and wide-spread. What might almost be called a feeling of confidence supervened; the channels of trade flowed on, and the people were elated at the prospect of a complete restoration to life and the duties of his high office of him whom their votes had raised to that high eminence. In all parts of the world expressions of sympathy continued to be given and transmitted to our Government.

His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, inquired with great anxiety about the condition of President Garfield, and directed his Charge d’Affaires, Count Beust, to inform him thereof by cable. In consequence of Count Beust’s report, His Majesty ordered him to express to Secretary Blaine his satisfaction on account of the favorable information, and his best wishes for the speedy recovery

of the President. Count Beust, in obedience to the wishes of his Government, and in manifestation of his personal sympathy, called three times during the day at the Executive Mansion.

The noonday bulletin was brief, but satisfactory :

“12:30 P. M.—The President remains quite as comfortable as at the date of the last bulletin. He takes his nourishment well. Pulse, 100; temperature, 99.7; respiration, 23.

“D. W. BLISS,

“J. J. WOODWARD,

“J. K. BARNES,

“ROBERT REYBURN.”

Presently, after this report was made, the attending physicians sent to the consulting surgeons a somewhat lengthy dispatch, stating in detail the progress of the President's case. The general effect of this, as well as of the previous bulletin, was further to allay public anxiety and to strengthen the belief that the President would triumph in the fearful struggle which he was making against the effects of his wound. And to this end, whatever the faith and hope of a great and sincere people could do to alleviate and save was gladly and earnestly given in sympathy and words of cheer. The bulletin of the evening was in the same general tone as the two preceding. It said :

“8:30 P. M.—The President's condition continues as favorable as at last report. He has passed a very comfortable day, taking more nourishment than yesterday. Pulse, 104; temperature, 100.6; respiration, 23. Unless unfavorable symptoms develop, no further bulletins will be issued until to-morrow morning.

“D. W. BLISS,

“J. J. WOODWARD,

“J. K. BARNES,

“ROBERT REYBURN.”

Altogether, the day was the least eventful—certainly the least exciting—of any since the great crime was committed. Discussions as to the character of the President's injury, and of the probable disposition of Guiteau, took the place of those eager inquiries and indignant comments of the first few days after the deed was done.

*The sixth day.*—The morning brought nothing in the nature of

the unexpected, in relation to the President's condition or his surroundings. If his chances for recovery had not advanced, they had at least not become less than on the previous day. Callers at the White House came and departed in considerable numbers, and the natural tendency of the human mind to build high hopes upon narrow foundations, served to keep the general public, as well as those having more intimate relations with the President, in excellent spirits. While a hundred dangers yet surrounded the path toward restored health, confidence that the courageous Chief Magistrate would travel that path in safety, prevailed more and more. During the day, Dr. Boynton, of Cleveland, for a long time the friend of the President's family, and recently the attending physician in the case of Mrs. Garfield's protracted illness, reached Washington, and although not invited to become one of the consulting surgeons, he took his place as an attendant upon the President, and remained near him to the end. The morning bulletin was almost sanguine in its tone:

“EXECUTIVE MANSION, 9:15 A. M.

“The President has passed a most comfortable night, and continues steadily to improve. He is cheerful, and asks for additional food. Pulse, 94; temperature, 99.1; respiration, 23. There will be no further bulletins issued until 1 o'clock.

“D. W. BLISS,

“J. K. BARNES,

“J. J. WOODWARD,

“ROBERT REYBURN.”

This report incited additional hope, and the belief prevailed more and more, both in medical circles and among the people at large, that the President would win the battle. One of the episodes of the day was the publication of a letter from Senator Conkling, which, though really an earnest expression of sympathy for the President and his family, was largely devoted to the question as to whether a discrimination should not be made in the punishment of *attempted* murder, based on the rank of the person assailed. The distinction was drawn between murder, which seems to require the same punishment whoever may be the victim, and the

*attempt* to murder. The Senator's letter was addressed to Attorney-General MacVeagh, and was as follows:

"FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK, July 5, 1881.

"*My Dear Sir:* In the abhorrence with which all decent men alike shudder at the attempt to murder the President, I have given thought to a matter to which your attention may or may not have turned. Our criminal code treats premeditated homicide in all cases alike, irrespective of the victim. Murder being visited by the greatest penalty, perhaps no distinction between one case and another could be founded on the public relations held by the person slain. But in case of attempt to murder broad distinctions can be made between assailing the life of an individual, and an attempt to take a life of special value to the whole people. The shocking occurrence of Saturday I think demands that the definition and punishment of assaults aimed at high executive officers, whether successful or not, should be made thoroughly rigorous. The man who attempts the life of the President, if morally responsible, commits an offense which the Nation ought to guard against, and punish by the exertion of all the power civilized nations may employ. I suggest this as deserving consideration.

"My profound sympathies are with the President, and with all of you every hour. The conflict of reports keeps hope and fear striving with each other, with nothing stable except faith and trust, that the worst is overpassed. I wish you would express to the President my deepest sympathy in this hour, which should hush all discords and enlist all prayers for his safe deliverance. Please also give to Mrs. Garfield my most respectful condolence. Trusting that all will be well, cordially yours,

"ROSCOE CONKLING."

In the early afternoon another bulletin was issued by the surgeons. The report said

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, 1 P. M.

"The condition of the President continues quite as favorable as this morning. Pulse, 100; temperature, 100.8; respiration, 23. Unless some unfavorable change should occur no further bulletin will be issued until 8:30 P. M.

"D. W. BLISS,

"J. J. WOODWARD,

"J. K. BARNES,

"ROBERT REYBURN."

It was noticed during the day that the preparations made by the surgeons in attendance on the President indicated their belief

in a long illness, and the public came to understand that an indefinite period of suspense might be anticipated. As it related to the criminal, it was clear that he would simply be held in custody until such time as might, by the recovery or death of his victim, indicate the technical character of the crime committed, and the punishment consequent thereon. The bulletins sent abroad by Secretary Blaine during the day, especially the one directed to Minister White at Berlin, stated that for the preceding thirty-six hours the improvement in the President's condition had been steady and constant, and the evening report of the attending surgeons was essentially a repetition of that issued in the afternoon.

*The seventh day.*—With the morning of Friday there was practically no change to record in the President's condition. He had passed the night as usual, sleeping and waking at intervals. The weather was excessively hot. Many contrivances and machines were invented and offered to the authorities, the purpose of which was to reduce, by mechanical means, the temperature of the President's apartment. Several of these instruments were tried, and one, invented by Mr. Dorsey, a skilful mining engineer, was selected and set up in the Executive Mansion. The temperature of the room where the patient lay was thus brought under control and reduced to the desired degree. The morning bulletin of the surgeons was considered especially favorable:

“EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 8, 8:15 A. M.

“The condition of the President continues favorable. He is more comfortable than on any previous morning. Pulse, 96; temperature, 92; respiration, 23. The wound is beginning to discharge laudable pus.

“D. W. BLISS,

“J. J. WOODWARD,

“J. K. BARNES,

“ROBERT REYBURN.”

Soon after this report was issued, however, there was an unfavorable turn in the case, and one of those flurries of excitement, so common in the subsequent history of the President's progress, occurred. The President grew restless, and complained of weariness. The temperature and pulse and respiration ran up, indicating the presence of considerable fever. This change, however, was

explained by the physicians as the necessary concomitant of supuration then beginning in the wound. The noonday bulletin was brief:

“12:30 P. M.—The progress of the President’s case continues to be favorable. Pulse, 108; temperature, 101.4; respiration, 24.

“D. W. BLISS,

“J. J. WOODWARD,

“J. K. BARNES,

“ROBERT REYBURN.”

One of the marked circumstances attending the tragic event, the course of which is outlined in these pages, was the universal desire of the American people to do something to contribute towards the President’s recovery. It would be vain to attempt to enumerate the thousand and one expedients and suggestions which, out of the goodness of the popular heart, came from every direction. Each out of his own nature added his own gift. The poet contributed his verse; the physician, his cure; the inventor, his contrivance; the gardener, his choicest cluster; and even the crazy beldam her modicum of witchcraft. From the center of the crowded city to the remotest corners of the prairie the slightest syllable of indifference to the President’s condition would have been instantly resented—first with a look of contempt and then with a blow. The evening bulletin, though pitched in a tone of encouragement, still indicated fever:

“8 P. M.—The President’s condition continues favorable. He has passed a very comfortable afternoon, and has taken more nutriment than on previous days. Pulse, 108; temperature, 101.3; respiration, 24. The conditions continue so favorable that there will be no further bulletin until to-morrow morning.

“D. W. BLISS,

“J. J. WOODWARD,

“J. K. BARNES,

“ROBERT REYBURN.”

During the day a brief but touching dispatch was received from the surviving members of the family of the Marquis de LaFayette. Another message came from St. Petersburg expressing, as well it might, the horror of the Czar and his government for the crime of

assassination.\* A third was received from the minister for foreign affairs of the Argentine Republic, expressing the sorrow of that government for the great crime which had darkened the annals of American history.

*The eighth day.*—A week had now elapsed since the President was wounded. His condition was not materially changed. His will and courage were unimpaired, and the reports of the surgeons and attendants indicated—indeed positively declared—a continual improvement. During the day, for the first time since the President was wounded, the three younger members of his family were permitted to visit their father, one at a time. The President had repeatedly asked for them, but it had not been thought advisable to gratify his wish before. Vice-President Arthur also called during the morning.

The morning bulletin appeared as usual, and was as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 9, 8:30 A. M.

“The President has passed a tranquil night, and this morning expresses himself as feeling quite comfortable. We regard the general progress of the case as very satisfactory. Pulse, this morning, 100; temperature, 99.4; respiration, 24.

“D. W. BLISS,  
“J. K. BARNES,

“J. J. WOODWARD,  
“ROBERT REYBURN.”

Whatever might be the progress of the President's wound towards recovery, there could be no doubt that the vigor of his mental faculties was nearly up to the standard of health. At times, indeed, there seemed to be an unusual, and, perhaps, unnatural, exhilaration of his faculties. He heard every thing, and

\* One of the follies which prevailed to a greater or less degree in connection with the shooting of the President, was the attempt to draw a parallel between that event and the recent killing of the Czar Alexander. There was no parallel at all. The Czar died in the cause of despotism; Garfield, in the cause of liberty. The one was killed by his own people, whose rights he and his House had trampled in the dust; the other was shot down by a villainous fool who sprang out like a coiled rattlesnake upon the innocent and beloved ruler of a free people, who would have died by thousands to save his life. Let us hear no more of the likeness between the deaths of Garfield and Alexander II.

was eager to talk and to read the papers. Of course, all exciting causes were excluded by the physicians, but the President was restless under the restraint. Sometimes he wished to debate questions with his attendants, and, anon, when that was forbidden, he would indulge in some pleasantry, as was his custom in health. The surgeons noticed that he managed to convey a great deal in a few words. Sometimes he comprised sentences into a single expression. When some one told him that the heart of the people was in bed with him, he replied: "Sore heart." He did not complain, however; not a querulous word escaped his lips. When he was inclined to debate propositions, and reasons were given him why a thing should be thus, he was very ready to point out any weakness in the reasoning. In a word, the President was himself, and retained possession of all his mental faculties.

The afternoon and evening bulletins were issued at the usual hours. They said:

"1 P. M.—The condition of the President continues to be favorable. Pulse, 104; temperature, 101.2; respiration, 22. The next bulletin will be issued at 8 P. M.

"D. W. BLISS,  
"J. K. BARNES,

"J. J. WOODWARD,  
"ROBERT REYBURN."

"8:15 P. M.—The President's condition has continued favorable during the day. The febrile reaction does not differ materially from that of yesterday. Pulse, 108; temperature, 101.9; respiration, 24.

"D. W. BLISS,  
"J. K. BARNES,

"J. J. WOODWARD,  
"ROBERT REYBURN."

So, after a week of intense anxiety, the twilight of Saturday evening closed around the world, hiding in its folds alike the hopes and the fears of the people.

*The ninth day.*—It was Sunday again. The Christian public had, from the first, taken up the President's cause with heartfelt anxiety. Scarcely a pulpit or pew in the land had failed to respond in yearning and prayer for his recovery. This anxiety had been confined to no sect or creed or party. From Romanist to Free-Churchman it was all one voice of sympathy and entreaty

to heaven for the President's life. In greater or less degree, millions of men found in themselves a change of feeling, and a growth of appreciation, of thorough trust and of high regard, as they looked anxiously to the bedside of the President. His calm resignation and readiness to meet death, with his cool courage and unwavering resolution to do his best to preserve a life useful and precious to millions; his patient endurance of pain, and of all the restraints deemed essential to his recovery; his tenderness of feeling and his royal strength of will, made him loved with an unspeakable love by millions of true-hearted men and women throughout the land. It was not too much to say that the week which had elapsed had lifted the National standard of true Christian manhood for all time to come. The whole nation was educated by the affliction of one. The people will, perhaps, never realize how much they learned by the bedside of the wounded President. In knowledge of merely material things the whole Nation grew wiser. It had been studying physical injuries, their nature and treatment, with such intense interest, that there were thousands of school-boys who knew more of such subjects than their fathers did when the crime was committed. This, however, was an insignificant part of the knowledge gained. Moral culture was advanced; how much, the people could but surmise. There were millions of men and women who realized, as they had never done before, the value of calm fortitude, resolute will, and strict obedience in time of trial.

The first bulletin of Sunday morning was specially encouraging. It said:

WASHINGTON, July 10, 8 A. M.

"The President has passed the most comfortable night he has experienced since he was wounded, sleeping tranquilly, and with few breaks. The general progress of his symptoms continues to be favorable. Pulse, 106; temperature, 100; respiration, 23.

"D. W. BLISS,

"J. K. BARNES,

"J. J. WOODWARD,

"ROBERT REYBURN."

The church services of the day were almost exclusively devoted to sermons on the lessons derived and derivable from the Nation's

sorrow, and to prayers for the restoration of the beloved Chief Magistrate. Lessons not a few were drawn from the great national catastrophe, and more particularly from the example which the afflicted chieftain had set to all the people—an example so full of patience and courage as to be cited in praise and panegyric for all time to come. For more than a week it had been as if the Nation were sitting at the bedside of a man in sore distress, counting his pulses, noting his temperature and breathing, and listening for every whispered word. But neither the imminent presence of death nor the agony of long-continued suffering had drawn from the President a single word of anger or vindictiveness toward any one. Such a lesson was not to be lost on the American people, and it was clearly foreseen that if his life should be spared, he would rise to an influence over the public mind and destiny not equaled in the case of any man since the days of Lincoln. In the early afternoon, and again in the evening, the usual bulletins came with brief but encouraging words from the surgeons:

“1 P. M.—The President's symptoms continue to be favorable. Pulse, 102; temperature, 100.5; respiration, 22. 7 P. M.—The President's symptoms continue to make favorable progress. Pulse, 108; temperature, 101.9; respiration, 24.”

Unofficial information from the President's bedside was, however, less favorable than the official reports. Many candid and cautious observers about the sick-room were more apprehensive than the physicians seemed to be, that the President was not so clearly on the road to recovery as could have been hoped. Among the latter was Professor B. A. Hinsdale, of Hiram College, who sent to Cleveland during the day a dispatch for publication among the old friends of the Garfield family, in which he said:

“The President is by no means out of danger, and I do not think it wise for people to settle down in a belief that he is. Of course we have a strong reason to hope that he will recover, but people ought to remember that the road to recovery will be a long one, beset with many dangers.”

One of the peculiarities of the President's case was the invariable cheerfulness of the patient. He seemed to regard it as a part of his duty to keep those about him in good spirits, and to aid the physicians in the work of bringing him through. He frequently asked to see the bulletins, and sometimes made humorous remarks about their contents. His food was many times a subject of some jest, and when it did not suit him, he had his revenge by perpetrating some pleasant satire about the offending article, or the cooks who had prepared it. On one occasion, the President asked for a drink, whereupon Major Swaim handed him some milk, to which the physicians had added a small quantity of old rum. The President, after drinking it, looked at Major Swaim with a dissatisfied expression, and said: "Swaim, that's a rum dose, isn't it?" On other occasions the sufferer spoke gravely, but always hopefully, of his conditions and prospects, expressing the most earnest hopes for speedy and perfect recovery.

*The tenth day.*—The weather was still oppressive, and the President was distressed with the heat. The artificial contrivances hitherto employed to reduce the temperature of his room, and to maintain the same at a given degree, had been but partly successful. An effort was now made on a more elaborate scale to overcome the heat by artificial means, and thus to furnish the President as much comfort as a moderate and equable temperature could afford. Monday, the eleventh of July, was mostly devoted to this work. Several fire-engines and large cast-iron boilers were put in position near the east basement door of the White House, and carpenters and machinists were set to work putting up apparatus of enormous proportions, connected with the ventilating machinery. Locomotive head-lights to illuminate the scene were supplied, so that there should be no interruption until the work was done. The basis of the refrigerating apparatus was the Jennings machine, heretofore referred to; but Professor Newcomb and Major Powell jointly assisted in perfecting some additional appliances for drying and purifying the air to be admitted to the sick chamber. Several other devices of an entirely different character were brought to the attention of the physicians in attendance, and experimental ma-

chinery was set up to exhibit some of them, but they were mostly unsuccessful. The President was not aware of the efforts of their inventors to benefit him.

But by means of the Jennings machine an even temperature of 77° Fahrenheit was preserved in the sick room, and the capacity of the machinery was found to be sufficient to reduce the temperature several degrees lower, if it should be thought necessary to do so. The windows of the President's room remained open, so that the air which was forced into his chamber found ready exit, thus insuring perfect ventilation.



DR. D. W. BLISS.

The bulletin issued by the surgeons on Monday morning was more encouraging. The report said:

“July 11—8 A. M.—The President passed a comfortable night, and his condition shows an im-

provement over that of yesterday. Pulse, 98; temperature, 99.2; respiration, 22.”

The President continued talkative. Only the positive injunction of the physicians could keep him from speaking out on all subjects that came into his mind. During the day he indulged in his accustomed pun. To one of his attendants he said, jocosely: “I wish I could get up on my feet; I would like to see whether I have any backbone left or not!” The sly backward look at the recent political struggle in which his administration had been engaged, involving the question of the presidential backbone, was not bad for a sick man battling for his life.

Justly or unjustly, the regular bulletins came to be somewhat

distrusted by the people. The feeling began to spread that, although the naked facts of temperature, pulse, and respiration reported in the bulletins were not to be questioned as to their accuracy, yet the comments and construction put by the attending surgeons upon the facts, were too rose-colored to meet the conditions of exact truth. At the same time this opinion gained ground with the public, a feeling of quite implicit confidence sprang up respecting the official reports of the President's condition sent abroad, more especially in reference to those sent to Lowell, Minister at St. James, by Secretary Blaine. These messages from the principal member of the President's cabinet came, by and by, to be looked for with fully as much confidence as to their accuracy as did the surgeons' official bulletins. On the 11th of July, Secretary Blaine sent out one of these messages which gave great comfort, as follows:

“LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

“At the beginning of the tenth day since he was wounded, the symptoms of the President are all hopeful and favorable. Suppuration goes on with no higher pulse or temperature than should be expected. His milk diet, of a pint and a half per day, is relished and digested. His physical strength keeps up wonderfully, and his mind is entirely clear and active, without showing excitement. His physicians do not count him beyond danger, but the general confidence in his recovery is strengthened every hour.

“BLAINE, *Secretary*.”

Later in the day, however, the condition of the President was less favorable than that presented in Mr. Blaine's dispatch, and the evening bulletin was constrained to admit a higher fever than at any time previously. The afternoon and evening official reports were as follows:

“1 P. M.—The favorable progress of the President continues. Pulse, 106; temperature, 99.8; respiration, 24. 7 P. M.—The President has had rather more fever this afternoon. In other respects, his condition is unchanged. Pulse, 108; temperature, 102.8; respiration, 24.”

*The eleventh day.*—As the President's case progressed, the pub-

lie became divided in their views of the prospect of recovery. Physicians themselves disagreed as to both the diagnosis and the treatment of the President's injury. The distinguished Dr. Hammond, of New York, did not hesitate openly to condemn the course pursued by the attending surgeons. Other noted physicians, not a few, held similar opinions; and a series of able and exhaustive articles appeared in the *New York Herald*, criticising with severity the methods and views of those who were immediately responsible for the management of the case. The attending surgeons were considerably annoyed by these strictures, and many sharp replies were returned to those physicians who, without having personally examined the President's wound, ventured to express definite opinions on questions which those for more than a week in immediate attendance upon the patient, had been unable to decide. The newspapers also divided, one part of them publishing all the favorable, and the other all the unfavorable news from the sick chamber of the White House. The former felt called upon to explain away every unfavorable symptom which appeared; and the latter, to becloud all the favorable news with doubt. This diversion in public opinion continued manifest during the remainder of the President's illness.

The first news for Tuesday, the 12th of July, came in the bulletins of the surgeons, and was as follows:

"8 A. M.—The President is comfortable this morning. Pulse, 96; temperature, 99.6; respiration, 22."

In addition to these regular reports of the attending physicians, much unofficial information of the President's condition was constantly given to the public through the daily press. Nearly all of the leading newspapers had regular correspondents at the Capital, and the reports which they sent each day were quite extended and generally full of interest. These unofficial communications were, in large part, made up of conversations which the reporters held from time to time with the surgeons and nurses of the President; and, although in many cases the news sent out from these sources

was conflicting and contradictory, yet the public was greatly indebted to the industry and skill with which each morning's accounts were prepared. During the 12th of July, Dr. F. H. Hamilton, one of the consulting surgeons, was asked by a reporter of the *New York Tribune* to give his opinion of the President's condition. He replied that nothing had occurred within the preceding twenty-four hours to cause the alarm that some professed to feel. The rise in temperature and increase in pulse had occurred for several evenings, and both were natural at that time of day, even in a well person. He added, however, that the President's condition would be more favorable, if these symptoms were absent altogether. There was nothing discouraging in the official bulletins, which he thought were scrupulously correct, as in the private intelligence sent him by the attending surgeons. He repeated the assertion that he had made from the beginning, that every hour that elapsed without more dangerous symptoms, increased the patient's chances of recovery.

The bulletins of the afternoon and evening were couched in the usual language; but it was evident, on critical examination of the figures, that the construction put by the surgeons upon them, was hardly justified by the facts. The reports said:

"1 P. M.—The President is passing a comfortable day. Pulse, 100; temperature, 100.8; respiration, 24. 7 P. M.—Pulse, 104; temperature, 102.4; respiration, 24."



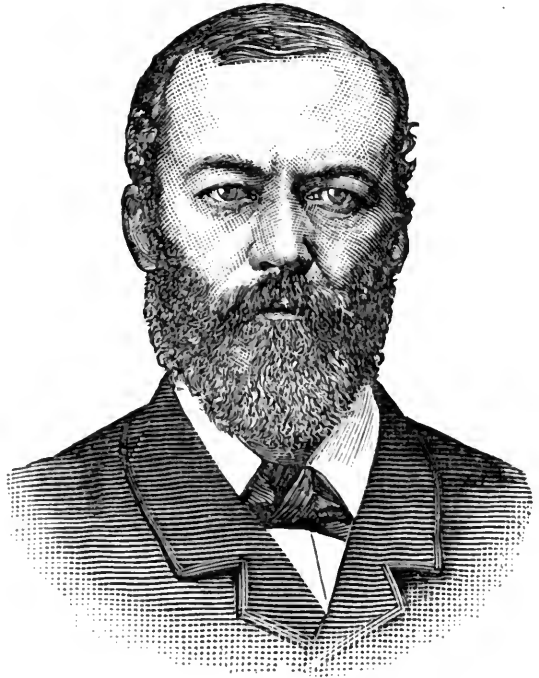
SURGEON-GENERAL J. K. BARNES.

*The twelfth day.*—During the second week of the President's prostration the public mind settled down to the expectation of a long, tedious illness. The suspense of the first few days had passed—as such things always pass—and people came to understand that they must wait until the silent forces of nature should restore, if they ever could restore, the wounded Chief Magistrate to health. The Wednesday morning bulletin was of the most cheering kind—more so, for once, than was expressed in the words of the surgeons:

“8:30 A. M.—The President is doing well this morning. Pulse, 90; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 20. His gradual progress toward recovery is manifest, and thus far without serious complication.”

The temperature of the President's room had now been completely mastered by artificial means. The degree finally decided on as most favorable to the patient was 81° Fahrenheit. About 10,000 cubic feet of fresh air was forced into the room each hour, and this great volume making its escape through the open windows carried away all odors and impurities. The President's wound was now in full process of suppuration. This became a heavy drain upon his constitutional and reserved forces, and his strength was rapidly depleted. He grew worse—unable to move his body or even his limbs without great exertion. At intervals, moreover, the stomach refused to perform its functions, and there was, in consequence, instant anxiety on the question of keeping life in the President until he *could* get well. The fluid food, upon which only, he was nourished, neither satisfied the longings of nature nor furnished sufficient aliment to sustain the flagging powers of life. Moreover, at this epoch began the great blunder in the President's treatment. Owing to the mistaken diagnosis of the surgeons the course of the ball had been altogether misjudged. According to the theory of the physicians the ball had gone forward and downward. As soon as the wound began to suppurate it was found desirable to insert therein a drainage tube to the end that the discharge might be perfectly free. This tube—

though pliable—was, in the process of insertion, constantly so manipulated by the surgeons as to carry it forward and downward in the *supposed* track of the ball, rather than horizontally to the left, in the *real* course of the ball. It thus came to pass that the natural tendency of the pus, making its way to the external opening of the wound to sink into the tissues before *reaching* the wound, was augmented by the erroneous theory and manipulation of the surgeons. Having once started an opening downward through the tissues, this was immediately filled with pus, and into this pseudo wound, at each insertion in the path of the burrowing pus, the physician's tube was thrust further and further. This mistake—albeit unforeseen and possibly undiscoverable—was the rock on which all hope of recovery was ultimately shattered. The noonday and evening bulletins came at the appointed hours and were as follows:



DR. J. J. WOODWARD.

“1 P. M.—The President's condition continues favorable. Pulse, 94; temperature, 100.6; respiration, 22. 7 P. M.—The President has had less fever this afternoon than either yesterday or the day before. He continues slowly to improve. Pulse, 100; temperature, 101.6; respiration, 24.”

The large and not very reputable army of busybodies now made a great discovery. It was the great question of the

President's "disability" to be President any longer. Certainly he was wounded, stricken down, lying at death's door. He was disabled; there was no doubt of that. The Constitution indicates disability of the President as one of the contingencies under which the Vice-President shall discharge the duties of the presidency. But was President Garfield disabled in the sense contemplated by the framers of the Constitution? Does that kind of prostration of the bodily powers, in which there is still a prospect of recovery, which leaves the will free to act, and the mental powers unimpaired, really involve disability? These were the questions which now came up for public discussion. However they might or should be decided as abstract questions of constitutional construction, certain it is that, as a practical issue, there was quite a universal judgment that, *as yet*, President Garfield was not "disabled" in the sense of the Constitution. Such was the temper of the people, moreover, that they would not have patiently brooked any real effort to make the Vice-President acting Chief Magistrate of the Nation.

*The thirteenth day.*—Thursday, July 14th, was a quiet day at the White House, and a like quiet was gradually diffused through the country. The President was reported as having gained a little strength—a very desirable thing. The unofficial accounts from the sick chamber were more than usually encouraging. The reports of the President's condition occupied a less conspicuous place in the papers of the day, and there was less popular discussion. The morning bulletin said:

"8:30 A. M.—The President has passed a comfortable night and continues to do well. Pulse, 90; temperature, 99.8; respiration, 22."

Hardly second in interest to the regular bulletins were the dispatches constantly arriving from foreign powers, expressing either some hope of recovery or asking for the latest news. On this day, the Secretary of State received the following telegram from Mr. Lowell:

"BLAINE, *Secretary, Washington*:

"I have received the following from the Queen: 'I wish to express

my great satisfaction at the very favorable accounts of the President, and hope that he will soon be considered out of danger.'

"LOWELL, Minister, London."

The Japanese Minister also handed to the Secretary of State a telegraphic communication which he received from his Government, of which the following is a copy:

"YOSHIDA, *Japanese Minister, Washington*:

"His Majesty was greatly rejoiced to receive your dispatch announcing the steady recovery of the President, and commands you to present his hearty congratulations.

"MOOYENO, Acting Minister Foreign Affairs, Tokio."

During the day Senator Conkling, of whose attitude towards the Administration so much had been recently said, again visited Washington. In the evening he called at the Executive Mansion and handed the usher his card for Mrs. Garfield. He said he did not wish to disturb her, but desired that his sympathies might be made known to her, as well as his gratification that the President was recovering from his wounds.

The afternoon and evening bulletins were duly issued, and gave the following account of the President's progress:

"1 P. M.—The progress of the President's condition continues to be satisfactory this morning. Pulse, 94; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 22.



DR. ROBERT REBYBURN.

7. P. M.—The febrile rise this afternoon has been less pronounced, and has not caused the President so much discomfort. His general condition is good. Pulse, 98; temperature, 101; respiration, 23.”

The interpretation put by the surgeons upon these reports, and generally—though not universally—accepted by medical men, was that the so-called “surgical fever,” that is, a certain exacerbation of bodily temperature always noticeable in persons recovering from physical injury, had passed its crisis and would soon disappear. This belief was strengthened during the day by the presence of perspiration and other concomitants of a waning fever.

For the first time in five days the patient’s temperature fell to the normal degree (98.6°). A new drainage pipe of rubber was inserted into the wound to a greater depth than the original pipe had reached.\* The President was able to move his limbs more easily than heretofore, and in other ways manifested his improvement. He asked more frequently about public affairs, and his curiosity was gratified in matters which would not produce excitement.

Thus day by day the battle went on between the recuperative forces of nature and the destructive agency of a dreadful wound.

*The fourteenth day.*—The improvement in the President’s condition, first distinctly manifested about the beginning of this week, was now more marked than hitherto. The patient took food with relish. The wound showed signs of healing. The febrile symptoms during most of the day were wholly wanting. Taken all in all there was a distinct progress toward recovery. The morning bulletin said:

“8:30 A. M.—The President has rested well during the night, is doing admirably this morning, and takes his food with relish. Pulse, 90; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 18.”

\* Here again was the fatal mistake. Day after day the burrowing pus was aided on its way downward among the tissues by the disturbing drainage tubes of the surgeons.

The physicians, on the strength of these indications, declared in unofficial conversation that the progress of their distinguished patient toward recovery could not be more satisfactory. So both surgeons and people fell to the discussion of minor topics instead of the great question of life or death. One question about which all were specially curious was the location of the ball in the President's body. Several electricians thought to determine this matter by a new application of scientific principles. It was suggested that the deflection of an electric needle, when brought near to the ball, could be used as an index of the exact spot where the missile was hidden. Professor Bell, of New York, was specially confident of success by this method. He was firm in the belief that, by the application of Hughes's induction balance to the surface of the President's body, he would be able to mark definitely the spot where the ball lay imbedded. The attending surgeons gave their consent that the attempt might be made, and it was agreed that as soon as Professor Bell had completed some modifications in the instrument, and some experimental tests for the discovery of leaden balls under similar conditions, the trial should be made.

The afternoon and evening bulletins of the fourteenth day were of the most encouraging purport:

"1 P. M.—The President continues to do very well this morning. Pulse, 94; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—The President has continued to do well during the day. The afternoon fever has been slighter than on any day since the 3d. Pulse, 98; temperature, 100.4; respiration, 20."

There was, at this epoch in the history of President Garfield's case, a good deal of monotony. The regular reports were in a measure duplicates of each other, and the unofficial accounts which were sent out by the newspaper correspondents were not characterized by the sensational quality which marked the early reports of the tragedy. The people, moreover—and with good reason—grew somewhat suspicious of startling dispatches, for it was found that the stock jobbers of New York City were not unwilling to use the President's condition as a basis of speculation. With sorrow

and mortification it was discovered that there were men so lost to the sense of shame as to wager fictitious shares against the hopes of the Nation and to speculate on a manufactured death-rattle in the throat of the Republic!

*The fifteenth day.*—From the beginning of the healing of the President's wound, the surgeons had been more or less apprehensive that the blood of their patient would be poisoned by the absorption of purulent matter, and his life be thereby imperiled. There are two secondary diseases thus likely to arise from the presence of a wound in the body—pyæmia and septicæmia. The first of these is by far the most to be dreaded. The malady results from the absorption of the poisonous pus corpuscles into the circulation with the consequent horrors of rigors and burning fever. The latter disease, septicæmia, is a less fearful complication, resulting from the absorption of the fluid ichor peculiar to healing wounds and the infection of the blood thereby. Both of these ills were to be feared in the case of the President. Day by day went by, however, and the dreaded symptoms did not appear. The bulletins of the 16th of July were of a sort to indicate that blood poisoning was hardly to be apprehended. The reports said:

“8:30 A. M.—The President has passed another good night, and is steadily progressing toward convalescence. Pulse, 90; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—The President has passed a better day than any since he was hurt. The afternoon fever is still less than yesterday. His pulse is now 98; temperature, 100.2; respiration, 19.”

In view of the favorable progress of the President's case the surgeons decided, for the time, to issue bulletins only in the morning and evening, thus dispensing with the noonday report.

One of the most interesting episodes in connection with the assassination of the President was the raising of a fund for the support of his family. The enterprise was proposed by Cyrus W. Field of New York, who headed the subscription with \$25,000. The fund was for Mrs. Garfield, and was to be hers absolutely independent of any contingencies. It was proposed that any and all who felt disposed should add to the sum until the amount contem-

plated was secured. Then it was designed to invest the whole in Mrs. Garfield's name, the interest to go to her and her family in perpetuity. Notwithstanding the strong hopes which were entertained of the President's recovery, the subscription was rapidly augmented until, before the President's death, the sum had reached more than \$300,000. After the tragedy was ended the trustees having the fund in charge invested \$275,000 of the amount in four per cent. Government bonds, placing the whole to Mrs. Garfield's credit. It was thus that the American people, of their own accord, made provision for the wife and children of the great citizen who had never found time to get rich.

*The sixteenth day.*—The news on this day opened with the cheering information that the President was now permitted to order his own meals, and that he was making good use of the privilege. The day at Washington was one of the least exciting in the whole course of the President's illness. The future was freely discussed—how soon the wounded Chief Magistrate might go abroad and what measures should be adopted for his more rapid restoration to health. The morning and evening bulletins were almost a mere matter of form:

“8:30 A. M.—The President continues to improve. He passed an excellent night and has a good appetite. This morning, pulse, 90; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—Our expectations of favorable progress have been fully realized by the manner in which the President has passed the day. He has taken more solid food and with greater relish than hitherto, and his afternoon fever, which is as slight as that of yesterday, came on later. His pulse is 98; temperature, 100.2; respiration, 20.”

The informal reports of the day showed, from the conversations of the surgeons, that they were still in some measure under the delusion that the ball had passed through the President's body and was imbedded in the anterior wall, in a position of easy removal in the future.

*The seventeenth day.*—This was similar to the day before. Notwithstanding the febrile rise of the preceding evening, the

President was reported as having passed a restful night. In the morning he had a friendly altercation with the doctors, he contending that he might smoke a cigar and they refusing. He was cheerful, confident, and strong in the faith that he was on the way leading to recovery. The symptoms had a reassuring complexion in the general view and to the immediate attendants. The President felt that he was better, and he said so. There was no question about his fever; that showed for itself; but it did not lead to serious apprehension. Improvement in his condition was what the people wanted to hear about, and they did not expect any thing else. The great majority had determined upon not hearing any thing contrary to their hopes, and this feeling was participated in by the public press. Under these conditions it is not surprising that the physicians, who knew just how the popular heart was throbbing, made extraordinary effort to respond to its requirements. No one accuses them of deception. No one believes they were actuated by any but the best motives in their examinations and reports. Admitting that a portion of their theory was wrong, who will contend that a better theory could have resulted from the examination of any equivalent number of physicians and surgeons? This question has been widely discussed, without finding a conclusion in anywise discreditable to the corps of eminent scientists who ministered to the sufferings of President Garfield.

The physicians explained to the public that the present feverishness of the patient had arisen from his recent over-eating of solid food. The more thoughtful, however, who had carefully scanned the reports for the last few days, were not satisfied, and awaited the morning bulletin with a little fear. The report ran thus:

“8:30 A. M.—The President has passed another comfortable night and is doing well this morning; pulse, 88; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18.”

This was reassuring; so the people took up the subject of the thanksgiving which had been proposed by Governor Charles Foster, of Ohio. During the day a letter was published from Hon. O. M. Roberts, Governor of Texas, giving his hearty approval of what Governor Foster had proposed. An

interesting conversation with Dr. Bliss was also reported for the Eastern press, in the course of which he declared that the President's wound was in the healing stage, and that the track of the ball was slowly but surely clearing by the processes of nature. The evening bulletin, however, was not as fair as had been hoped. It said:

"7 P. M.—The President has had a little more fever this afternoon, which is regarded as merely a temporary fluctuation. At 1 P. M. his pulse was 98; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 18. At present his pulse is 102; temperature, 100.7; respiration, 21."

*The eighteenth day.*—Something has already been said of the Hughes Induction balance with which Professor Bell was to discover the position of the ball in the President's body. The preliminary experiments had been continued, and the electricians had strong hopes of success, but the test had not yet been made. The press reports of the day were largely devoted to descriptions of the delicate apparatus which was to enable the scientists to determine the exact location of the ball. The great difficulty in the way was the non-susceptibility of lead to the inductive effect of electricity. Professor Bell and his co-electricians were, however, quite confident that this obstacle could be overcome and the position of the ball determined. The two bulletins of July 19th were as follows:

"8:30 A. M.—The President has passed a very good night, and this morning he is free from fever, and expresses himself as feeling quite comfortable. Pulse, 90; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—The President has passed an excellent day, and the afternoon fever has been less than on any day since he was wounded. At 1 P. M. his pulse was 92; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 19. At present his pulse is 96; temperature, 99.8; respiration, 19."

*The nineteenth day.*—The reports, both official and unofficial, were of a sort to justify a belief in the early convalescence of the President—if indeed convalescence had not already supervened. The fever was so slight as to be scarcely any longer

noticeable. The President's appetite and spirits were of a sort to suggest immediate recovery. It was said by the attending surgeons on the 20th of July, that the wounded man had passed his best day since his injury was received. He was still represented as weak and weary from lying so long in bed. He was looking forward eagerly to the time when he could take the trip upon the Potomac, and possibly a sea voyage, which had been promised him by the middle of August, if he should continue to improve. Arrangements were already made so that the trip might be as safe and comfortable as possible.

The Tallapoosa, a United States steamer, underwent repairs and was made ready for service. The Secretary of the Navy issued orders to put additional men at work upon her, so that she might be ready to sail at any time after the 15th of August.

The bulletins of the surgeons were issued as usual, morning and evening. They said:

"8:30 A. M.—The progress of the President toward recovery continues uninterruptedly. He has passed another quiet night. Pulse this morning 86; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—The President has passed an excellent day. At 1 P. M. his pulse was 88; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. At the present time his pulse is 98; temperature, 99.6; respiration, 19."

*The twentieth day.*—The physicians were unwilling to say that their patient was out of danger, but they permitted the attendants to think so, and the people accepted it as true. At the morning dressing of the wound a discovery was made. It was found that some of the clothing had entered the wound with the bullet. There came away, spontaneously with the pus, from the deeper part of the wound, what the surgeons called a "morsel of clothing," about one-quarter of an inch square. Upon being examined under the microscope by Dr. Woodward, it was found to consist chiefly of cotton fibers, with a few woollen fibers adhering. It was a portion of the President's shirt, with a few fibers of wool from the coat.

The two bulletins of the day were brief but satisfactory:

“8:30 A. M.—The President has had a good night and is doing excellently. This morning, pulse, 88; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—The President has had another good day. At 1 P. M. his pulse was 92; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 19. At 7 P. M., pulse, 96; temperature, 99.9; respiration, 19.”

For some time past the consulting surgeons had not been called to the President's bedside, but daily reports were made to them by the physicians in charge. These reports, however, were but a more extended statement of the facts contained in the official bulletins, and generally added nothing in the way of information.

*The twenty-first day.*—The recovery of the President was now generally believed to be assured. The surgeons gave it as their opinion that about the only danger to be apprehended was the prolonged suppuration of the wound. Under the influence of this drain the President was wasting from day to day, and the amount of food which he was able to take was hardly sufficient to supply the waste. Nevertheless he held up well under this exhaustive process, and although greatly reduced in flesh and strength, his vital energies did not as yet seem to be seriously impaired. Almost the only item of news which came from the White House was the somewhat monotonous bulletins, which said:

“8:30 A. M.—The President rested well during the night and is quite easy this morning. Pulse, 88; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 17. 7:30 P. M.—The progress of the President's case continues without material change. At 1 P. M. his pulse was 98; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. At 7 P. M., pulse, 98; temperature, 100.2; respiration, 19.”

*The twenty-second day.*—Bad news! The President was worse. The morning bulletin did not appear. At first this fact created no anxiety, but soon there was alarm. At ten o'clock a bulletin was posted by the surgeons, which said:

“10 A. M.—The President was more restless last night; but this morning at 7 A. M., while preparations were made to dress his wound, his

temperature was found to be normal; pulse, 92; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 19. At 7:30 he had a slight rigor, in consequence of which the dressing of his wound was postponed. Reaction followed promptly, and the dressing has just now been completed. At present his pulse is 110; temperature, 101; respiration, 24."

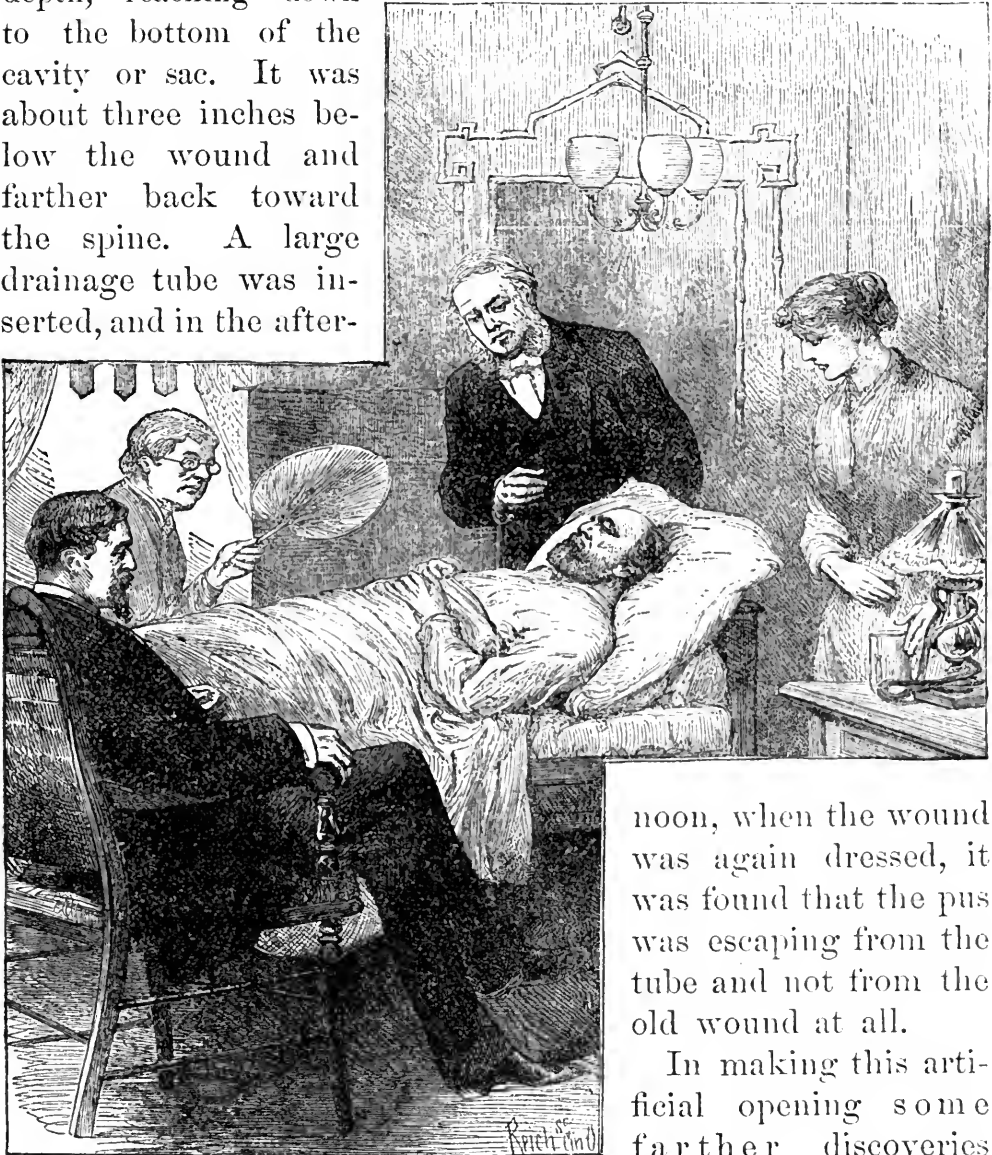
"Rigor" was a bad word. Physicians understood it to portend blood poisoning. It was remembered, moreover, by the attendants that for the last two days the President had complained of a sense of great fatigue. The symptoms were well calculated to inspire a fear that the dread pyæmia had made its appearance. The consulting surgeons were immediately sent for. At half-past eleven the President had *another* chill, and the news given to the people in the afternoon papers was of a kind to create the most serious apprehensions. The evening bulletin was awaited with the utmost anxiety. In the towns and cities crowds filled the streets as had happened three weeks before when the news came of the assassination. At seven o'clock the bulletin came as follows:

"7 P. M.—After the bulletin of 10 A. M. the President's fever continued. At 11:30 A. M. he again had a slight rigor, and his temperature subsequently rose, until, at 12:30 P. M. it was 104, with pulse 125, respiration, 26. Between this time and 1 P. M. perspiration made its appearance, and the temperature began to fall gradually. It is now 101.7; pulse, 118; respiration, 25."

Soon after this bulletin was made public, Drs. Agnew and Hamilton reached Washington, but it was thought not best to disturb the President further, and so no consultation was held until the morrow.

*The twenty-third day.*—This was an anxious day in Washington and throughout the country. With the coming of morning it was learned that during the night the President had had another chill. It also transpired that at the evening dressing of the wound, the physicians discovered in the region below where the ball had entered, a pus sac, that is, an accumulation of purulent matter in a cavity inclosed in the tissues of the back. At nine o'clock there

was an examination by the attending and consulting surgeons, and an operation was determined upon. An incision was accordingly made about two inches in length, an inch and a half in depth, reaching down to the bottom of the cavity or sac. It was about three inches below the wound and farther back toward the spine. A large drainage tube was inserted, and in the after-



SCENE IN THE SICK CHAMBER.

noon, when the wound was again dressed, it was found that the pus was escaping from the tube and not from the old wound at all.

In making this artificial opening some farther discoveries were made regard-

ing the character of the wound. It was found that the eleventh rib had suffered a compound fracture, being broken in two places. The piece of bone thus displaced

was driven inwards from its natural position. This the surgeons restored to its place, and it was decided that in a few days the old opening, where the ball had entered, should be allowed to heal, leaving only the orifice made by the surgeons. During the operation the President displayed his usual courage. He neither flinched nor moved, though nothing was given him in the nature of an anæsthetic. Probes were thrust down through the old wound to the bottom of the pocket, and against these probes the surgeons cut their way to the lower end of the sac. The operation thus performed was in every way successful. The beneficial effects were immediately apparent in an improved condition of the sufferer. The bulletin issued by the surgeons in the evening was as follows:

“7 P. M.—The President has been much relieved by the operation of this morning, and the pus has been discharging satisfactorily through the new opening. At noon to-day his pulse was 118; temperature, 99.8; respiration, 24. At present his pulse is 104; temperature, 99.2; respiration, 23.”

The unofficial conversations of the surgeons with reporters and others was to the effect that, taken all in all, the prospects for the President's ultimate recovery were not lessened by the events of the last two days.

*The twenty-fourth day.*—The news was somewhat reëssuring. There had been no very marked change in the President's condition, either for better or worse. But he had passed a comparatively comfortable night, sleeping at intervals, and suffering no recurrence of the chill. The operation performed had entailed no serious consequence, and the outlook again began to be hopeful. The surgeon's bulletins were of a sort to cheer rather than discourage. They said:

“8:30 A. M.—The President has passed a more comfortable night, and has had no rigor since that reported in the bulletin of yesterday morning. He is doing well this morning. Pulse, 96; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—The President has done well during the day. His afternoon fever did not come on until after three o'clock. It is some-

what higher than yesterday, but there has been no chill. At noon his pulse was 104; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 20. At 7 P. M. his pulse was 110; temperature, 101; respiration, 24."

The attendants upon the President who were often at the bedside, and had every opportunity of judging of the general course of the case, and also the members of the Cabinet, reiterated in many informal conversations the views expressed officially by the surgeons in charge. None the less, to one who could read between the lines and could not be blown hot or cold with every rumor, it was clear, even from the surgeons' bulletins, that the recovery of the President was still problematical.

*The twenty-fifth day.*—The reports for Tuesday, July 26th, showed that the President was gaining ground, and that he had in a good measure realized the relief hoped for from the operation of the previous Sunday. This belief was plainly present in the dispatch of the cool-headed Mr. Blaine. He said:

"LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

"At 11 o'clock P. M. the President's physicians report temperature and respiration normal, and pulse, 96—best report at same hour for five nights. The entire day has been most encouraging, and a feeling of confidence is rapidly returning.

"BLAINE, *Secretary*."

This dispatch of the Secretary of State was, of course, based upon the official bulletins of the surgeons, who said in their reports for the day:

"8:30 A. M.—The President was somewhat restless during the night, and the fever which had subsided after the last bulletin rose again about midnight, and continued till three o'clock, after which it again subsided. He is now about as well as yesterday at the same hour. Pulse, 102; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—The President has done well during the day. At noon his pulse was 106; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 19. At 7 P. M. pulse, 104; temperature, 100.7; respiration, 22."

One of the distressing features of the times was the presence in Washington of great numbers of irresponsible newspaper correspondents who shamed their profession by the publication of

whatever came uppermost. The Capital appeared to be at the mercy of sensational rumor-mongers, and they made the most of their opportunity. According to them, the doctors had said that the President would not live an hour; mortification had set in; an important surgical operation had been necessary, and the result had been unsatisfactory; the surgeons refused to give any information concerning it or the President's condition; it had been decided by the surgeons that an attempt must at once be made to find and extract the bullet as a last desperate effort to save the President's life; the flag on the building occupied by the Department of Justice was at half-mast, as a sign of the President's death, etc.

*The twenty-sixth day.*—There could be no doubt that the reports of the 27th indicated a marked improvement in the President's condition. He continued all day without fever. The bulletins were unequivocal:

“8 A. M.—The President slept sweetly last night from about 8 P. M. to 5 A. M., with but a slight break of short duration at 11 P. M. There have been no rigors. He takes his nourishment well, and his general condition is improving. He expresses himself as feeling better and more rested. Pulse, 94; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—The President's wound was dressed just after the morning bulletin was issued. Since then he has rested quietly, and takes his nourishment readily and without gastric disturbance. At present his pulse is 90; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—The President is still resting quietly. He has been able to take more nourishment to-day than for several days past, and, up to the present hour, has had no febrile rise of temperature. His wound has just been dressed. It looks well, and has continued to discharge healthy pus in sufficient quantity during the day. His pulse is now 95; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 20.”

The news sent abroad by Secretary Blaine to Minister Lowell was of the same tenor. The dispatch said:

“LOWELL, *Minister, London.*

“At 11 o'clock P. M. the President's physicians gave a most favorable account of his condition. There is a conspicuous improvement in his

digestion and in the restfulness of his sleep. We are by no means relieved from anxiety, but are growing more hopeful.

“BLAINE, *Secretary.*”

In a conversation during the day, Dr. Bliss, referring to the outlook, said: “There is only one more danger to be apprehended in the President’s case. That danger is pyæmia, and it is not likely to occur for a long time; and we are extremely confident, almost certain, that it will not occur at all. The President is doing very, very well. We could not hope to have him do better. His sleep last night was the best that he has had since he was wounded.”

*The twenty-seventh day.*—The incident of the day was the removal of the President from his room, in order that the apartment might be thoroughly cleaned and aired. The removal was effected without difficulty, and the President remained in the adjacent room until five o’clock in the afternoon, when he was quietly returned to his own chamber. He greatly enjoyed the slight change of scene thus afforded, and was much pleased with the maneuver by which his room had been brought to order. His spirits were revived not a little, and an improvement in his appetite was again thankfully noted. The official bulletins of the day were as follows:

“8 A. M.—The President rested well during the night, and no rigor or febrile disturbance has occurred since the bulletin of yesterday evening. This morning the improvement of his general condition is distinctly perceptible. He appears refreshed by his night’s rest, and expresses himself cheerfully as to his condition. Pulse, 92; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 12:20 P. M.—The President bore the dressing of his wound this morning with less fatigue than hitherto. It appears well and is discharging sufficiently. His pulse is now 94; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—The President has passed a pleasant day, and has taken his nourishment with apparent relish. His temperature continued normal until about 5 o’clock, when a moderate afternoon rise occurred, which, however, gives the patient but slight discomfort, and causes no anxiety. At present his pulse is 104; temperature, 100.5; respiration, 20.”

During the day a sensational report was started to the effect that

Dr. Agnew—in whose skill as a surgeon the people had come to have the greatest confidence—had said that the President's life could not be saved unless the ball was excised at an early day. This rumor, however, was promptly denied, as were also some alleged unfavorable remarks of Dr. Hamilton. About this time, however, some eminent surgeons—notably Dr. Hammond, of New York City—began to express, and even to publish, very serious strictures upon the views and treatment adopted by the attending and consulting physicians of the President; and, in some instances, the reasoning of the critics seemed to be so well borne out by the facts as to put the medical and surgical skill of those who managed the President's case to a very hard strain.

*The twenty-eighth day.*—On the 29th of July a Cabinet meeting, at which all the members except Attorney-General Mac Veagh were present, was held at the White House. Public matters were discussed, and certain routine official business disposed of in the usual way. All this indicated a belief, on the part of the members, that the President was on the road to recovery. There was, however, no marked change in his condition or prospects. He had passed a comfortable night—so said the attendants—and the afternoon fever was less pronounced than on the previous day. The three bulletins of the surgeons contained about the only information which could be obtained of the progress of the distinguished patient. They were as follows:

“8:30 A. M.—Immediately after the evening dressing yesterday the President's afternoon fever began gradually to subside. He slept well during the night, and this morning is free from fever, looks well, and expresses himself cheerfully. A moderate rise of temperature in the afternoon is to be anticipated for some days to come. At present his pulse is 92; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 2:30 P. M.—The President bore the dressing of his wound well this morning, and exhibited very little fatigue after its completion. He rests well, and takes an adequate quantity of nourishment. At present his pulse is 98; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 19. 7 P. M.—The President has been comfortable and cheerful during the day, and has had quite a nap since the noon bulletin was issued. At present his pulse is 98; temperature, 100; respiration, 20.”

To these reports very little can be added for the day, except the confirmation of their substance in the evening dispatch of Secretary Blaine, which was as follows:

“LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

“The President’s afternoon fever was less to-day than yesterday, and at this hour—half-past 11 P. M.—has almost disappeared. Temperature very nearly normal. His wound is in a healthy condition, and he is doing well in all respects. His physicians are greatly encouraged.

“BLAINE, *Secretary*.”

*The twenty-ninth day.*—With the morning of the 30th of July came the report of a farther—though slight—improvement in the President’s condition. He was said to have waked early in the morning after a refreshing sleep. He showed no fatigue from the dressing of the wound in the course of the forenoon, and ate with relish a moderate quantity of solid food. He was able, with the aid of a contrivance placed under the mattress, partly to sit up in bed. The afternoon rise in temperature was moderate. Several times during the President’s illness the question of malarious influences about the White House, as affecting his prospects of recovery, was discussed by the physicians and the general public. It was noticed that several of the employes had been taken sick in a way to indicate malaria in the surroundings. The condition of the Executive Mansion itself was reported as being unfavorable to health. So the question of removing the President to a more healthful place was again raised and seriously debated by the surgeons. Dr. Bliss, who was a member of the Washington Board of Health, which several years before, after a long struggle, had succeeded in having a large number of disease-breeding tenement-houses removed, was very emphatic in his condemnation of the “conveniences” of the White House, and said the family of the President should be removed while engineers should overhaul and renovate the entire plumbing arrangements of the premises.

Of course all possible means are taken to keep the unhealthy influence arising from this condition of affairs from the sick-room of the President; and the closed doors, together with the elaborate

new ventilating apparatus, were believed to furnish ample protection.

Mr. Blaine, in his night dispatch to Minister Lowell, spoke encouragingly of the situation, and the official bulletins were pitched in the usual hopeful key:

“8:30 A. M.—The President enjoyed a refreshing sleep during the greater part of the night. A gradual improvement of his general condition in all particulars is observable, and is recognized by himself. His pulse is now 92; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—The President showed no fatigue from the dressing of his wound this morning. His general condition continues gradually to improve. A moderate quantity of solid food has been added to his nourishment, and was eaten with relish. At present his pulse is 98; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 20. 7 P. M.—The President has passed the day comfortably and without drawback or unpleasant symptoms. The afternoon rise of temperature is moderate, and did not commence until about 5 o'clock. At present his pulse is 104; temperature, 100.2; respiration, 20.”

*The thirtieth day.*—The physicians again found time to discuss the location of the ball in the President's body. The majority had still held the opinion that the missile had passed through the peritoneal cavity, and was lodged in the front wall of the abdomen. In a dispatch of the day, it was even alleged that the surgeons were now agreed in this opinion.

It was believed that the black-and-blue spot, which had been visible on the right side of the abdomen for several days after the President received his injury, marked the bullet's location, and this theory was apparently confirmed by such results as had thus far been obtained with the induction balance. However this might be, it was said by the physicians, with much confidence, that the ball was, by this stage of progress, encysted, and that not much further trouble would or could arise from its presence in the body. The bulletins of the thirtieth day were as follows:

“8:30 A. M.—The President slept well during the night, and awoke refreshed this morning. His appearance and expression this morning indicate continued improvement. At present his pulse is 94; tempera-

ture, 98.4; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—The President bore the morning dressing of the wound without fatigue. It continues to look well and discharge adequately. The quantity of nourishment now taken daily is regarded as quite sufficient to support his system and favor the gradual increase in strength, which is plainly observable. At present his pulse is 100; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 19. 7 P. M.—The President has passed an excellent day. The afternoon rise of temperature has been quite insignificant. At present his pulse is 104; temperature, 99; respiration, 20."

On this day it was announced that Professor Bell had completed his instrument for determining the location of the ball. A description of the apparatus was given to the public, which, though couched in scientific language, may prove of interest to the general reader. The induced electrical current, and the interference therewith by the presence of a metallic body, were the fundamental facts of the invention. The instrument consisted of two circular primary coils of insulated copper three inches in diameter and half an inch in thickness, the one being constructed of No. 19 wire, and containing between seven and eight ohms of resistance, forming the primary coil, and the other of No. 28 or 30 wire, giving more than eighty ohms of resistance, forming the secondary coil, the two being connected in separate metallic circuits. In the circuit with the former there was placed an electrical battery and a spring vibrator, the latter so adjusted as to make a very rapid series of "breaks" of the circuit, sending a hundred or more electrical pulsations over the circuit and around the primary coil of wire per second. A hand telephone only was placed in the circuit with the secondary coil. The batteries being connected, and the vibrator set in motion, the secondary coil was placed so as to cover the primary, and the operator having the telephone at his ear, hears the pulsations of the primary current sent through the vibrator with each motion of its spring, an induced current being produced in the secondary coil by its contiguity with the primary.

Up to this point the ground traversed had been familiar to all electricians for many years. Professor Bell's discovery, which made the subject of special interest, consisted in the fact that if the

secondary coil be gradually turned to one side, so as to uncover a portion of its primary, the inductive effects and the resultant tone from the vibrator diminish until a point is reached, where only about one-third of the surface of the secondary coil remaining upon the primary coil, the sound-producing effect of the induction ceased altogether. If the secondary coil be moved beyond the point of silence the sonorous results become immediately apparent.

At the point of silence it was discovered that that portion of the secondary, which still covered an equal portion of its primary, was very sensitive to the presence of metallic substances not connected in any way with the circuits of which the two coils formed a portion, disclosing their proximity by making again audible the sounds from the vibrator. The results obtained from this instrument were equal to those given by the Hughes balance, but the latter furnishing a more convenient form for general use, it was first adopted as the basis of experiments.

Such was the instrument which the electricians completed, but would it work in practically discovering the place of the ball? It was determined that on the morrow the apparatus should be tested.

*The thirty-first day.*—Two things on this day occupied the public attention: First, the regular reports; and second, the experiments of Professor Bell. The bulletins were as follows:

“8:30 A. M.—The President slept well during the night, and this morning is cheerful, and expresses himself as feeling better than at any time since he was hurt. He appears stronger, and has evidently made progress toward recovery during the last few days. His pulse is now 94; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—The President’s wound continues to do well. At the morning dressing it was found to be in all respects in a satisfactory condition. At present his pulse is 100; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 19. 7 P. M.—The President has taken nourishment well and in sufficient quantity, and in all respects continues to do well. The rise of temperature this afternoon is slight. At present his pulse is 104; temperature, 99.5; respiration, 20.”

After the morning dressing of the President’s wound, it was

decided to make a formal trial of the induction apparatus for determining, if possible, the location of the fatal bullet. Professor Bell was accordingly brought, with his instrument, to the President's bedside, and there conducted his experiments. Later in the day he wrote out and presented to the surgeons an official report of the results, as follows:

"VOLTA LABORATORY, 1,221, CONNECTICUT AVENUE, }  
"WASHINGTON, August 1, 1881. }

*"To the Surgeons in attendance upon President Garfield:*

"GENTLEMEN—I beg to submit for your information a brief statement of the results obtained with the new form of induction balance in the experiments made this morning for the purpose of locating the bullet in the person of the President. The instrument was tested for sensitiveness several times during the course of the experiments, and it was found to respond well to the presentation of a flattened bullet at a distance of about four inches from the coils. When the exploring coils were passed over that part of the abdomen where a sonorous spot was observed in the experiments made on July 26, a feeble tone was perceived, but the effect was audible a considerable distance around this spot. The sounds were too feeble to be entirely satisfactory, as I had reason to expect, from the extreme sensitiveness of the instrument, a much more marked effect. In order to ascertain whether similar sounds might not be obtained in other localities, I explored the whole right side and back below the point of entrance of the bullet, but no part gave indications of the presence of metal, except an area of about two inches in diameter, containing within it the spot previously found to be sonorous. The experiments were repeated by Mr. Taintor, who obtained exactly corresponding results. We are therefore justified in concluding that the ball is located within the above-named area. In our preliminary experiments we found that a bullet like the one in question, when in its normal shape, produced no audible effect beyond a distance of two and a-half inches; while the same bullet, flattened and presented with its face parallel to the plane of the coils, gave indications up to a distance of five inches. The same flattened bullet, held with its face perpendicular to the plane of the coils, produced no sound beyond a distance of one inch. The facts show that in ignorance of the actual shape and mode of presentation of the bullet to the exploring instrument, the depth at which the bullet lies beneath the surface can not be determined from our experiments.

I am, gentlemen, yours truly,

"ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL."\*

*The thirty-second day.*—Less space was given to-day in the public press to reports of the President's progress than on any previous

\*In the light of the discoveries made at the examination of the President's body, after death, it would not appear that the Induction Balance, viewed as an agent to determine the position of concealed balls of metal—especially lead—is an instrument calculated to improve the reputation of science or scientific men.

day since the assassination. An incident of the hour was the reception by Mrs. Garfield of a draft for a hundred pounds sterling, sent by the Disciples, of England, to aid in the reconstruction of the church in Washington where the President was in the habit of attending worship. The reports for the day were of the same general tenor which they had borne since the surgical operation of the 25th July. The bulletins were as follows:

“8:30 A. M.—The President passed a very pleasant night, and slept sweetly the greater part of the time. This morning he awoke refreshed, and appears comfortable and cheerful. Pulse, 94; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—The President is passing the day comfortably. At the morning dressing his wound was found to be doing admirably. His pulse is now 99; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 19. 7 P. M.—The President has continued to progress favorably during the day, and appears perceptibly better in his general condition than yesterday, a more natural tone of voice being especially perceptible. At present his pulse is 104; temperature, 100; respiration, 20.

*The thirty-third day.*—“President Garfield continues,” says the *New York Tribune*, “to gain steadily. In a fortnight more, if all goes well with him, he will probably be able to sit up and give some attention to the business which awaits his action. He is still very weak, but when the healing process in his wound is well begun, he will, no doubt, gain strength rapidly.” Such was the opinion of the country. The physicians in charge, and the attendants upon the President, all seemed to believe confidently in his early convalescence. The most noticeable change in his condition was the return of his voice to its wonted fullness and resonance. His attendants said that the change in this respect had been very marked as compared with three or four days previous. The quantity of morphine given by the physicians, in order to produce sound sleep, had now been reduced to one-eighth of a grain daily, and the President was able to take more than the usual amount of nourishment, including beefsteak, milk, meat extract, toast saturated with beef juice, and a little coffee. His strength had increased, and he was able already to do more in the way of turning

himself in bed, and helping others to raise his body, than the surgeons thought it prudent to allow.

The bulletins of the day were in every way satisfactory and encouraging:

8:30 A. M.—The President slept tranquilly the greater part of the night. This morning his temperature is normal, and his general condition is satisfactory. Another day of favorable progress is anticipated. At present his pulse is 90; temperature, 96.4; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—The President continues to progress steadily toward convalescence. He has taken to-day an increased proportion of solid food. His wound is doing well, and his general condition is better than yesterday. At present his pulse is 100; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 19. 7 P. M.—The President has passed a very satisfactory day. The rise of temperature this afternoon is slight. At present his pulse is 102; temperature, 99.4; respiration, 19.

The proposed removal of the President from the White House was again under discussion. It was decided, however, to do nothing definite in regard to such removal until he could himself be taken into the counsel of the physicians, and indicate his preference. Two plans had thus far been discussed: one to take him upon a naval vessel, and depart for any point upon the coast where the surroundings seemed to promise most for his physical improvement; the other, to take him to the Soldiers' Home, three miles from the White House, and keep him there until he should be able to make the journey by rail to Mentor, his Ohio home.

*The thirty-fourth day.*—No news of interest to-day. The space allotted in the newspapers to accounts of the progress and condition of the President was still further reduced. In conversation about the President's condition, Dr. Hamilton was reported to have discussed the situation quite freely, and expressed the opinion that President Garfield was advancing toward recovery in a very satisfactory manner. In reply to the direct question: "Do you think the President will recover?" the Doctor said: "I have no doubt whatever of his ultimate recovery." Dr. Hamilton also expressed the opinion that there was no malaria in the patient's

system. In response to interrogatories relative to moving the patient from the Executive Mansion, the doctor said that nothing could yet be determined, as the President was in no condition to be moved. He thought, however, when the proper time arrived, that a trip down the Potomac would be decidedly beneficial, and would hasten his recovery.

In accordance with the custom which the physicians had now adopted, only two bulletins were issued during the day, and they were of a sort to create no excitement.

"8:30 A. M.—The President continues to improve. He slept well during the night, and this morning looks and expresses himself cheerfully. Another satisfactory day is anticipated. At present his pulse is 90; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—As the morning bulletin indicated would probably be the case, the President has passed another good day without drawback or unpleasant symptoms of any kind. At 10:30 P. M. his pulse was 96; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. The afternoon rise of temperature came on late and was moderate in degree. Now his pulse is 102; temperature, 100.2; respiration, 19."

Thus from day to day, and from week to week, the time wore on, the people regarding it merely as a matter of time when their beloved President would be restored to life and health. At this date they did not anticipate an alternative issue.

*The thirty-fifth day.*—In the leading papers of August 5th, no more than a quarter of a column was devoted to President Garfield. The citizens of Newport, Rhode Island, sent, through the mayor of the city, an invitation to the President to come to their famous resort as soon as his wound would permit, and to remain as their guest until complete recovery. The bulletins of the day contained the only information. They said:

"8:30 A. M.—The President slept naturally the greater part of the night, although he has taken no morphia during the last twenty-four hours. His improved condition warranted, several days ago, a diminution in the quantity of morphia administered hypodermically at bedtime, and it was reduced at first to one-twelfth and afterward to one-sixteenth, of a grain in the twenty-four hours, without any consequent unpleasant result, and finally has been altogether dispensed with. His

condition this morning exhibits continued improvement, and another good day is anticipated. At present his pulse is 88; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—The President has passed another good day. He has taken an adequate quantity of nourishment, and has had several pleasant naps during the day. At 12:30 P. M. his pulse was 98; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. After 4 P. M. his temperature began to rise as usual, but to a moderate degree and without perceptible dryness of skin. His pulse is 102; temperature, 100.4; respiration, 19.

*The thirty-sixth day.*—The public had now accepted, with abiding trust, the oft-repeated assurances of the surgeons that the President was on the road to health. The White House, from being the center of interest for the people of the whole country, as it had been two weeks before, had become the duller place in Washington. Doctors came in and went out, and casual inquirers continued their visits. The military guards patrolled the space in front of the one gate through which access was had to the grounds, but beyond this nothing in the appearance or surroundings of the place indicated that public attention was, in any marked degree, turned in that direction. Great interest in the progress of the case continued, but it was not so intense and all-absorbing as hitherto. The bulletins were again the only news:

“8:30 A. M.—The President has passed an excellent night, sleeping sweetly the greater part of the time. This morning he is cheerful, and all the indications promise another favorable day. Pulse, 92; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—The President passed a comfortable morning, his symptoms and general condition being quite satisfactory. At 12:30 P. M. his pulse was 100; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 19. The afternoon rise of temperature began as late as yesterday, but has been higher, though unaccompanied by dryness of skin. At 7 P. M. his pulse was 102; temperature, 101.8; respiration, 19. The appearance of the wound at the evening dressing was, however, good, and there has been no interruption to the flow of pus.”

*The thirty-seventh day.*—The 7th of August was probably the most quiet day since the President was wounded. There was some comment about the city regarding the information contained in the morning bulletin, the language of which was, that the Presi-

dent "this morning is in good condition, although the effects of the febrile disturbance of yesterday are still slightly perceptible in pulse and temperature." Many persons construed this sentence as indicative of unfavorable symptoms; but the general public accepted it as reassuring, and consequently there were but few inquiries at the Mansion in the course of the day.

Within a narrower and better informed circle it was suspected that another pus sac was forming in the President's body, but the opinion did not, for the time, obtain publicity. The two official bulletins of the day were as follows:

"8:30 A. M.—Shortly after the bulletin of last evening was issued the President fell into a pleasant sleep, during which the febrile rise subsided and was no longer perceptible when he awoke at 10 P. M. Subsequently he slept well, though with occasional breaks during the rest of the night. No morphia or other anodyne was administered. This morning he is in good condition, although the effects of the febrile disturbance of yesterday are still slightly perceptible in pulse and temperature. At present his pulse is 96; temperature, 98.7; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—The President has been comfortable during the day, although his temperature began to rise earlier than yesterday, and rose almost as high. At 12:30 P. M. his pulse was 104; temperature, 100; respiration, 20. At this hour his pulse is 104; temperature, 101.2; respiration, 20. He has taken nourishment as usual, and has had several refreshing naps during the day."

One of the unofficial reports of the day was to the effect that an effort was making to trace out exactly the course of the wound, and that to this end an instrument, called the electric probe, was to be inserted in the track of the ball. Professor Taintor was called to the Executive Mansion late in the afternoon to consult with the attending surgeons regarding the use of the electric probe. After the consultation, he was requested to return in the morning and to bring with him a battery of two cells. The purpose was, should it be determined to experiment with the instrument, to endeavor to ascertain the exact course of the wound from the surface of the body to the spot where the ball was lodged, and if possible to discover whether there was a pus cavity, and, if so, its exact location.

*The thirty-eighth day.*—On this morning the physicians held a consultation. The question of the President's afternoon fever was discussed, and Dr. Agnew was reported as having urged upon the surgeons the fact that the febrile rise was greater and more persistent than it should be if occasioned by the natural and inevitable processes of healing. The opinion was freely expressed that the channel of the wound was in some measure obstructed, and the propriety of a second operation to relieve the difficulty was suggested as the proper remedy. Accordingly, after the morning dressing of the wound, a second operation was performed, of which Dr. Bliss has given the following official account in the *Medical Record* for October 8, 1881:

“The necessity of the operation was plainly developed by passing a flexible catheter through the opening previously made, which readily coursed toward the crest of the ilium, a distance of about seven inches. This cavity was evacuated twice daily, by passing through the catheter, previously inserted in the track, an aqueous solution of permanganate of potash from a small hand-fountain, slightly elevated, the water and pus returning and escaping at the opening externally.

“The indications for making a point of exit in the dependent portion of this pus sac were urgent, and on August 8th the operation was performed by extending the incision previously made, downward and forward through the skin, subcutaneous fascia, external and internal oblique muscles, to a sinus or pus channel. The exposed muscle contained a considerable number of minute spiculæ of bone. Upon carrying a long, curved director through the opening between the fractured rib downward to the point of incision, there was a deeper channel which had not been exposed by the operation thus far, and the incision was carried through the transversalis muscle and transversalis fascia, opening into the deeper track and exposing the end of the director. A catheter was then passed into the portion of the track below the incision, a distance of three and one-half inches, and in a direction near the anterior superior spinous process of the ilium. The President was etherized during this operation.”

This description of the operation, as narrated by Dr. Bliss, may doubtless be accepted, though involving many technical expressions which, under the circumstances, are unavoidable, as in every

way correct and adequate. The regular bulletins were issued as usual and presented the following summary of symptoms:

"8:30 A. M.—The President passed a comfortable night and slept well without an anodyne. The rise of temperature of yesterday afternoon subsided during the evening, and did not recur at any time through the night. At present he appears better than yesterday morning. Pulse, 94; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18.

"10:30.—It having become necessary to make another opening to facilitate the escape of pus, we took advantage of the improved condition of the President this morning. Shortly after the morning bulletin was issued he was etherized. The incision tended downward and forward, and a counter-opening was made into the track of the ball below the margin of the twelfth rib, which it is believed will effect the desired object. He bore the operation well, and has now recovered from the effects of the etherization and is in excellent condition.

7 P. M.—After the last bulletin was issued the President suffered somewhat for a time from nausea due to the ether, but this has now subsided. He has had several refreshing naps, and his general condition is even better than might have been expected after the etherization and operation. At noon his pulse was 104; temperature, 100.2; respiration, 20. At present his pulse is 108; temperature, 101.9; respiration, 19."

*The thirty-ninth day.*—The effect of the surgical operation was salutary in so far as to make it practicable to dispense with the drainage-tube, to the great relief of the patient. The effects of the etherization, however, were somewhat distressing, and the shock of the operation no doubt told unfavorably on the President's small reserve of vitality. None the less, his condition was so far from unfavorable that Dr. Agnew returned to Philadelphia and Secretary Blaine made preparations to take a brief respite from care by a visit to his own State. The ripple of anxiety, excited by the recent operation, passed away, and matters went on as before. The official reports of the day were as follows:

"8:30 A. M.—Notwithstanding the effects of yesterday's operation, the President slept the greater part of the night without the use of morphia. This morning his pulse is 98; temperature, 99.8; respiration, 19. Since yesterday afternoon small quantities of liquid nourishment, given at short

intervals, have been retained, and this morning larger quantities are being administered without gastric disturbance.

"12:30 P. M.—At the dressing of the President's wound this morning, it was found that pus had been discharged spontaneously and freely through the counter-opening made yesterday. He has been quite comfortable this morning, and taken a liberal supply of liquid nourishment. His pulse is now 104; temperature, 99.7; respiration, 19. 7 P. M.—The President has been very easy during the day, and has continued to take the nourishment allowed without gastric disturbance. The degree of fever this P. M. differs little from that of yesterday. Pulse, 106; temperature, 101.9; respiration, 19."

It was one of the incidents of the day, that the President wrote his name, with the date, August 9, 1881, in a comparatively steady hand and without a serious effort.

*The fortieth day.*—The morning news recited that the President's appetite had somewhat improved, but this cheering information was coupled with the announcement that the sufferer had not recovered sufficiently to be raised, as hitherto, into the semi-recumbent position. It transpired that the writing of the President's name on the previous day had been an official act, namely, the attestation of a paper of extradition in the case of an escaped Canadian forger, who had several years yet to serve in prison. The general indications were thought so favorable that Secretary Blaine did not longer delay his departure, but left on his contemplated visit for home. In the afternoon Mrs. Garfield sat for a long time beside her husband, talking with him, in a quiet way, of things most dear to each. The physicians' official report closed the history of the day, as follows:

"8 A. M.—The President slept soundly during the night, and this morning his temperature is again normal, although his pulse is still frequent. At present it is 104; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 19. 12:30 P. M.—The President is getting through the day in a very satisfactory manner. He has asked for, and taken a small quantity of solid food in addition to the liquid nourishment allowed. His temperature and respiration continue within the normal range, though the debility following the operation is still shown by the frequency of pulse. At present his pulse is 110; temperature, 98.6; respiration, 19. 7 P. M.—The President has passed

an excellent day. The drainage of the wound is now efficient, and the pus secreted by the deeper portions has been coming away spontaneously. The afternoon rise of temperature is almost a degree less than yesterday and the day before. Pulse at present 108; temperature, 101; respiration, 19."

*The forty-first day.*—The passing epoch was again marked by a division of opinion among the newspapers. A series of leading articles in the New York *Herald*, understood to be from the pen of Dr. Hammond, were not only despondent in tone and severe upon the attending surgeons, but positively prophetic of a fatal termination of the President's case. This view of the matter was, however, ably controverted in other leading papers, and the people were thus both led and misled. Looking to the sick room itself, there seemed to be not much cause for alarm. The President had improved somewhat in strength and appetite. He conversed freely. Especially did he surprise and gratify his attendants by calling for a writing tablet and penning a short but affectionate letter to his mother,—the last he ever wrote.

Turning to the official reports of the day, the following summary of the President's progress was presented:

"8:30 A. M.—The President has passed an exceedingly good night; sleeping sweetly with but few short breaks, and awaking refreshed this morning at a later hour than usual. At the morning dressing, just completed, it was found that the deeper parts of the wound had been emptied spontaneously. His temperature shows an entire absence of fever this morning, and his pulse, which is less frequent than yesterday, is improving in quality. At present it is 100; temperature, 98.6; respiration, 19.

12:30 P. M.—The President is doing well to-day. Besides a liberal supply of liquid nourishment at regular intervals, he has taken for breakfast, with evident relish, an increased quantity of solid food. He continues free from fever, his skin is moist, but without undue perspiration. Pulse, 102; temperature, 98.6; respiration, 19.

"7 P. M.—After the noon bulletin was issued, the President's condition continued as then reported until about 4 P. M., when the commencement of the afternoon febrile rise was noted. In its degree it did not differ materially from that of yesterday. His pulse is now 108; temperature, 101.2; respiration, 19."

Washington D.C.

August 11<sup>th</sup> 1881

Dear Mother

Don't be disturbed  
by conflicting reports about  
my condition. It is true  
I am still weak and  
on my back, but I am  
gaining every day, and  
need only time and pati-  
ence to bring me through.

Give <sup>my</sup> love to all the  
relatives & friends &  
especially to sis Lizzie, Abby  
and Mary - Your loving  
son -

James A Garfield

Mrs Eliza Garfield  
Hiram Ohio

*The forty-second day.*—Not much change. The President was weary and longed for a change of scene. The day when he could be safely removed from the White House was anxiously anticipated both by himself and the physicians. The United States steamer Tallapoosa, which had been undergoing repairs and fitting out for sea during the past month, was finally in complete readiness, and would be manned on the morrow. Assistant Paymaster Henry D. Smith, formerly of the Dispatch, had been transferred to the Tallapoosa. In a conversation of the morning, Mr. Smith gave a description of the manner in which the vessel had been fitted out. A suite of rooms had been prepared expressly for the use of President Garfield in the event of its being found practicable to take him out on the water, and at this time the suggestion of such a cruise seemed to please him greatly. The suite consisted of four comparatively large rooms, including a bed-chamber, reception and ante-room, and a bath-room. Paymaster Smith said further, that if it should be determined to take the President on the vessel, a swinging bed would be hung in his chamber so that the patient should not be annoyed by the motion of the vessel. Such were the plans and hopes which were never, alas, to be realized.

The surgeons' reports for August 12th contained about all that could be said concerning the President's condition for the day:

"8:30 A. M.—The President slept well during the greater part of the night. The fever of yesterday afternoon subsided during the evening, and has not been perceptible since 10 P. M. His general condition this morning is good. Pulse, 100; temperature, 98.6; respiration, 19.

"12:30 P. M.—The President has passed a comfortable morning. He continues to take, with repugnance, the liquid nourishment allowed, and ate with relish for breakfast, a larger quantity of solid food than he took yesterday. At present his pulse is 100; temperature, 99.3; respiration, 19.

"7 P. M.—The President has passed a comfortable day. At the evening dressing the wound was found to be doing well. The quantity of pus secreted is gradually diminishing. Its character is healthy. The rise of temperature this afternoon reached the same point as yesterday. At present the pulse is 108; temperature, 101.2; respiration, 19."

Thus from hour to hour, from day to day, from week to week, did the President tread the long and weary way onward and—downward.

*The forty-third day.*—It was about this time that the attending surgeons finally abandoned their original diagnosis of the wound; that is, in so far as it concerned the direction of the ball. For some time Dr. Hamilton had given it as his view that the bullet, instead of entering the peritoneal cavity, and perforating the liver, had been turned downward at nearly a right angle to its course, and was lodged in the region behind the ilium. This view of the case was now accepted by the physicians in charge. In a conversation, of the day, Dr. Bliss said that the latest examinations of the wound had clearly shown that the ball did not go through the liver. The liver was certainly injured by the shot, either by concussion or inflammation. At the present time, however, every indication corroborated the idea that the ball was in the region of the iliac fossa, and also that it was doing no harm.

Things had not gone well during the night. The President had been restless; and, contrary to the usual history of the case, fever was reported in the morning bulletin. The foreign dispatch of Hon. R. R. Hitt, Acting Secretary of State, referred to the President's excited condition, and could only reiterate the somewhat uncertain echo of the bulletins, that the surgeons thought him "doing well." The official reports themselves were couched in the following language;

"8:30 A. M.—The President did not sleep as well as usual during the early part of the night. After midnight, however, his sleep was refreshing, and broken only at long intervals. This morning he has a little fever, nevertheless he expresses himself as feeling better than for several days past. Pulse, 104; temperature, 100.8; respiration, 19. 12:30 P. M.—The President has been cheerful and easy during the morning, and his temperature has fallen a little more than a degree and a half since the morning bulletin was issued. His pulse is now 102; temperature, 99.2; respiration, 18. 6:30 P. M.—Since the last bulletin the President has continued to do well. The afternoon fever has been half a degree less than yesterday. At present his pulse is 104; temperature, 100.7; respiration, 19."

*The forty-fourth day.*—One of the difficulties with which President Garfield had to contend was a certain weakness of digestion. Notwithstanding his great bodily strength and general robustness, it appears that never after the war were his assimilative powers equal to superficial indications. He had been, both by preference and necessity, a plain liver. The “eating” of the White House had not suited him. The French cookery of the establishment had proved at once distasteful and injurious to his health and spirits. After he was wounded, this weakness in his bodily functions became at once more pronounced. Great difficulty was experienced in securing an alimentation sufficient to sustain life and repair the fearful waste to which he was subjected. The sensitiveness of the digestive organs at times became critical. It was so on the 14th of August, when the physicians were almost baffled in the attempt to maintain nutrition. For the first time there was talk of the stronger stimulants. Whisky and brandy were both used, though not in large quantities. It could be plainly seen that under the outwardly confident tone of the official reports there lurked the shadow of fear. The regular bulletins of the day came out as usual, with the following account of the sufferer’s condition:

“8:30 A. M.—The President slept well during the night, and this morning expresses himself as feeling comfortable. His temperature is one degree less than at the same hour yesterday. His general condition is good. Pulse, 100; temperature, 99.8; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—The President has done well this morning. His temperature has fallen one-half a degree since the last bulletin was issued. At the morning dressing the condition of the wound was found to be excellent, and the discharge of pus adequate and healthy. Pulse, 96; temperature, 99.3; respiration, 18. 6:30 P. M.—The condition of the President has not materially changed since noon. The afternoon febrile rise is about the same as yesterday. Pulse, 108; temperature, 100.8; respiration, 19.”

*The forty-fifth day.*—A day of great alarm; and the alarm was fully justified. There was evidence of weakening all

around. The respiration had gone up. The temperature had gone up. So had the pulse to a fearful rate. The enfeebled stomach had broken down. That was the secret of the difficulty. Without food a well man can not live. How much less a man wounded to death and wasted by forty-five days of suffering! With every attempt to feed the President, his stomach rejected the food. If this state of things should continue, life would go out like a taper. It was to the credit of the surgeons in charge that they took the situation coolly and set about devising the best possible means of triumphing over the fearful obstacle which lay squarely across the possibility of recovery. The plan suggested and resorted to was artificial alimentation by the administration of enemata. In the after part of the day, Washington, and indeed the whole country, was filled with wild rumors which conveyed very little information and could be traced to no authentic source. The only trustworthy information was to be obtained from the official bulletins of the surgeons, which were as follows:

“8:30 A. M.—The President did not rest as well as usual last night. Until toward three o'clock his sleep was not sound, and he awoke at short intervals. His stomach was irritable and he vomited several times. About three o'clock he became composed, and slept well until after seven this morning. His stomach is still irritable, and his temperature rather higher than yesterday. At present his pulse is 108; temperature, 100.2; respiration, 20. 12:30 P. M.—Since the last bulletin, the President has not again vomited, and has been able to retain the nourishment administered. At the morning dressing, the discharge of pus was free and of good character. Since then his pulse has been more frequent; but the temperature has fallen to a little below what it was at this time yesterday. At present his pulse is 118; temperature, 99; respiration, 19. 6:30 P. M.—The irritability of the President's stomach returned during the afternoon and he has vomited three times since one o'clock. Although the afternoon rise of temperature is less than it has been for several days, the pulse and respiration are more frequent, so that his condition is, on the whole, less satisfactory. His pulse is now 130; temperature, 99.6; respiration, 22.”

These reports clearly indicated the most serious crisis which had yet occurred since the President was shot. Unless the functions of the stomach could be restored by rest, there could be but one issue, and that was near at hand.

*The forty-sixth day.*—All that could be said was that there had been slight improvement in some particulars. In the main matter—that of nourishment—the case was as bad as ever. Neither the city nor the country would have been surprised to hear that the President was dying or dead. The whole question, as matters now stood, was this: How long can he live? He himself was conscious, in good measure, of the appalling odds against him, but his calm heroism never wavered for a moment. From the first he only once—and that but for an instant—gave way to despondency, when he said to his wife that, considering the fact that he was already fifty years old, and that the brief remainder of his life would, perhaps, be weakened—possibly helpless—from his injury, it hardly appeared to be worth the struggle which his friends and himself were making to save it. This thought, however, found but a moment's lodgment; and even now, when his vital forces seemed to be flowing out to the last ebb of despair, he stood up manfully and faced the enemy. His will remained vigorous, and he was cheerful in spirit—this, too, when the very water which was tendered him to refresh his exhausted powers was instantly rejected by the stomach. It was clear that no human vigor could long withstand so dreadful an ordeal; and the physicians recognized and acknowledged the fact that their unnatural system of alimentation was but a makeshift which would presently end in failure. Then death. The bulletins said:

“8:30 A. M.—The President was somewhat restless during the early part of the night. Since three o'clock he has slept tranquilly most of the time. Nutritious enemata are successfully employed to sustain him. Altogether the symptoms are less urgent than yesterday afternoon. At present his pulse is 110; temperature, 98.6; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—The President has been tranquil since the morning bulletin, but

has not yet rallied from the prostration of yesterday as much as was hoped. The enemata administered are still retained. At present his pulse is 114; temperature, 98.3; respiration, 18. 7 P. M.—The President's symptoms are still grave, yet he seems to have lost no ground during the day, and his condition on the whole is rather better than yesterday. The enemata are retained. At present his pulse is 120; temperature, 98.9; respiration, 19."

*The forty-seventh day.*—Notwithstanding the desperate extreme to which the poor President was reduced, the dispatches came, on the morning of August 17th, with the news that he was better. The dreadful nausea had passed, and two or three times some nutritive food had been swallowed and retained. Moreover, he had slept as much as an hour at a time. The examination of the wound, too, showed some little ground for encouragement, for the process of healing had gone on, notwithstanding the terrible exhaustion of the last three days. In the inner circle about the President's bed there was a more hopeful feeling. "Little Crete," the darling wife of the suffering Chief Magistrate, ventured out, with her three boys, to take a drive in the open air. Mr. Smalley, of the *Tribune*, thus spoke of her, as her carriage passed through the gateway:

"Her face, as she gave a nod and a smile of recognition, looked bright and hopeful. I knew that the agony of apprehension must be over and the President must be on the upward road again. The brave little woman! What a terrible strain she has endured and with what wonderful courage and patience she has met every fresh draft upon her strength and resolution, keeping always out of her face the pain and dread tugging at her heart, lest the slightest glimpse of it should discourage her husband in his long battle with death! I remember that at Elberon, just before the fatal journey to Washington, General Garfield spoke of her with tenderness and pride, as a steel-spring sort of a woman—supple, bright, enduring, and rebounding after the severest strains. If he wins his way back to health again he will owe his recovery, I firmly believe, as much to the loving and cheerful ministrations of his wife, as to the six doctors who wait upon him, skillful and devoted as they are."

Later in the day, Mrs. Garfield received a dispatch from the Queen—there has been only one Queen since the President was shot—which was answered by the wife in her own way. The dispatches were as follows:

*“To Mrs. Garfield, Washington, D. C.:*

“I am most anxious to know how the President is to-day, and to express my deep sympathy with you both.

“THE QUEEN, Osborne.”

*“Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Osborne, England:*

“Your Majesty’s kind inquiry finds the President’s condition changed for the better. In the judgment of his medical advisers there is strong hope of his recovery. His mind is entirely clear, and your Majesty’s kind expressions of sympathy are most grateful to him, as they are gratefully acknowledged by me.

LUCRETIA R. GARFIELD.”

The regular bulletins gave the usual epitome of symptoms, as follows:

“8:30 A. M.—The President has passed a tranquil night, sleeping most of the time. He continues to retain the nutritive enemata, and has not vomited since the last bulletin. His general condition appears more hopeful than at this time yesterday. Pulse, 110; temperature, 98.3; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—The President’s condition has not materially changed since the last bulletin. He has been tranquil and has slept some, has not vomited, and the nutritive enemata are still retained. Pulse, 112; temperature, 98.7; respiration, 18. 6:30 P. M.—The President’s condition is even better than it was this morning. The wound continues to do well. At present his pulse is 112; temperature, 98.8; respiration, 18.”

Meanwhile the trusted Secretary Blaine had reached Washington and was again at the bedside of his chief. In the evening he sent abroad two dispatches containing a brief summary of the President’s condition as determined by the official reports and by his own observation. And so the day closed in hope rather than despair.

*The forty-eighth day.*—The President was still further improved—so thought and said his physicians. The mutinous stomach, which

had threatened to end his life by refusing to perform its work at a time when it was not possible for his weakened system to bear for any lengthened period the strain of the wound and the fever without sustenance, had renewed its functions, and the experiments made during the day gave reasons to hope that nourishing food might now be administered with safety. It was good news indeed, and it would have been better if it had not been coupled with the statement that the President was reduced almost to a skeleton. From 210 pounds—his weight when shot—he had wasted away till his weight was hardly 135 pounds. Yet with only this pitiful bony structure of himself left he was reported as *cheerful and brave!* He was able to take more nourishment than on the previous day, and it appeared that his alimentation was now likely to be sufficient; but just as this beneficial reaction became noticeable, another complication arose which threatened to overbalance all the expected good. On the 17th of August a slight inflammation was noticed in the right parotid gland. By the following morning the swelling was more pronounced, and immediately became a source of annoyance and alarm. The tumefaction assumed the appearance of a carbuncle and there were indications of approaching suppuration of the gland. The face, especially on the right side, became distorted, and the President suffered great pain from the inflamed part. It was clear that in some measure the blood of the sufferer had been poisoned by the discharges of the wound, and that nature was attempting to relieve her distress by the destruction of a gland. The official bulletins of the day, though pervaded with the same spirit of optimism which characterized them all, were not of a sort to inspire confidence. They said:

“ 8:30 A. M.—The President has passed a very comfortable night, sleeping well the greater part of the time. This morning his pulse is slower and his general condition better than yesterday at the same hour. Pulse, 104, temperature, 98.8; respiration, 17. 12:30 P. M.—The President is suffering some discomfort this morning from commencing inflammation of the right parotid gland. He has asked for and retained several portions of liquid nourishment, much more than he could swallow yesterday. The nutritive enemata continue to be used with success. At present his

pulse is 108; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 6:30 P. M.—The President has done well during the day. He has taken additional nourishment by the mouth this afternoon with evident relish and without subsequent nausea. His general condition is rather better than at this time yesterday. Pulse, 108; temperature, 100; respiration, 18.”

*The forty-ninth day.*—With the 19th of August a more hopeful feeling again predominated. It was alleged by the surgeons that the President had made some improvement. Some was better than none. His nutriment for the day amounted to nine ounces of liquid food. The physicians gave assurance to the public that the inflamed gland did not necessarily imply blood poisoning. The President slept at intervals. In his waking moments he was still cheerful, but expressed a great yearning to get away from Washington and return to his home at Lawnfield.

In these days of alternate hope and anxious alarm the question naturally arose as to what had become of the Executive Department of the Government. The President was still himself in a certain sense, but he was without doubt utterly incapacitated to perform any executive duty. There was no acting President, and to tell the truth the people did not desire one. Some leading papers advocated the assumption of certain of the duties of the President by members of the Cabinet; but this untried and—it may be added—unconstitutional measure was not attempted; and so all executive functions remained in abeyance. The acts usually performed by the President were simply omitted until he should recover. Fortunately in a time of peace and during a recess of Congress, these acts could be postponed without any great detriment to public interests. The appointing power, except in so far as it is delegated by law to the heads of Departments, was in a state of complete suspension, but this fact occasioned no trouble, except to applicants for office. Under our system, where vacancies in Presidential appointments occur, by death or resignation, there is usually a deputy or some other officer who is authorized by law to perform temporarily the duties of the office. In the cases of post-offices where there are no deputy postmasters, the Post-Office Department is authorized to send special agents to take charge until the

vacant postmastership can be filled. If the President's prostration should continue—so reasoned the people—until the meeting of Congress—a contingency wholly improbable—there would be no stoppage of any part of the machinery of Government. In short, the American people were taught by a practical, though painful, example the great lesson, how little need there is for a nation of freemen to be governed—how amply able such a people are to adapt themselves to any emergency. The official reports of the day gave as usual the facts on which various opinions of the President's prospects were based:

"8 A. M.—The President slept much of the night, and this morning is more comfortable than yesterday. The swelling of the right parotid gland has not increased since yesterday. Nutritive enemata are still given with success, and liquid food has been swallowed and relished. Pulse, 100; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 17.

"12:30 P. M.—The President's condition has perceptibly improved during the last twenty-four hours. He is taking to-day an increased quantity of liquid food by the mouth. His pulse is now 106; temperature, 98.8; respiration, 17.

"6:30 P. M.—The President has been very easy during the afternoon and the favorable conditions reported in the last bulletin continue. Pulse, 106; temperature, 100; respiration, 18."

*The fiftieth day.*—There could be no denial of another rally—though slight—on the part of the President. During the day a surgical experience occurred. Dr. Bliss, in treating the wound, succeeded in passing with a flexible tube what he *supposed* to be an obstruction in the path of the ball. When this was done, the tube suddenly dropped, almost of its own weight, down the channel\* to the depth of *twelve and a half inches!* The end of the probe was thus brought, as was confidently believed, into immediate proximity with the ball. The parotitis, from which the President was now suffering so se-

\* This channel was, of course, not the track of the ball, but the insidious burrow of the pus, unfortunately assisted in its downward progress by the mistaken manipulations of the surgeons.

verely, was reported as "about the same." As a consequence of this inflammation, though no acknowledgment of the fact was made at the time, the patient's face suffered a partial paralysis, which continued seriously to afflict him to the last. The summary of symptoms was published at the usual hours by the surgeons and presented the following statement of the President's condition.

"8:30 A. M.—The President has passed a quiet night, and this morning his condition does not differ materially from what it was yesterday. The swelling of the parotid gland is unchanged and is free from pain. This morning his pulse is 98; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18.

"12:30 P. M.—The President continues to do well. He is taking liquid food by the mouth in increased quantity and with relish. The nutritive enemata are still successfully given, but at longer intervals. His pulse is now 107; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18.

"6:30 P. M.—The President has passed the day quietly. He has been able to take more liquid food by the mouth than yesterday, and the quantity given by enema has been proportionately diminished. The parotid swelling remains about the same. Pulse, 110; temperature, 100.4; respiration, 19."

*The fifty-first day.*—It was a long and sorrowful journey. There were pitfalls in the way. That inflamed gland now became a source of profound anxiety. The salivary secretions were so augmented and at the same time vitiated as constantly to fill the patient's throat, threatening strangulation. The tendency to nausea was thus excited, and the President's stomach again rejected food. This fact told immediately on the modicum of strength still remaining, and as the day progressed it appeared that medical skill was about exhausted in a hopeless struggle against the inevitable. The surgeons, however, as is the wont with the profession, still renewed the battle, now with this expedient and now with that, but always with the purpose of keeping the President alive until some kind of favorable reaction could supervene. The feature of the day's history was that the most serious alarm was spread

abroad after the issuance of the evening bulletin. The three official reports were as follows :

“ 8 : 30 A. M.—The President awoke more frequently than usual, yet slept sufficiently during the night, and appears comfortable this morning. The parotid swelling is about the same, but is not painful. He took liquid nourishment by the mouth several times during the night as well as this morning. Pulse, 106; temperature, 98.8; respiration, 18.

“ 12 : 30 P. M.—The President's condition continues about as at the morning bulletin, except that there is a slight rise of temperature. Pulse, 108; temperature, 99.4; respiration, 18.

“ 6 : 30 P. M.—The President has vomited three times during the afternoon; the administration of food by the mouth has, therefore, again been temporarily suspended and the nutritive enemata will be given more frequently. Pulse, 108; temperature, 99.2; respiration, 18.”

To these regular bulletins may well be added the foreign dispatch of Secretary Blaine, who, at a late hour, sent to Minister Lowell the following message :

“LOWELL, *Minister, London* :

“The President's sleep last night was broken and restless. His symptoms throughout the day have been less favorable, and his general condition is not encouraging. He is unable to retain food on his stomach, having vomited twice during the afternoon, the last time at 5 o'clock. This evening he has been able to drink water and retain it. The swelling of the parotid gland has not increased. Pulse and temperature about the same as yesterday. His sleep up to this hour (11 P. M.) has been somewhat disturbed. We are all deeply anxious.

“BLAINE, *Secretary.*”

*The fifty-second day.*—The question was, how much longer the wheels of vexed and exhausted Nature could continue to revolve. Every power of life within the uncomplaining man was prostrated or dead. The inflammation in the gland had now progressed to a terrible extent, and an operation for its relief was already contemplated. That blood poisoning to some extent now existed, could hardly be controverted. Even the oversanguine Dr. Bliss was forced to admit it. In a con-

versation of the day, and in reply to questions with regard to the inflamed gland, he said: "The glandular swelling is still hard, and shows no signs of subsiding. The swelling of the surrounding parts has pretty much disappeared. Whether suppuration will take place or not we can not yet tell. I am inclined to think it will. I do not, however, apprehend any serious consequences even in that case, provided we can maintain the patient's strength. The pus which forms is likely to be of a healthy character, and we shall liberate it promptly by an incision. There has been no pain in the gland this afternoon, and it has caused the patient little annoyance."

With regard to the septic tint in the blood, which was the predisposing cause of the glandular inflammation, Dr. Bliss said: "In cases of this kind, where the patient becomes enfeebled by long-continued fever and suppuration, there is always a low and impoverished state of the blood. It is, indeed, a sort of mild blood poisoning, but it is very different from pyæmia. Pyæmia is caused by absorption into the blood of the disunited elements of broken down pus. Small fragments of fibrine are carried into the circulation, and wherever such a fragment lodges in one of the minute blood-vessels it becomes a center of suppuration. The symptoms of pyæmia, such as the disorganization and peculiar odor of the pus, the yellowish tint of the skin, the odor of the breath and the increased temperature of the body, are all marked and unmistakable, and none of them has at any time appeared in the President's case."

Thus with vain conjectures and provisos did the distinguished surgeon attempt to keep up his own courage and that of the public. But it was now well known that, bulletins or no bulletins, the President, unless promptly relieved either by medical skill or some unexpected revival of nature, was down to the very door of death. The official reports of the day were as follows:

"8:30 A. M.—The President has not vomited since yesterday afternoon, and this morning he has twice asked for and received a small quantity of fluid nourishment by the mouth. He slept more quietly

during the night, and this morning his general condition is more encouraging than when the last bulletin was issued. Pulse, 104; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18.

“12:30 P. M.—The President has continued this morning to retain liquid nourishment taken by the mouth as well as by enema. There has been no recurrence of the vomiting and no nausea. Pulse, 104; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18.

“6:30 P. M.—The President has continued to take nourishment in small quantities at stated intervals during the entire day, and has had no return of nausea or vomiting. The nutrient enemata are also retained. Pulse, 110; temperature, 100.1; respiration, 19.”

*The fifty-third day.*—How is the President this morning? The President had made a gain. Of a certainty, he was not any further in the shadow of the valley than on yesterday. He had taken in all, since the morning before, about thirty ounces of liquid food without disturbing his stomach. Several times he called for food himself. One of the physicians said during the day that the President had taken more than sufficient food to repair the day's waste. At one time his pulse was down to ninety-six—the lowest point it had reached for more than a fortnight. Secretary Blaine—in whose dispatches the people had learned to place the highest reliance—expressed himself somewhat more hopefully to Minister Lowell, in the night message, which read as follows:

“LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

“The President's condition is more encouraging than it was at this time last night. During the last twenty-four hours he has swallowed ten ounces of extract of beef and eighteen ounces of milk, retaining and digesting both. He has twice asked for food, which he has not done before for several days. Pulse and temperature are both somewhat lower. The swelling of the parotid gland has not specially changed. Its long continuance at the present stage increases the fear of suppuration. At this hour—11 o'clock—the physicians report that the President has rested quietly the entire evening. . . . BLAINE, *Secretary.*”

Anxious concern about the President's condition on the part of the public was tempered with so much hopefulness that the evi-

dences of excitement somewhat abated. The street gatherings about the bulletin-boards in the principal cities were not so large as they had been, although the three official bulletins from the physicians and Secretary Blaine's message to Minister Lowell were eagerly waited for and much talked of in public places. These bulletins were, in the usual form, as follows:

"8:30 A. M.—The President slept the greater part of the night, but awoke at frequent intervals. He has taken since last evening a larger quantity of liquid food by the mouth than in the corresponding hours of any day during the past week. The use of nutrient enemata is continued at longer intervals. Pulse, 100; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18.

"12:30 P. M.—The President continues to take by the mouth and retain an increased quantity of liquid food. At the morning dressing the wound looked well and the pus was of a healthy character. The mucus accumulations in the back of the mouth are less viscid. At present his pulse is 104; temperature, 98.9; respiration, 18.

"6:30 P. M.—The President has continued to take liquid food by the mouth at regular intervals during the day, and has had no recurrence of gastric disorder. Pulse, 104; temperature, 99.2; respiration, 19."

*The fifty-fourth day.*—The events of the day were two: First, the lancing of the inflamed gland—an operation but partially successful in its results; secondly, a consultation of the surgeons in regard to removing the President from the White House. Dr. Agnew was summoned to the city by telegram. He was driven at once to the Executive Mansion, where the cabinet and medical council were in consultation, and remained closeted with them until nearly midnight. The consultation lasted rather more than an hour; and, so far as could be ascertained, it resulted in a disagreement. All of the participating surgeons who could be seen refused to talk upon the subject, as did also the members of the Cabinet, most of whom were at the White House until after eleven o'clock.

A third circumstance of the day's history was the reported delirium of the President. This was for awhile concealed, and then palliated by those nearest the bedside. Colonel Rockwell, one of

the attendants, in conversation with a reporter, described the mental disturbance thus: "The President is sometimes a little incoherent for a moment after he awakes and before he fully gets control of his senses, just as any body would be in his weak and debilitated condition and after seven weeks of fever; but at all other times his mind is as clear as ever."

The dispatch of Secretary Blaine was very much less hopeful than the one of the night before. It read as follows:

"LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

"The President has not gained to-day. He has had a higher fever, which began earlier than is usual with his febrile rise. In the afternoon an incision was made in the swollen parotid gland by Dr. Hamilton. The flow of pus therefrom was small. The one favorable symptom of his swallowing liquid food with apparent relish and digestion has continued, but the general feeling up to midnight is one of increased anxiety.

"BLAINE, *Secretary*."

To this might well be added the additional hopeful circumstance that during the day the President's assimilative powers appeared to be again in such condition as to warrant the physicians in dispensing with the system of artificial alimentation. The regular bulletins for the day were as follows:

"8:30 A. M.—The President has passed a very good night, awaking at longer intervals than during several nights past. He continues to take liquid food by the mouth with more relish, and in such quantity that the enemata will be suspended for the present. No change has yet been observed in the parotid swelling. The other symptoms are quite as favorable as yesterday. Pulse, 100; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 17.

"12:30 P. M.—The President continues to take liquid food by the mouth as reported in the last bulletin. His temperature has risen slightly since that time. In other respects his condition is about the same. Pulse, 104; temperature, 99.2; respiration, 17.

"6:30 P. M.—Shortly after the noon bulletin was issued an incision was made into the swelling on the right side of the President's face for the purpose of relieving the tension of the swollen parotid gland, and of giving vent to pus, a small quantity of which was evacuated. He has taken a larger quantity of liquid food by the mouth to-day than yester-

day, and has been entirely free from nausea. Pulse, 108; temperature, 100.7; respiration, 19."

*The fifty-fifth day.*—The first report of the morning indicated that there was no more than a bare possibility of President Garfield's recovery. His condition was such as to cause the gravest apprehensions as to the immediate result. He continued to take food, but there was no perceptible increase in strength. His condition—with his wasted form, distorted and half-paralyzed face, dreadful wound, and suppurating gland—was pitiable in the last degree. Hallucinations came on, and he talked incoherently—now of his immediate surroundings, and now of his old home at Mentor. There was little remaining for the surgeons to do. Their effort for the time was directed chiefly to the alleviation of the inflamed gland, which was now playing havoc with the few springs of vitality yet remaining as a source of hope. The whole gland was found to be infiltrated with pus, and the outlook, even for the night, was grave in the extreme. The physicians' bulletins, four in number to-day, were published, as usual, and presented to the anxious country several points of interest:

"8:30 A. M.—The President slept most of the night. He has taken liquid food by the mouth at stated intervals and in sufficient quantity, so that the enemata have not been renewed. No modification of the parotid swelling has yet been observed. Pulse, 106; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 18.

"9:15 A. M.—The subject of the removal of the President from Washington at the present time was earnestly considered by us last night and again this morning. After mature deliberation the conclusion was arrived at by the majority that it would not be prudent, although all agree that it will be very desirable at the earliest time at which his condition may warrant it.

"12:30 P. M.—Since the issue of this morning's bulletin a rise in the President's temperature similar to that which occurred yesterday morning has been observed. Pulse, 112; temperature, 99.2; respiration, 19.

"6:30 P. M.—There has been little change in the President's condition since the noon bulletin was issued. The frequency of his pulse is now the same as then. His temperature has risen somewhat, but it is

not so high as yesterday evening. No unfavorable change has been observed in the condition of the wound. He has taken by the mouth a sufficient supply of liquid food. Pulse, 112; temperature, 99.8; respiration, 19."

*The fifty-sixth day.*—The morning papers were almost exclusively devoted to the President and the prospect of death. The great New York dailies presented page after page of dispatches, interviews, and discussions. The sum of it all was this: The President was alive, but, in all probability, on the verge of death. His pulse rose to a mere flutter. The abscess in the gland burst into the cavity of the ear. His mind still wandered, but there was slightly less aberration than yesterday. Washington was a strange scene. There was suppressed excitement, but no noise. Little knots of people gathered in groups here and there before the bulletin-boards, where the latest intelligence was posted, while negro newsboys in their picturesque costumes cried their extras in the mellow Southern accent peculiar to their race. The intense August sun poured down his rays on the broad streets and asphaltum boulevards. The trees were browned with the dust and heat, and the patches of grass here and there in the yards and parks were withered into hay. Above it all, gleaming white and silent, rose the great dome of the Capitol. Alas, what was it all to *him*?

There was in the midst of infinite rumors and conjectures only a modicum of news. It was this: the President could still take food. His mind had cleared a little since yesterday. As for the rest, he lay helpless, ready to die. The bulletins said:

"8:30 A. M.—The President slept most of the night, awaking at intervals of half an hour to an hour. On first awaking there was, as there has been for several nights past, some mental confusion, which disappeared when he was fully roused, and occasionally he muttered in his sleep. These symptoms have abated this morning, as on previous days. His temperature is slightly above the normal and his pulse a little more frequent than yesterday morning. Pulse, 108; temperature, 99.1; respiration, 17.

"12:30 P. M.—His pulse and temperature are at present higher than

at the corresponding hour for some days. He continues to take by the mouth the liquid food prescribed; nevertheless, we regard his condition as critical. Pulse, 118; temperature, 100; respiration, 18."

"6:30 P. M.—The President's condition has not changed materially since the last bulletin was issued. He continues to take, by the mouth, the liquid food prescribed, and occasionally asks for it. Since yesterday forenoon, commencing at 11:30 A. M., the enemata have again been given at regular intervals, as a means of administering stimulants, as well as nutrition. They are retained without trouble. Pulse, 116; temperature, 99.9; respiration, 18."

*The fifty-seventh day.*—Another long day of suspense. It was the peculiarity of President Garfield's illness that just as some great crisis came and his constitutional forces seemed to break hopelessly, at some other point there would be a rally. In this last case, when the distressing abscess in the parotid gland had added its aggravating horrors to horrors already accumulated, and just as tired nature seemed sinking to everlasting rest, there was a rally in the assimilative powers. Unexpectedly, the stomach began to perform its work; and thus the tree of life, shaken back and forth by conflicting forces, still rose feebly and stood. It was a melancholy sight to see this enfeebled and wasted life, so dear to the Nation, still standing, with its glorious foliage torn away—withered, blighted, dying.

The Queen on this day again expressed her great anxiety about the President. Her dispatch, and Mr. Blaine's answer, were as follows:

"LONDON, Aug. 27.

"BLAINE, *Secretary, Washington*:

"I have just received from Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, a telegram in these words: 'I am most deeply grieved at the sad news of the last few days, and would wish my deep sympathy to be conveyed to Mrs. Garfield.'"

LOWELL, *Minister.*"

"WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.

"LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

"I have submitted to Mrs. Garfield your telegram conveying the kindly message from Her Majesty the Queen. Mrs. Garfield is constantly by her husband's bedside and does not give up all hope of his recovery.

Her request is that you will return to the Queen her most sincere thanks, and express her heartfelt appreciation of the constant interest and tender sympathy shown by Her Majesty toward the President and his family in their deep grief and most painful suspense.      BLAINE, Secretary."



BLAINE READING LETTERS OF SYMPATHY TO MRS. GARFIELD.

The Americans, in a political point of view, do not like kings and queens; but it will be many a long year before the womanly greatness and tenderness of Victoria, manifested in our hour of sorrow, will be obliterated from the American heart. *Vivat semper Regina!*

The daily bulletins of the surgeons told all that could be known of the beloved President :

“8:30 A. M.—The President slept from half an hour to an hour or more at a time throughout the night. He continues to retain the liquid food administered by the mouth and the stimulating enemata. Nevertheless, his pulse has been more frequent since midnight and he is evidently feebler this morning than yesterday. Pulse, 120; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 22.

“12:30 P. M.—There has been no improvement in the President's condition since the last bulletin was issued. He continues to retain the liquid food administered by the mouth as well as the enemata. At present the pulse is 120; temperature, 99.6; respiration, 22.

“6:30 P. M.—The President's symptoms show slight amelioration this afternoon. His pulse is somewhat less frequent and his temperature lower. The liquid food given by the mouth and the enemata continues to be retained. Pulse, 114; temperature, 98.9; respiration, 22.”

*The fifty-eighth day.*—The reports of the morning were briefer. They were also more encouraging. It was clear that the President, notwithstanding his desperate condition, had held his own for thirty-eight hours, and that there were some unmistakable signs of improvement. It could not be said with truth that the change was great or marked, but there had been some amelioration. The shadow of death was lifted, at least for a day. The people, quick to run to extremes, gave a sigh of relief at the more cheering reports of the morning, and went whither they listed. It was said that the President had had another relapse and was now better again. Even the cautious Secretary of State was impressed with the belief that the President's improvement was more than a temporary rally. In his foreign dispatch he summed up the case thus :

“*To* LOWELL, *Minister, London:*

“The condition of the President at 10 o'clock continues as favorable as could be expected. Within the past thirty hours his improvement has given great encouragement to the attending surgeons. He swallows an adequate supply of liquid food; the parotid swelling discharges freely,

and gives promise of marked improvement. His mind is perfectly clear. He has, perhaps, a little more fever than was anticipated, and his respiration is somewhat above normal. The general feeling is one of hopefulness. Two or three days more of improvement will be needed to inspire confidence.

BLAINE, Secretary."

The monotonous official reports were telegraphed as usual, in the following messages:

"8:30 A. M.—The amelioration of the President's symptoms announced in last evening's bulletin continued during the night. Since midnight some further improvement has been observed, the pulse diminishing in frequency. The stomach has continued to retain liquid nourishment administered, and last evening he asked for and ate a small quantity of milk toast. Stimulating and nutrient enemata continue to be retained. Pulse, 100; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 17.

"12:30 P. M.—At the morning dressing of the President several yellowish points were observed just below the ear over the swollen parotid, and an incision being made, about a teaspoonful of healthy-looking pus escaped. Pulse, 104; temperature, 99.5; respiration, 18.

"7:30 P. M.—The improvement in the President's condition, declared yesterday afternoon, is still maintained. He continues to take willingly the liquid food given by the mouth, and is apparently digesting it. The stimulants and nutrients given by enema are also retained. At the evening dressing an increased quantity of healthy-looking pus was discharged from the suppurating parotid. But little rise in temperature or pulse has taken place since noon. Pulse, 110; temperature, 99.7; respiration, 20."

*The fifty-ninth day.*—More than eight weeks had now elapsed since the President was shot. The country had become used to alarms. It had also learned to make allowance for the shortcomings of newspaper reports, born of the heat of an oversanguine imagination. It had learned, too, the more valuable lesson that the Government of the United States is not to be shaken from its pedestal by the bullet of an assassin. Guiteau was a fool. Perhaps the despicable wretch thought the course of events, sweeping on like the planets, could be changed by the crack of a pistol. He might as well have fired

into the air. The glorious institutions of the Republic will perish when Americans are no longer fit to be free; but until then the assassin's rage and frenzy is the most futile folly of the world. All the officers of the United States may be murdered in a day, but the Nation will stand immovable as adamant. Let the assassin foam and gnash upon the iron bars of the cage of fate! It is only a mad-dog gnawing his chain.

The President, they said, was better. Thoughtful men doubted it. As a matter of fact, the judgment of the country had given him up to die. Sentiment still kept him alive; reason said that the time of the fatal foreclosure was near at hand. It could be said, truthfully, that the local symptoms traceable to the abscess in the President's face had measurably abated. It could also be said that he was still able to receive food enough to sustain life—nothing more. Mr. Blaine's dispatch for the evening was, however, rather hopeful than desponding. It said:

“DEPARTMENT OF STATE, August 29, 10:30 P. M.

“LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

“At half-past ten to-night the general condition of the President is favorable. Late in the afternoon his pulse rose to 112 and his temperature to 100, both a little higher than the surgeons expected. Pulse has now fallen to 108, and fever is subsiding. The parotid swelling is steadily improving, and is at last diminishing in size. Apprehensions of serious blood poisoning grow less every hour. BLAINE, Secretary.”

These dispatches of the Secretary were generally but the pith of what the surgeons said in their official reports. These, for August 29th, were as follows:

“8:30 A. M.—The President's symptoms this morning are as favorable as yesterday at the same hour. He slept, awakening at intervals, the greater part of the night. At these intervals he took and retained the liquid nourishment administered. His mind continues perfectly clear. Pulse, 100; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 17. 12:30 P. M.—Nothing new has been observed in the condition of the wound. The usual daily rise of temperature has not yet occurred, and the general condition has not materially changed since morning. Pulse, 106; temperature,

98.6; respiration, 18. 6:30 P. M.—The daily rise of the President's temperature began later this afternoon than yesterday, but rose eight-tenths of a degree higher. The frequency of his pulse is now the same as at this hour yesterday. He has taken willingly the liquid food prescribed during the day, and had, besides, during the morning, a small piece of milk toast. At the evening dressing a pretty free discharge of healthy



MORNING GREETING BY MRS. GARFIELD AND MOLLIE.

pus took place from the parotid swelling, which is perceptibly diminishing in size. The wound manifests no material change. Pulse, 110; temperature, 100.5; respiration, 18."

*The sixtieth day.*—The President still held out. All the world

knows the story, how, day after day, owing to the native robustness and essential soundness of his constitution, he stood out against the death that awaited. As usual there were some who said he was better. Others said he was not. Once for all it may be said that such contradictions regarding the President's condition can easily be accounted for when the surroundings of the White House are considered. Only a few persons knew of their own observation how he appeared from day to day. Visitors were strictly, and necessarily, excluded from the sick-room. From the Tuesday after General Garfield was shot, not more than ten persons in all, excluding the physicians, had seen him, and, of these ten, some only once or twice. Mrs. Garfield and her children, Mr. Blaine, General D. G. Swaim, Colonel A. F. Rockwell, Dr. Boynton, Dr. Susan Edson,—one of the nurses,—the President's private secretary, Mr. J. S. Brown, and Mr. Pruden, completed the list. Mr. Blaine had seen him once, Mr. Pruden once, and Mr. Brown had been in five times, being usually called because the force of persons necessary to lift the President was a little short. Indeed, of all the strange impressions to be got from this novel event, there was none more peculiar than to stand in the private secretary's room in the second story of the White House, and feel that only a few yards away was the sick-room on which the eyes of the world were centered, and yet that not more than three persons besides the physicians, nurses, and family, have passed the door in two months! It can thus be easily seen how correspondents and reporters were generally at sea, particularly when the physicians were reticent or out of sight. Mr. Blaine continued to express all that could be reasonably said of better prospects. His dispatch was as follows:

“ *To* LOWELL, *Minister, London* :

“The President, if not rapidly advancing, is at least holding his own. His fever is less than last night, and his swollen gland steadily improves. His pulse continues rather high, running this evening from 110 to 114. Perhaps the best indication in the case is, that the President himself feels better, and his mind, being now perfectly clear, he readily compares one day's progress with another.

BLAINE, Secretary.”

The regular bulletins of the day were fuller if not more explicit :

“8:30 A. M.—The President slept the greater part of the night, awakening at intervals, and retaining the liquid nourishment administered. His general condition this morning is about the same as at the same hour yesterday. Pulse, 102; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—At the morning dressing another small incision was made in the lower part of the swelling on the right side of the President's face, which was followed by a free discharge of healthy-looking pus. A similar discharge took place through the openings. The swelling is perceptibly smaller, and looks better. The wound remains in an unchanged condition. Pulse, 116; temperature, 98.9; respiration, 18. 6:30 P. M.—The President has passed comfortably through the day. He has taken the usual amount of nourishment by the mouth, with stimulating enemata at stated periods. Pulse, 109; temperature, 99.5; respiration, 18.”

*The sixty-first day.*—In these stages of the President's illness neither the optimist nor the pessimist newspapers were to be trusted in their accounts of the sick man and his surroundings. Even the dry records of the surgeons' reports were so many bones of contention among the wranglers, some of whom would have the President well while others would have him dead. The optimists on this last day of August head-lined their reports: “On the high road to recovery;” “Still better;” “Almost out of the woods,” etc.; while the pessimist said: “The valley and the shadow;” “The end at hand,” etc. Unfortunately the pessimist—not from any virtue in himself—was the truer prophet. It could not be denied, however, that in some material points the President had improved with some steadiness for several days. These favorable points, rather than the dark ones, were dwelt on in the official reports, which presented the summary of symptoms for the day :

“8:30 A. M.—The President has passed a tranquil night, and this morning his condition is quite as favorable as yesterday at the same hour. Pulse, 100; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—At the dressing of the President this morning the parotid swelling was found to be discharging freely. It looked well and has materially diminished in size. The wound remains in about the same state. His general condition is evidently more favorable than at this hour yesterday. Pulse, 95;

temperature, 98.4; respiration, 17. 6:30 P. M.—The President has passed a better day than for some time past. He has taken his food with increased relish, and the usual afternoon rise of temperature did not occur. Pulse, 109; temperature, 98.6; respiration, 18.”

*The sixty-second day.*—The fall month dawned with little additional news. The little that was presented was not good. The luxuriance of the scribes who had written up and written down almost every circumstance and symptom were about this time clipt of some of their superfluity. The public had grown stern and angered at being trifled with on so grave a matter as the condition of a dying President. A few manufactured conversations were still published, but the amount of space so devoted in the journals of the day showed a pronounced shrinkage. Mr. Blaine’s dispatches, always honest and sincere, were more than hitherto sought after as giving the hungry and heart-sore people the most authentic information concerning their stricken Chief Magistrate. The Secretary’s telegram for the evening was as follows:

“To LOWELL, Minister, London:

“The President continues to do well in his eating and digestion, and the swollen gland steadily improves, but in the past twenty-four hours he has made no substantial progress in his general condition. In the judgment of his physicians, however, he still holds the ground gained on Sunday and Monday last. His pulse and temperature to-day have shown marked increase over the record of yesterday. The weather has been exceedingly warm and sultry, and this may account in part for the adverse changes noted. Even in the September climate of Washington such an oppressive day as this has been is rare.

“BLAINE, Secretary.”

The views of the surgeons were presented as usual in their official bulletins:

“8:30 A. M.—Toward nine o’clock last evening the President had some feverishness, and his pulse ranged from 108 to 116. He had on the whole a good night, and his condition is fully as favorable as yesterday at the same hour. Pulse, 100; temperature, 98.4; respiration,

17. 12:30 P. M.—At the morning dressing of the President the abscess of the parotid was found to be discharging freely. It looks well and continues to diminish in size. The state of the wound remains the same. His general condition is not materially different from what it was at this hour yesterday. Pulse, 108; temperature, 98; respiration, 18. 6:30 P. M.—The condition of the President has not materially changed since the last bulletin, except that there has been a moderate rise of temperature this afternoon. The President has had no rigors for several weeks. Pulse, 108; temperature, 99.4; respiration, 18."

*The sixty-third day.*—It was said, in the dispatches of the morning, that the President had still further improved, and that he was now better than at any time since the setting in of the parotid inflammation. Perhaps he was. There was no doubt that for some days he had held his own. The question of the day, however, was the revival of the project to remove the sufferer from Washington. This proposition had been previously voted down in a consultation of the physicians and the members of the cabinet. But since then things were changed. Doubtless the surgeons were now convinced that, remaining where he was, the President must inevitably die in a very short time. To this should also be added the persistent entreaties of General Garfield himself, who never forbore, on proper occasions, to urge upon those who were in responsible charge of his case, his earnest wish to be taken away from the scenes of his glory and grief. By the 2d of September it was understood that the minds of the physicians were about made up to attempt the hazardous enterprise. It was known also that the Pennsylvania Railway had already prepared a special train with a view to readiness in case the removal should be finally decided on. The train even now stood in readiness.

A publication in the London *Lancet*, for the current week, was perused with great interest by thousands of professional and unprofessional readers. Some encouragement was gleaned from the excerpt, which was as follows:

"We do not think the healing of President Garfield's wound will be promoted by probing to learn how far granulation has proceeded. The most favorable signs are the fall of temperature to the normal, and the frequency of the pulse. This is a thoroughly safe criterion of increased strength and the subsidence of blood poisoning; and, together with the improved power of digestion, ability to sleep soundly, mental clearness and cheerfulness, affords solid grounds for the hope of recovery.

"The case is a striking illustration of the power of a good constitution to hold up against illness that would certainly have killed a feeble person; but another failure in the President's digestive powers, or symptoms of blood poisoning, might at any time turn the balance against him; and what we have hitherto insisted upon so often we are bound to repeat, that President Garfield will not be out of danger until the wound is healed."

The usual bulletins, from the surgeons in charge, were published thus:

"8:30 A. M.—The President slept well during the night, and this morning his condition is in all respects as favorable as yesterday at the same hour. Pulse, 100; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 17. 12:30 P. M.—The President's condition has not materially changed since the morning bulletin was issued. Pulse, 108; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 6:30 P. M.—The President has passed a comfortable day, and this evening appears better than for some days past. This evening his pulse is 104; temperature, 99.2; respiration, 18."

*The sixty-fourth day.*—The removal of the President was fully determined on. The surgeons were unanimous that it should be undertaken. Long Branch was settled upon as the resort to which the wounded man should be removed. The physicians were unanimous in their selection of this place, and all necessary precautions were taken to insure the President's comfort during his removal. It was a perilous business, and for the remaining days of the sojourn at the White House the energies of those who were responsible for the President's well-being were constantly engaged in making suitable arrangements for the removal. The account of the

President's progress for the day, notwithstanding his critical condition, was almost overlooked in the keen interest immediately excited by the project now imminent. The surgeons themselves were unusually brief in their official reports, which ran thus:

"8:30 A. M.—The President was somewhat more restless than usual during the early part of the night, but slept better after one A. M. There is a slight increase in the frequency of the pulse. Pulse, 104; temperature, 98.6; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—The President's condition has not materially changed since the morning bulletin was issued. Pulse, 104; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 6:30 P. M.—The President has done well during the day, and has taken with some relish a sufficient quantity of nutriment. Altogether, his general condition exhibits some improvement over yesterday. Pulse, 102; temperature, 99.6; respiration, 18."

*The sixty-fifth day.*—The President himself was somewhat excited about his removal. In some respects this excitement was beneficial and in others hurtful to him. His spirits and hopes were in some measure aroused, and a stimulus thus afforded to his exhausted powers. But the energy thus awakened was withdrawn from the long enfeebled stomach, and twice during the day his food was rejected. Otherwise, there were no alarming symptoms for the passing hour, and so public attention was wholly turned to the preparation. President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, commissioned George C. Wilkins, general superintendent of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, to take direction of the train which was to carry the President away. Mr. Wilkins was also directed to issue orders to his men, which would enable him to stop every freight and passenger train that might be on the road between Baltimore and Washington on half an hour's notice, and to give the special train the right of way at any hour of the day or night. On the 4th of September, Mr. Wilkins accordingly issued orders to carry out the following arrangement: When the day and hour of departure of the

train is known, he should be informed, and a message would be sent along the entire road, stopping all freight trains that might be on the road. Passenger conductors would at each station receive an order either to stop or proceed to the next station, where the subsequent movements of their trains must be governed by the orders there awaiting them. In this way, which is, in fact, the "blocking" system in force on many roads, the movements of all trains would be controlled from the Union Depot, and they would be so handled as to give the special train the right of way and at the same time prevent the "regulars" while in motion from passing the special. This was done to prevent the President being disturbed by any jarring or disagreeable noise.

No stops were to be made at any of the stations between Baltimore and Washington; but should it be necessary to rest the nerves of the patient, the special train was to be halted in the open country, where fresh air and the absence of noise and crowds would be insured. Immediately on hearing of the appointed hour, Mr. Wilkins was to leave Baltimore for Washington in a special car, and come over to Baltimore with the President's train. This train was to be run around the city to Bayview, where William Crawford was to take charge of it and convey it to Philadelphia. His arrangements were like those of Mr. Wilkins. An engine of the New York division of the Pennsylvania road, and two Pullman palace cars, which were in part to compose the train, arrived at Baltimore on the 4th, and became subject to the orders of Colonel Wilkins whenever needed.

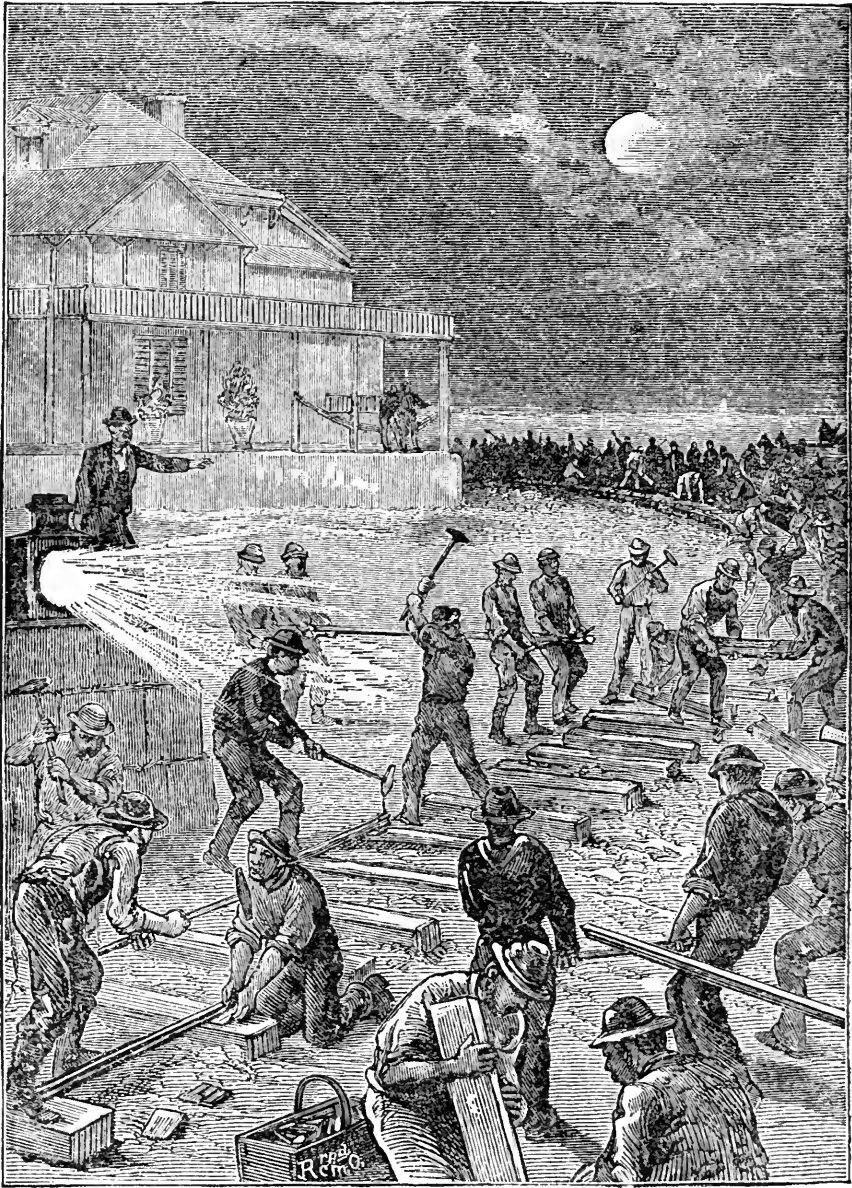
The reports of the surgeons contained about the only authentic account of the President's condition during the day. These were as follows:

"8:30 A. M.—The President vomited once last evening and once about an hour after midnight. Notwithstanding this disturbance, he slept well most of the night, and this morning has taken food by the mouth without nausea, and has retained it. His pulse is somewhat more frequent, but in other respects his condition is about the same as at this hour yes-

terday. Pulse, 108; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—The President's condition has not changed materially since the last bulletin was issued, and there has been no further gastric disturbance. Pulse, 106; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. 6:30 P. M.—The President has passed a comfortable day. He has taken his food with some relish, and had no return of the irritability of stomach reported in the morning's bulletin. The parotid swelling continues to improve. The wound shows no material change. The rise of temperature this afternoon has been very slight, but his pulse was more frequent, and he showed more fatigue after the dressings. Pulse, 110; temperature, 99; respiration, 18."

*The sixty-sixth day.*—It is the last day in Washington! Again the President is almost forgotten in the bustle of preparation. Mr. Francklyn, owner of one of the finest cottages at Elberon, Long Branch, has tendered it as a home for the wounded Chief Magistrate, and Colonel Rockwell has accepted the offer with thanks. So it is thither we are going on the last of our earthly pilgrimages. Every thing is ready for the departure, and it is set for to-morrow morning at six. A retinue of strong men has been appointed to carry the President down stairs to a wagon specially arranged to convey him to the depot. The day is hot; the air like a furnace. Down at Elberon there is a weird scene to-night. Three hundred skilled engineers and workmen—a loyal company of sturdy patriots—are laying a temporary track to connect the main line with the cottages on the beach. To perform this work laborers have been gathered together; a supply of ties and rails lie waiting the strong hands that are to fling them into place. The length of the new track is 3,200 feet. It is to be laid directly to the hotel grounds, describing a curve to the very door of Francklyn cottage, from whose windows we shall once more look upon the sea. Crowds of men and women, gathered from the various hotels, stand witnessing the scene. Anon the clouds gather. Headlights are put in place to furnish illumination. At intervals the workmen are served with refreshments from the Elberon.

All night long the work goes bravely on, and ere the dawn of morning the track is completed over which the suffering President is to take his last journey in the land of the living.



LAYING A SPECIAL RAILROAD TRACK TO FRANCKLYN COTTAGE.

And now, while the shadows steal across the landscape in this sultry September evening, let us once more stand before these now familiar bulletin boards and read:

"8:30 A. M.—The President was somewhat restless during the early part of the night, but slept well after midnight. He has taken by the mouth and retained the nutriment prescribed. This morning his pulse is less frequent than yesterday. Pulse, 102; temperature, 99.5; respiration, 18. 12:30 P. M.—Pulse, 114; temperature, 99.5; respiration, 18. 6:30 P. M.—No material change has taken place in the condition of the President since morning. The parotid abscess continues to improve, and the wound remains about the same. Pulse, 108; temperature, 99.8; respiration, 18. Should no untoward symptoms prevent, it is hoped to move the President to Long Branch to-morrow."

And here is the faithful Mr. Blaine's dispatch to Minister Lowell, in London:

"To LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

"This has been the hottest day of the season, and the heat has told upon the President. His pulse and temperature have been higher than for several days past. In other respects there has been no special change, either favorable or adverse. It is expected that he will be removed to Long Branch to-morrow. It is hoped that the sea air will strengthen him.

BLAINE, Secretary."

Can the journey be made with safety? The morrow will tell the tale. Here in the twilight of that last day in Washington, as the hum of preparation settles to a calm, and as our eyes turn toward him whom we have followed so long in his heroic struggle, doubting yet hoping, we may well say with the London *Punch*:

So fit to die! With courage calm  
 Armed to confront the threatening dart.  
 Better than skill is such high heart  
 And helpfuller than healing balm.

So fit to live! With power cool  
 Equipped to fill his function great,  
 To crush the knaves who shame the State,  
 Place-seeking pests of honest rule.

Equal to either fate he'll prove.  
 May Heaven's high will incline the scale.  
 The way our prayers would fain avail  
 To weight it—to long life and love!

## CHAPTER XIV.

## GAZING ON THE SEA.

Despite the prayers and tears and earnest pleading,  
And piteous protest o'er a hero's fall,  
Despite the hopeful signs our hearts misleading,  
Death cometh after all!

Over the brightest scenes are clouds descending;  
The flame soars highest ere its deepest fall;  
The glorious day has all too swift an ending:  
Night cometh after all!

O'er bloom or beauty now in our possession  
Is seen the shadow of the funeral pall;  
Though Love and Life make tearful intercession,  
Death cometh after all!—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE finger of hope pointed unmistakably in the direction of Long Branch, and as the morning of September 6th dawned upon the White House, all conditions appeared favorable for the removal of the beloved President beyond the malarial influences of the Capital. Preparations for this event were complete. The anxiety of the President to leave Washington had been imparted to all his friends and attendants. Even the physicians were convinced that nothing would bring relief to the sufferer so effectively as the pure, bracing salt breezes of the Atlantic, and their opinion increased the confidence and animated the hope of the country.

The condition of the President seemed peculiarly favorable for the journey. He had eaten well on the previous day, and retained his food. He had slept peacefully, and his wound was doing well. The parotid swelling had almost disappeared, and the general conditions were thought to be remarkably good. It was even said that a considerable increase of strength was manifest in his move-

ments, but this was evidently a mistake. The excitement of the occasion for the time overcame his weakness.

All necessary arrangements for the journey were completed on the 5th. They were elaborate and well-developed. For the special railroad train the plan detailed in the previous chapter was adopted and successfully carried out. During the entire evening of the 5th, trunks, boxes, and a great variety of packages, were sent from the White House to the depot for shipment. Messengers were constantly arriving and departing, workmen were busy in special labor connected with various devices for the comfort of the President, and every thing indicated the eve of a great event. The crowd around the bulletin-board, at the front gate, was largely increased, and many held their positions there during the weary watches of the whole night. Every passer-in or out, who was supposed to have information regarding the wounded man, was eagerly besought to impart it. In reply to a question, Colonel Corbin said to a reporter that the trip could not hurt the President, "because," he added, "he has been traveling all day." By this, Colonel Corbin meant that the President had been talking and thinking all day about the trip. This anxiety had characterized the President's moods for some weeks, and it was therefore believed that the realization of his long-cherished desire would have a salutary effect upon his weakened system.

At a few minutes past five, on the morning of the 6th, several carriages were grouped on the drive in front of the White House, and near the main entrance stood an Adams Express wagon, of the largest size, covered, and furnished with side and end curtains. It was near 6 o'clock when quite a commotion became apparent in the Executive Mansion, and a moment later the President, lying upon a stretcher, was borne carefully and slowly to the express wagon, which had previously been connected with the stone steps of the White House by a wooden platform. It was arranged to permit the men to walk directly into the wagon, where they let the bed down slowly until it rested firmly upon its supports. Then the immediate attendants of the President ranged themselves around him, three on each side. At the head of the bed, on the right, sat

Dr. Boynton, next was General Swaim, and at the foot was O. E. Rockwell. On the left were Colonel Rockwell, Dr. Bliss, and Dr. Reyburn, the other physicians having gone on before. The horses were attached, and at once the little procession was in motion, led by Private Secretary Brown, in his buggy.

As the President's van passed out through the gate, the eyes of the invalid were closed, and that part of his face which could be seen looked pinched and pallid with suffering. In his general contour, there was something to suggest the face of Garfield to those who had known him long and intimately; but the change was astounding to every one unaccustomed to the daily observation of its progress. Perhaps it was not the face of a dying man, but many observers thought it was. There was something intensely pitiful and tear-compelling in the wasted features, and quiet, passive manner of the Nation's chief executive, and he was thus driven away from his official home, with all the apparent chances largely against his return.

The van was but fairly outside the gate when the horses were urged to a lively walk, which occasionally increased to a slow trot, the pedestrians meantime keeping well up on the pavements. Three policemen walked on either side the wagon to keep the street clear; but there was no attempt at crowding. There was no boisterousness; no unseemly haste to be first; no loud talking. All passion was hushed. The agony of the great soul now going forth to find health for its encasement, subdued and quieted every thing within range of its influence. At one point the President recognized an acquaintance on the street, and slowly lifting his hand, waved a feeble salutation and farewell. At precisely six o'clock this sad procession drove alongside the car, specially fitted up for the martyred Chief Magistrate, the horses were detached, and twenty strong and willing hands backed the wagon to the opening in the car. Then the attendants lifted the stretcher and entered the car with its precious burden. The President was carefully adjusted upon his new bed, the foundation of which was a mattress of extraordinary thickness, and so constructed that the motion of the train could not be felt, a few farewells were said, and then the

train moved slowly and smoothly away. Away, with fond hearts full of hope, but soon to be surcharged with dismay and grief!

This seven hours' journey of 233 miles is now historical, and its principal features are full of interest. The train came to a stop in a few minutes after leaving the Washington dépôt, to permit an approaching train to move out of the way on a siding. "What does this mean?" inquired the President. "Only a momentary detention," replied Colonel Rockwell. "But important events are oftentimes the issue of a moment," rejoined the sufferer. This is the only conversation he joined in during the trip. The train soon proceeded, gradually increasing its speed where the track was straight enough to permit, to fifty-five miles an hour, and for a few miles after leaving Philadelphia, it actually attained a speed of sixty miles an hour. The President was watched very closely during the first hour of the journey, in order to detect any symptom of danger from the excitement of the occasion. To the relief and great satisfaction of the physicians, he seemed actually to enjoy the ride and to be improving. His pulse, which reached 118 early in the morning, fell to 110 and then to 108. He did not talk. His voice was too feeble to make his words distinguishable amid the noise of the running train, without too much effort. He occasionally inquired the hour, and once or twice desired to know the names of stopping places. Beef-tea was the sole nutriment given him during the journey, and on two occasions he relished it like a hungry man.

At every one of the forty-six cities and towns and villages, through which the train passed, great crowds thronged the streets. They stood silently, with uncovered heads and eyes wet with tears. The grief of the people was too deep for other demonstration. Words could not express it, and weeping came unbidden. Strong men, rough men, weak men and cultivated men; women of all grades and classes, and even little children, joined in their silent anguish with each other and the world, and poured their lamentation from streaming eyes. In many places, crowds of workingmen left their mills and forges as the train approached, and, ranging themselves alongside the track in an orderly line,

stood with hats in hands and heads bowed till it passed beyond range of their vision. Then they solemnly returned to their vocations. There was a feeling of awe beyond expression in the mind of every spectator, and to some extent it entered every thinking mind in the land. Life and death were in fierce conflict upon that lightning train, and the madness of its speed looked like an effort to distance the subtle foe of mortality; but it was only in appearance. Death had long before marked our noble President for his own, with the bullet of the assassin. More than sixty days before the date which identifies this chapter with current history, he was as surely slain at Washington as was Richard III. at Bosworth, in 1485. Such was, in large measure, the feeling of the people. The dark foreboding of calamity began to overshadow them when the foul work of Guiteau's pistol was flashed over the land on that fatal second of July, and now their hearts were sick with the President's wounds. They felt with him the pain, and, without his hopefulness, saw the beloved head of the Nation approaching the last dread extremity, with faith undimmed and bravery undaunted.

It was a time for weeping and anguish and silence. And a time for thought. For severe self-examination. For national inquiry. A time to find out for what new crime atonement is required, in such measure as impoverishes all that is noble, and all that is above reproach in our poor world! Do we ever explore the logic of crime until forced to the task? And the lesson of Lincoln's martyrdom—how was that learned? Had it been remembered, would there have been occasion for this later sacrifice upon the altar of political acrimony?

The lightning train sped onward. A pilot engine preceded it, and its passage was a signal to all approaching trains to get out of the way and remain silent until the convoy had passed. Trains upon side-tracks, wherever they were encountered, were crowded with people, all desirous of obtaining a glimpse of the President, but not obtrusive nor demonstrative beyond the overwhelming influence of great sorrow. Their silence was more expressive than language. It indicated the deepest sympathy, the profoundest

respect, the heartiest love. On three or four occasions the poor sufferer waved his hand feebly to the people, but the effort was painful. The journey was devoid of incident beyond what has been related. The train arrived at Elberon at three minutes past 1 o'clock, and the transfer of the President from the car to his quarters at Francklyn Cottage was promptly made, without trouble or disturbance. His room had been elegantly prepared for his occupancy, and it was made pleasant with many beautiful bouquets and rare plants sent by personal friends. The physicians pronounced the arrangements perfect, and could suggest no improvement. They stated that the journey had done the patient no harm, although in the official bulletin, issued at 6:30 P. M. on the day of arrival at Long Branch, they announced his pulse at 124; temperature, 101.6; respiration, 18,—a condition not calculated to reassure the country.

Prayers had been offered during the day in thousands of churches, and by millions of people in their homes and places of business, for the restoration of the President. Faith in the efficacy of prayer seemed to be almost universal, and it is thought that thousands upon thousands of people who had never prayed before, made Garfield the object of their supplications at the throne of God. At a concert of prayer held at the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church in New York City, which was largely attended by Christians of all denominations, the following extract from a letter written by the President's pastor in Washington, Rev. Frederick D. Power, was read:

“His life is before the world, a living epistle, to be known and read of all men. To you I may say he has had the ever-present Comforter, the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit, during all these weary days and nights of suffering. He remembers the Lord's day when it comes; on Sunday morning last, as he opened his eyes to its holy light, he said: ‘This is the Lord's day; I have great reverence for it.’ He takes great comfort in prayer. Knowing that my little church was continuing daily in prayer to God for him, he said: ‘The dear little church on Vermont Avenue! They have been carrying me as a great burden so long, but when I get up they shall have no cause to regret it.’

"Of his own peril of death he has been mindful, and over and over again has said: 'I must be prepared for either.' This has been the principle of his life, ruling in all his experience, as he explained it to me: 'When I meet the duties of each day as best I can, I cheerfully await whatever result may come.' When he was first stricken he declared: 'I believe in God, and trust myself in his hands,' and there he is, my brethren, and God will keep him, and God will glorify His own great name, whether it be in his life or his death. I could say many things, but my heart and hands are both too full. He is better to-day, but still on the borderland. We are all still besieging the mercy-seat, and we expect God's answer with great anxiety, but not, I trust, without great faith and submission.

"In conclusion, I may say in the words of President Garfield to me, in a season of like distress—the death of his little son: 'In the hope of the Gospel, which is so precious in this affliction,' I am affectionately your brother in Christ."

The subjoined copies of dispatches are selected from several hundred of a similar tenor, as indicative of the general solicitude:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, ALBANY, Sept. 6, 1881.

For the purpose of enabling the people to unite with those of other States in petitioning the Ruler of the Universe for the restoration to health of the President of the United States, the 8th day of September, instant, I hereby set apart and designate as a day of fasting and prayer. It is recommended that all ordinary avocations be suspended, and the people, in their usual places of worship, humbly acknowledge their faults and reverently supplicate the mercy of the Heavenly Father that the national peril, which now appears so imminent, may be averted. Let the prayers of all be united for the early and complete recovery of the President's health and strength. May the blessing of Almighty God rest upon the stricken sufferer and the afflicted family.

Given under my hand and seal at the Capitol in the City of Albany, this 6th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

ALONZO B. CORNELL.

By the Governor—HENRY E. ABELL.

The meeting for prayer in behalf of the President was largely attended. From twenty to twenty-five prayers were offered by clergymen and laymen, which were remarkable for their earnestness and importunity. The bulletins announcing the departure of the President from the White House and the progress of the train were read at the opening and close of the meeting.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 6.—In accordance with the proclamation of the Governor, the churches of the city were generally thrown open, between the hours of 10 and 12 this morning, for worship for the recovery of President Garfield. At Harrisburg business was entirely suspended from 10 o'clock until noon. Services were held in the churches and in various industrial establishments. The dis-

patches relative to the President's journey were read from a number of pulpits. In most other places in the State services were held and business was suspended during the hours named.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 6.—The proclamation of Governor Foster was observed by meetings for prayer in the Christian churches, and a union meeting was also held in the First Presbyterian Church from 10 to 12 o'clock. The public schools were dismissed. The Mayor's office and all the Government offices were closed, and deep interest was felt in regard to the result of the President's journey from Washington to Long Branch. At the Republican County Convention prayer was offered by Dr. Kumler, who made a most fervent petition for the recovery of the President. After the prayer, on motion, the convention gave three cheers for the President. The convention also adopted a resolution condemning the attempted assassination, and extending sympathy to Mrs. Garfield.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Sept. 6.—Religious services were held in several of the churches here from 10 to 12 o'clock to-day, and many prayers were offered for the recovery of the President. The bulletin-boards were eagerly watched by anxious crowds, and each dispatch telling of the favorable progress in the Presidential journey from Washington to Long Branch was joyfully discussed. The feeling that the President will recover seems to permeate all classes, and nothing but hopeful expressions were heard to-day.

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—The church services and union meetings to-day for the purpose of invoking Divine aid for the President's restoration to health, were well attended and fervently participated in. Business was generally suspended in the public offices, business boards, etc. The announcement of the easy trip of the President to Long Branch and his improved condition, is the subject of great rejoicing to thousands who eagerly inquire for accounts of his progress.

ATLANTA, GA., Sept. 6.—In response to the Governor's proclamation, the Hall of Representatives here was filled to-day with the members of the General Assembly and citizens, to offer up prayers for the recovery of President Garfield. Religious services were held, and addresses and prayers were made by leading ministers of the city.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Sept. 6.—To-day was very generally observed here as one of prayer for the recovery of the President. Services were held in all the churches in accordance with the proclamation of the Governor, and between 10 and 12 o'clock, the hours devoted to religious services, business was almost entirely suspended. A feature of the day which attracted some attention was the fact that nearly all the bar-rooms were closed.

RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 6.—In accordance with the Governor's proclamation, to-day was generally observed here as a day of prayer for the President. Federal and State buildings and offices of manufacturers, etc., were closed. Impressive services were held at the churches.

AUGUSTA, GA., Sept. 6.—The day of prayer was very generally observed here. The Mayor issued a proclamation, and all the public offices, banks and many stores were closed. Services were held in the churches, and prayers offered for the restoration of the President to health. Some pastors mentioned that the wounding of the President had the effect of cementing the sections together as one people.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 6.—A special service of prayer for the recovery of the President was held this morning in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. The Ministerial Union was present in a body. Every seat in the hall was occupied, and crowds were forced to stand.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 6.—Religious services were held, in obedience to the Gov-

ernor's proclamation, in a number of the leading churches to-day, and prayers were offered in behalf of the President. Many of the business houses were closed from 10 to 12 o'clock.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 6.—Business was generally suspended throughout Northern Ohio between 10 o'clock and noon to-day, while people of all denominations gathered in their houses of worship, in town and country, and joined in prayer for the restoration of President Garfield to health.

*The sixty-eighth day.*—On the following day, the 7th of September, there was still no positive change in the President's condition. The early morning dispatches announced: "He is no worse than when he left Washington, neither is he any better."

Such a statement was, of course, quite unsatisfactory to the country, because, the people argued, "no better" always means "worse." There is no neutral ground in a case of this kind. The morning bulletin found the pulse at 106; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. In the evening the pulse was 108; temperature, 101; respiration, 18. The day was very warm, the thermometer ranging from 90° to 100°, and the people were remarkably anxious over the reports of the physicians. When it was learned that after the issue of the evening bulletin, the pulse ran up to 114, there was wide-spread apprehension. The gentle sea-breezes, from which so much was expected, were not doing their appointed work. For most of the day there was a dead calm of the atmosphere at Long Branch, and the temperature was described as almost unbearable by people in health. To the sufferer it was wonderfully oppressive, and there were apprehensions that, unless change of temperature in an abatement of the furnace-like heat soon came, there would be reason to conclude that the journey of Tuesday was in vain. Every body complained but the President. He proved himself the most patient of invalids, and but once during the entire day made a remark which indicated any thing like discontent with the situation. Opening his eyes from a short nap, he turned them toward the windows and said to an attendant, who was fanning him: "Oh, those windows are so small." For a few moments he breathed laboriously, and his pulse increased to a high rate, and the reaction caused unusual weakness.

Throughout the day the bulletin-boards at the various newspaper offices, and places of public resort in every part of the country, were besieged by large crowds of anxious men and women of every grade in the social scale, eager for the smallest scrap of information to sustain the earnest prayer of their hearts—that the revered President was now upon the sure course of recovery; but all the facts reported by the physicians pointed to a calamitous result. Only their comments were encouraging, and whatever of encouragement they conveyed was not accepted by the mind of science. It was seen that the President's bravery had imparted a strange degree of assurance to his immediate attendants, whose reports were unconsciously colored by the mental force rather than the physical condition of the sufferer; and thus at least nine-tenths of his fellow-countrymen were buoyed up with hopes which had no foundation beyond the tenacity of a gigantic will.

*The sixty-ninth day.*—So wonderful was the exercise of the President's mental force that on Thursday two of his medical attendants announced his convalescence! Surgeon-General Barnes, Surgeon J. J. Woodward and Dr. Robert Reyburn had been relieved from duty at Garfield's bedside on the previous day, at the wish of the President, as he expressed it, “to relieve them of labor and responsibility which, in his improved condition, he could no longer properly impose upon them.” Drs. Bliss and Hamilton remained in their professional capacity, and Dr. Boynton, Mrs. Garfield's physician, in the capacity of nurse. Between nine and ten o'clock, on the morning of the eighth, a newspaper correspondent said to Dr. Bliss:

“Doctor, you seem to be feeling pretty well this morning.”

“I should think I was; why, the man is convalescent; his pulse is now down to ninety-six.”

This announcement was astounding, but as the correspondent was endeavoring to settle in his own mind whether the doctor was not a little delirious himself, as a result of long watching and continued nervous tension, he turned to some persons who approached, and was soon asserting to them with emphasis, “This is convalescence.” The good news

traveled with marvelous speed. "Dr. Bliss says the President is convalescent," was soon on every lip, but was received with incredulity.

"We had better wait awhile before we toss up our hats," was the comment of a member of the Cabinet.

As the day wore on, confirmation from every trustworthy source was obtained of the good tidings from the sick-room. Before noon Dr. Bliss and Dr. Hamilton appeared together on the veranda, and Dr. Bliss repeated his belief that the President was convalescent. "That is good news," said a gentleman to Dr. Hamilton. "Yes," was the reply, "and it is true." Dr. Boynton came out of the President's cottage about noon and strolled toward the edge of the bluff, with his hands behind him and with a far-away look in his eyes, which were turned to the east, whence the rising breeze was coming and the increasing waves were rolling up on the beach at his feet.

"Doctor, this is a fortunate change."

"Yes; the President is better."

"You are, of course, hopeful, as all the rest are?"

"Yes, the change is not enough to base any medical statement of improvement upon, but what there is is in the right direction."

Colonel Rockwell was more emphatic. "Dr. Bliss says the President is convalescent. What do you think?" asked a correspondent.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "Dr. Bliss thinks so. The doctor said to the President this morning, in my presence: 'Mr. President, you are convalescent; you are getting out of the woods.' He is certainly doing very well and we shall have him propped up before many days. We have sent to-day for his reclining chair. It is one of those chairs which you can make any thing of, from an upright chair to a bed, and is softly cushioned. With a few days more of improvement, we will have him up where we can roll him to the windows."

"And out upon the lawn, too, I presume, after a time?"

"Well, perhaps."

"And you will, doubtless, take him to Mentor before many weeks?"

"Yes, probably he wants to get home, but he enjoys this place very well. We turned him on his side this morning, so that he could look out over the ocean, and he was very much pleased. He longed to get here. Two or three days before we started, I remember a queer remark he made. I said to him, 'Mr. President, how would you like to have us put you on the Tallapoosa and get you down to the salt water?' 'That

would be temporary, tentative and unsettled,' he said; 'put me on the cars and take me to Long Branch.'"

"Does he read the papers?"

"No; but he could. Yesterday I read to him a number of dispatches we had just received. Here is one of them now." The Colonel drew from his pocket a telegram, which he read as follows:

"PITTSFIELD, MASS., September 7.

"To President GARFIELD, *Long Branch*:

"The Garfield and Arthur Club, of Pittsfield, and people of the town, without regard to party lines, in Berkshire County, to whose hospitalities you were coming when so brutally assailed, and where thousands of Berkshire hearts were waiting to welcome you, all unite in congratulations on your safe arrival at the sea-shore. All hope for your speedy recovery, and to-day the shire town suspends business to meet and ask the Great Healer to be with you and make efficacious the efforts of your earthly physicians.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

of the Garfield and Arthur Club, and many others."

"The President," continued Colonel Rockwell, "was greatly pleased by the kind expressions in the telegram, and bade me telegraph his thanks."

Dr. Hamilton, in conversation with Dr. Pancoast, spoke very encouragingly of the prospects, saying, in effect, that he had the strongest hopes of recovery. Celebrations and thanksgivings to signalize the joy of the people, were freely discussed. The apparent change for the better caused a rebound in popular sentiment, which was quite disproportioned to its cause. Alas! it had no foundation whatever.

At 8:30 in the morning the President's pulse indicated 104; temperature, 98.7; respiration, 18. At 6:30, evening, pulse 100; temperature, 99.1; respiration, 18. Dr. Bliss declared most emphatically that the favorable symptoms would continue. At 10:30 P. M. Secretary Blaine cabled this hopeful message:

"LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

"The President's rest was much broken during the first half of last night, but to-day his condition has been more favorable. He had less fever this afternoon than for several days past; has better pulse and improved appetite. His surgeons are much encouraged. His comfort has been promoted by a decided change in the weather. Thermometer at this hour (10:30) 75° Fahrenheit; yesterday it was 95°."

In many of the States, in response to the proclamations of their Governors, the people gathered at their places of worship and offered prayer for the recovery of the Chief Magistrate. In many cities business was almost wholly suspended for this service, and there was hearty supplication every-where for the Divine blessing upon the languishing President. Faith in prayer seemed to have become universal, and certainly the sentiments which accompanied this faith are an honor to humanity and a solace to the world.

*The seventieth day.*—September 9th was regarded as “a favorable day,” and the rapid convalescence of the President was confidently announced. The cool atmosphere seemed to invigorate him, and his appetite was fair. The physicians announced a decided improvement, but the morning bulletin did not create a sanguine feeling in non-professional minds, and the more cautious were scarcely satisfied with the symptoms, but preferred to await further developments before resting in the belief that the favorable change would not be interrupted by some unforeseen complication. Naturally, the immediate attendants upon the President exhibited a more decided opinion that the improvement was likely to be permanent, than did persons not so intimately connected with the case. Assurance from those having access to the patient’s room, that he was much better than before leaving Washington, was very generally and gratefully accepted.

At 8:30 A. M. his pulse was 100; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 17. At noon there was scarcely a notable change. At 6 P. M., pulse, 100; temperature, 98.8; respiration, 18. At 10 P. M. Secretary Blaine cabled the subjoined dispatch:

“LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

“The medical reports are all favorable to-day—morning, noon, and night. The President has not for many weeks done so well for so many consecutive hours. He has had very little fever; his respiration has been normal, and his pulse has not exceeded 100. He slept without opiates, and gained strength without stimulants. His nights are not so restful as could be desired; but in the twenty-four hours he gets sufficient sleep. The weather, though not excessively warm, continues sultry and oppressive. Much is

hoped from the clear, bracing air which may be expected here at this season."

On the same evening, Attorney-General MacVeagh expressed his views in these words: "At present every thing looks favorable, and of course we hope that what has been gained will be maintained and added to, but the difficulty is, the President's blood is in an unhealthy condition, and until he recuperates sufficiently to overcome any bad effects of blood-poisoning, it is not safe to be sanguine." He thought, furthermore, that the President would convalesce in ten days. This was the 9th of September. Of course he could not foresee the 19th, and we must not anticipate that memorable date.

*The seventy-first day.*—Saturday, September 10th, was ushered in with favorable omens. It was pronounced "a satisfactory day" by Dr. Bliss. He expressed the opinion that the wound was healing from the bottom. The temperature was one degree higher than on the previous day, and this was the only change noted in the bulletins. But there was an undercurrent of apprehension more significant than any thing which appeared in print. The people had learned from an unofficial and unauthoritative source that the President was worse, and that blood-poisoning had shown itself in very alarming symptoms. Unfortunately, this information was true. At 8:30 A. M. the pulse was 104; temperature, 99.4; respiration, 18. At noon, pulse, 100; temperature, 98.5; respiration, 18. At 5:30 P. M., pulse, 100; temperature, 98.7; respiration, 18. Secretary Blaine cabled as follows, at 10 P. M.:

"LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

"After dispatch of last night the President had considerable increase of fever. Indeed, a rise of pulse and temperature every night has become a significant feature in his case. Through the day, and especially this afternoon, he has grown more comfortable. A cold easterly storm has prevailed since early morning without evil effect thus far on his condition. Secretary Windom had a brief interview with the President at noon. He found him much reduced in strength, but clear in his mind.

He asked the Secretary about the success of the refunding of the public debt."

*The seventy-second day.*—A day of anxiety. The President was unmistakably worse. It was ascertained that a portion of the matter discharged from the mouth was not pus from the parotid gland, as had been supposed, but pus from a badly diseased lung. The situation was regarded as critical, and especially so when the patient's cough returned with considerable violence. At 8:30 p. m. his pulse was 104; temperature, 98.8; respiration, 19. At noon, pulse, 110; temperature, 100; respiration, 20. At 5:30 p. m., pulse, 110; temperature, 100.6; respiration, 20. The increase in respiration was attributed to the affection of the lungs. At 10:30 p. m. Secretary Blaine cabled the following report:

"LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

"The President had an increase of fever last night and was very restless until 5 o'clock a. m. During the day he has been somewhat better, but his pulse, temperature, and respiration have been higher for the entire twenty-four hours than on any preceding day since he reached Long Branch. His other symptoms are not reassuring, and his general condition gives rise to anxiety."

*The seventy-third day.*—Monday was pronounced "favorable." A decided improvement in the President's symptoms was reported by the attending physicians, who pronounced the anxiety of the previous day "a senseless panic." The lung difficulty was spoken of as of little importance now that it was understood, except by Dr. Boynton, who contended very strongly that it was an effect of blood-poisoning. Yet he thought the President's vitality sufficient to overcome any serious results from it, provided no further complication of a similar nature occurred. At 8:30 a. m. his pulse was 100; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 18. At noon, pulse, 106; temperature, 99.2; respiration, 20. At 5:30 p. m., pulse, 100; temperature, 98.6; respiration, 18. At 2:30 p. m. the following message was cabled by Secretary Blaine:

“LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

“The President slept well last night, and his condition to-day is more comfortable and more favorable. During my absence for a short time Dr. Agnew or Dr. Hamilton will send you a daily report.”

At 10 P. M. Attorney-General MacVeagh sent, by cable, the following dispatch:

“LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

“In the absence of Mr. Blaine, the attending physicians have requested me to inform you of the President’s condition. He has during the day eaten sufficient food with relish, and has enjoyed at intervals refreshing sleep. His wound and the incisions made by the surgeons all look better. The parotid gland has ceased suppuration, and may be considered as substantially well. He has exhibited more than his usual cheerfulness of spirits. His temperature and respiration are now normal, and his pulse is less frequent and firmer than at the same hour last evening. Notwithstanding these favorable symptoms, the condition of the lower part of the right lung will continue to be a source of anxiety for some days to come.”

*The seventy-fourth day.*—Tuesday, September 13th, was for the most part uneventful, except that at 11 A. M. he was placed in a semi-recumbent position upon an easy chair, in which position he remained half an hour without fatigue or discomfort. In reply to a question by Dr. Bliss, President Garfield said he experienced no pain and did not even feel tired. At 8:30 A. M. the pulse was 100; temperature, 99.4; respiration, 20. At noon, pulse, 100; temperature, 98.8; respiration, 20. At 5:30 P. M. pulse, 100; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 20. A favorable report was cabled by Attorney-General MacVeagh to Minister Lowell.

*The seventy-fifth day.*—“Still gaining slowly,” was the morning report. It was announced that the patient suffered from a septic infection of the blood, but this was not believed to be very serious. Dr. Boynton was the only physician who expressed much anxiety about it, and his views were invariably soothed by the belief that the President’s robust constitution would eventually

conquer all his physical complications. At 8:30 A. M. the pulse was 100; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 19. At noon, pulse 104; temperature, 98.8; respiration, 20. At 5:30 P. M., pulse 112; temperature, 99.2; respiration, 21. The bulletins looked sufficiently unfavorable, but the physicians viewed them with complaisance. Dr. Boynton, however, informed a reporter that the pulse frequently reached 120, but this fact was kept from the family and the public. At 10 o'clock Attorney-General MacVeagh reported as follows:

“LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

“There is an increase this evening in the President's temperature, pulse, and respiration; but it is so slight as not necessarily to indicate that the condition of the blood is producing any new complications. The trouble in the right lung is not increasing, and is causing him less annoyance. He has taken adequate nourishment, and his sleep has been natural and refreshing; so that, if he has gained nothing, he has probably lost nothing during the day.”

*The seventy-sixth day.*—“Slight progress toward recovery” was reported. The surgeons concluded not to admit that the septic condition of the patient's blood amounted to pyæmia, and they expressed confidence that the difficulty would be overcome. The President took food in variety, but not with a strong appetite. In the early morning hours he was quite wakeful, and gave way to fits of despondency. In one of these he called aloud to an attendant: “Save me; don't let me sink.” Words of encouragement were uttered, but for a time he could not bring himself to believe that he yet had hope of recovery. “I fear bringing me here will prove but a roaring farce after all,” said he. He was not readily reassured, and the incident was not regarded as favorable. Still the physicians and newspaper correspondents sent out fair reports to the country, and the people were therefore quite unprepared for the events so near at hand. At 8:30 A. M. the pulse was 100; temperature, 98.4; respiration, 20. At noon, pulse 102; temperature, 98.9; respiration, 21. At 5:30 P. M., pulse 104; temperature, 99.2; respiration, 21. Attorney-General MacVeagh reported to Minister Lowell that all the symptoms were substan-

tially the same as on the previous day, except that the expectoration from the right lung was rather less difficult and less profuse.

*The seventy-seventh day.*—A day of “unfavorable symptoms.” Great anxiety was experienced by the immediate friends of the honored sufferer, and the physicians acknowledged the gravity of the occasion. His physical weakness had never before been so apparent, and his utter exhaustion seemed ominous of the end. Those who had never before questioned his ability to rally, now began to doubt it; and, when it was found that the pulse frequently reached 130 beats, intelligent men and women were struck with wonder at the persistent vitality of the man. At 8:30 A. M. the pulse was 104; temperature, 98.6; respiration, 21. At noon, pulse 116; temperature, 99.8; respiration, 21. At 5:30 P. M., pulse 104; temperature, 98.6; respiration, 22. Attorney-General MacVeagh cabled as follows:

“LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

“There has been no very marked change in the President’s condition, but it is not at this hour reassuring. The different symptoms are almost all slightly aggravated. The temperature and the pulse have fluctuated more than usual, and the respiration is rather more frequent, while the character of the discharges continues to be unsatisfactory. There is, therefore, a sensible increase of anxiety.”

*The seventy-eighth day.*—“A day of deep anxiety.” The President was worse. He was sinking beyond reach of the strong arm of science and the willing hands of love, never to be reclaimed by earthly agencies. A chill, continuing half an hour, was followed by perspiration and a rapid rise of temperature. The situation was alarming, although the immediate effects of the chill did not appear as serious as might have been expected,—for the pulse fell, in a few hours, from 120 to 102, the temperature from 102 to 98, and the respiration from 24 to 18. These were phenomenal changes. Yet the word “rigor,” as translated in the medical vocabulary, is invested with nameless terrors, and the condition of the patient was assumed, on all sides, to be precarious in the extreme. The attending physicians were startled, but

they did not fail to predict another rally, and a decided improvement in a few days. They did not seem to realize that the crisis was upon them, and the country certainly did not. The Attorney-General cabled to Minister Lowell that "the situation is now probably more grave and critical than at any time heretofore."

*The seventy-ninth day.*—Sunday was marked by an increase of fear and anxiety. Another chill, but of shorter duration, was one of the untoward incidents of the day. Dr. Bliss declared that the frequent recurrence of chills would soon wear out the President's life, but he hoped to devise some means to prevent them. During this last attack the President's pulse reached 134, possibly 140. Dr. Boynton had some clear ideas regarding the case. On Sunday night he said:

"The President's condition to-day, compared with yesterday, shows a slight improvement."

"Do you not think the low pulse and temperature of last night and this morning were favorable indications?"

"I do not. The low pulse and temperature, the sound sleep, and the freedom from cough and expectoration were indications of a very low state of vitality, and can not be considered as favorable symptoms. If he grows stronger, there will be a rise in the pulse and temperature, and his cough and expectoration will return."

"Is it true that you stated last night that the President's condition was hopeless?"

"No, sir. I said his case was extremely critical, but not hopeless."

"What is your opinion to-night?"

"The same as last night. For several weeks he has at times made satisfactory progress, but, in each instance, the improvement has been followed by a relapse, which left him on a lower plane of vitality than before. This feature of his case is peculiar to most cases of chronic pyæmia. The President has a wonderful constitution, but it is doubtful if it is sufficient to carry him on to recovery."

This conversation is interesting from the fact that it shows the very correct logic of one of the President's most intimate attendants only twenty-four hours preceding the final catastrophe. Dr. Bliss was slightly more confident than Dr. Boynton. No points

are given from the physicians' bulletins, for the reason that it was thought best on Sunday to suppress some of the more unfavorable indications, and the bulletins are therefore not history. At 10 P. M., Attorney-General MacVeagh cabled the following:

“LOWELL, *Minister, London*:

“The President passed a comparatively quiet and comfortable day, but this evening he had another chill of less duration than that of yesterday, but sufficient to increase the very great anxiety already existing. He has also been slowly growing weaker, and his present condition excites the gravest apprehensions.”

*The last day.*—Monday, September 19, brought the final eclipse of hope. It is not easy to describe it in these pages in such way as will do full justice to the subject for the American people; because, *first*, its facts are so incredible as to appear quite outside the range of history; and, *second*, the people, the great masses, can not yet understand how their beloved President could be so foully murdered without the swift annihilation of the murderer. The human mind does not always remember that the methods of justice must be quite distinct and wholly dissimilar from those of crime, and that the cause of law and order is promoted by this distinction. And possibly it will never be taught to remember this lesson invariably.

Upon this fateful Monday morning, the President was prostrated by a severe chill, called “rigor” by the physicians. It proved to be weakening beyond precedent. During its continuance, the pulse ran up to 143, and for a long time remained above 140. It decreased gradually in the afternoon, and when it was found that there was no recurrence of the chill in the evening, the promise of a restful night was thought to be good. The physicians were not agreed as to the responsible cause of the patient's crisis. Dr. Boynton lost his hopeful tone early in the day, but Dr. Bliss remained comparatively sanguine till the last moment. No one immediately connected with the case anticipated the death of the sufferer, however, for several days yet, and it was remarked that even Mrs. Garfield, although greatly fatigued, was by no means



despondent. She could not realize that death was even then robbing her of her heart's dearest treasure.

The President rested quietly during the afternoon, and it was found that he had rallied from the effect of the chill in a manner to surprise the physicians. His mind was bright, the dressing of the wound did not fatigue him, and after it was over he asked for a hand-glass, taking which he examined his face and said he could not understand how he should be so weak when he looked so bright. This was at 6 P. M. Dr. Bliss remarked, that after such a rallying there was hope, but the trouble was want of strength. After the closest ex-



GENERAL D. G. SWAIM.

amination, the surgeons said it was possible for the patient to live a week, even granting that present conditions were to carry him off. Drs. Bliss, Agnew, and Hamilton, all concurred in this view, and it was sent out to the country in the dispatches of the associated press. Although such a message was designed to be pacifying, people every-where were startled. It was a virtual concession that all hope of recovery had been abandoned, and that the

clouds of death were already lowering. But there was something infinitely more startling to come shortly.

At 10 p. m., while the President was asleep, General Swaim noticed that his limbs were cold. To warm them, he procured a flannel cloth, heated it at the fire and laid it over the knees. He heated another cloth and laid it over the President's right hand, and then sat down beside the bed. The sad occurrences of the night are thus related in General Swaim's words:

"I was hardly seated when Dr. Boynton came in and felt the President's pulse. I asked him how it seemed to him. He replied: 'It is not as strong as it was this afternoon, but very good.' I said: 'He seems to be doing well.' 'Yes,' he answered, and passed out. He was not in the room more than two minutes.

"Shortly after this the President awoke. As he turned his head on awakening, I arose and took hold of his hand. I was on the left hand side of the bed as he lay. I remarked: 'You have had a nice comfortable sleep.'

"He then said, 'O Swaim, this terrible pain,' placing his right hand on his breast about over the region of the heart. I asked him if I could do any thing for him. He said, 'Some water.' I went to the other side of the room and poured about an ounce and a half of Poland water into a glass and gave it to him to drink. He took the glass in his hand, I raising his head as usual, and drank the water very naturally. I then handed the glass to the colored man, Daniel, who came in during the time I was getting the water. Afterward I took a napkin and wiped his forehead, as he usually perspired on awaking. He then said, 'O Swaim, this terrible pain—press your hand on it.' I laid my hand on his chest. He then threw both hands up to the sides and about on a line with his head, and exclaimed: 'O Swaim, can't you stop this?' And again, 'O Swaim!'

"I then saw him looking at me with a staring expression. I asked him if he was suffering much pain. Receiving no answer, I repeated the question, with like result. I then concluded that he was either dying or was having a severe spasm, and called to Daniel, who was at the door, to tell Dr. Bliss and Mrs. Garfield to come immediately, and glanced at the small clock hanging on the chandelier nearly over the foot of his bed and saw that it was ten minutes past 10 o'clock. Dr. Bliss came in within

two or three minutes. I told Daniel to bring the light. A lighted candle habitually sat behind a screen near the door. When the light shone full on the President's face I saw that he was dying. When Dr. Bliss came in a moment after, I said: 'Doctor, have you any stimulants? he seems to be dying.' He took hold of the President's wrist, as if feeling for his pulse, and said: 'Yes, he is dying.' I then said to Daniel: 'Run and arouse the house.' At that moment Colonel Rockwell came in, when Dr. Bliss said: 'Let us rub his limbs,' which we did. In a very few moments Mrs. Garfield came in, and said: 'What does this mean?' and a moment after exclaimed: 'Oh, why am I made to suffer this cruel wrong?' At 10:30 P. M. the sacrifice was complete. He breathed his last calmly and peaceably."

The great President was dead! It could not be realized at the moment, and yet within the ten minutes succeeding his demise the bells in a hundred cities were tolling his solemn knell. Long before the morning light of the 20th illumined the earth, the hearts of millions throughout the world were heavy with the tidings.

Dead! whispered the wires with lightning haste. Dead! clanged the bells, with their brazen tongues. Dead! was echoed around the world, from lip to lip, until the mournful chorus resounded in a wail of heart-piercing agony. Dead! dead! dead! exclaimed all the people. But not so. Garfield will live forever in the better thoughts of those who loved him, and who are made better for having loved him. The brave heart, the open hand, the great soul, generous and true—these will bless the world for evermore! Garfield is deathless.

"No man was better prepared for death," remarked a prominent member of his Cabinet. "No, sir, nor for life, which requires infinitely superior preparation," may be safely responded. The life which he lived required the practice of all the virtues; the crucifixion of all the vices; bravery of the severest type; gentleness, trust, and clear-cut integrity. Practice had perfected in him these rules of life, and for many years he had furnished an example of purity and probity for his fellow-men. This is not taken away with the removal of the body. It can not be taken away. The pages of history will be brightened with it as long as eminent worth remains the goal of human ambition.

His removal has chastened and sweetened the national life. The hearts of all men, from every party, have been drawn together in a common brotherhood, and the country to a man denounces and resents "the deep damnation of his taking off." Every difference is annihilated in the presence of the universal bereavement. His death forced a cry of grief from the pained heart of every man and woman in christendom who loves good deeds, and reveres the example of an honest life: who admires the power to withstand trial, to bear suffering, and to confront danger; who reveres those that possess the courage of their convictions, however resisted by menace and scorn. No mourning was ever before so universal, so heartfelt, so spontaneous, so lasting. Every consideration of business, of pleasure, of political preferment, of social enjoyment, of speculation, of whatsoever men and women were engaged in, gave way at once to the general lamentation. These things were most observable in our own land, but in some measure they prevailed in every civilized country, and extended even to the isles of the sea. His had been a precious life to his own people for many years. It has become precious to all the world's millions now, and will remain so through all the ages.

He proved himself a hero many times and on many trying occasions before his eighty days of heroic endurance of the assassin's stroke; but never was there a brighter example of Christian fortitude and uncompromising submission than that furnished by him during those eighty days. And never was there any thing more heroic and queenly than the devotion of his noble wife from the beginning to the close of this eventful period. Where is there a grander picture of womanhood than Mrs. Garfield? The history of neither ancient nor modern times furnishes its superior. What was position to her, with its pride and circumstance, when placed in the balance with love and duty? Elevation to the place of the most envied woman in the land—the leader of society at the National Capital—she practiced that grand simplicity which made her the fit companion for the eminently practical and busy President while in health, and, when overtaken by his great calamity, nursed him day and night with unceasing devotion. What example could

be more admirable than this for the women of the present age? Well may great queens acknowledge this true woman their peer, and treat her as a sister.

For the two weeks at Long Branch, and probably for other weeks at Washington, he was kept alive by the indomitable power of his own will and the gentle care of those who loved him better than life. The "little woman" to whom he sent his love before the first shock of his wound had subsided, was the prominent object in his heart of hearts, and well has she proved her title to the place she occupied there. Well did she remember her vow to love, honor, and cherish, in sickness and in health, till death. With what faithfulness, with what untiring devotion and pathetic zeal was that vow kept; and how holy must be the associations which now cluster around every act and every aspiration of the womanly faith and love which animated the noble wife in her hour of trial. History furnishes no more prominent example of devoted affection, forgetfulness of self, sacrifice of all comfort, carelessness of every thing except the poor sufferer upon the bed of pain. He was her only object in life. And to him, she was the bright star of destiny, the ever-present angel of hope, the trusty sentinel upon the ramparts of eternity, who menaced and kept at bay the arch-enemy, death. Her faith and hope and love were the medicaments which sustained him through all those weary days, when the services of physicians became as naught in the process of healing. No one could perform for him the tender offices of nursing so well as she; no voice so sweet as hers; no hand so gentle nor so ready to anticipate his wants. In those other years, when they toiled together for the mental, moral, and material advancement of themselves and their children, and knew little of the gay world, he learned this; and now, when they had reached the summit of the loftiest earthly ambition, and she, by right as well as courtesy, was acknowledged the first lady in the land, he still found her the same faithful nurse, with the old devotion to her wifely duty which makes the true woman an angel of mercy, and of more worth in the chamber of sickness than any physician. She never left him in all those weary days of pain, and she it was who, on many occasions,

brought him back to consciousness and life by tender care, when it seemed to others that the slender thread which bound him to earth was too weak longer to hold.



THE LAST LOOK AT THE SEA.

Her loving devotion under these conditions was the subject of daily encomiums; and even the medical attendants were unanimous in according her the first praise for attentions which were more important to the patient than any they could render. Without her soothing ministrations, it is thought the life of the President would have been much abridged; and when it is remembered that this toil was constant, day by day, without intermission, except a few hours

for sleep, wholly self-abnegating, and to the exclusion of all thoughts for her own health or comfort, she may well be cited as one of the noblest examples of true wifehood in any age or country. The ancients were filled with admiration at the devotion of Penelope to Ulysses. How weak and tame is the example when compared with that which now causes American womanhood to be so lovingly revered!

That is indeed a sorrowful picture where the President, from his room at Elberon, takes his last view of the sea. Those calm eyes surveyed the mighty waters, whose lashings are regular as the movement of the pendulum, with sensations which will never be known, for he was wholly absorbed in meditation. Once or twice he turned to the faithful wife with a smile upon his attenuated features, but nothing referring to the scene or the situation was said by either. With his hand locked in hers, they communed in spirit, conscious of the presence of God in His works and in His mercy. The anxiety of the people for the great President was not shared by himself, except as his sympathies were now, as always, with the people; but who shall describe the agony of the poor wife as she noted the weakness, daily increasing, of the noble form upon which, for so many joyous years, she had leaned for support? Who shall depict her anguish as she now realized that the sea breezes, which had brought so much health for others, could bring none to her languishing husband? Whatever may have been the hopes of the country, there were no hopes of recovery in this sick chamber now,—only prayers, and possibly something like a dream of a miracle—yearned for, but impossible. What picture can be more saddening, or convey a deeper meaning in its illustration of a holy presence in the chamber of pain, than that individualized by the wife of the President!

The name of Lucretia Garfield will remain linked indissolubly with that of the great soul whose love she honored, so long as wifely heroism is honored of man. In his youth, in the days of his poverty, she made him rich with the countless wealth of her woman's love. She pointed the way to a great future. To her careful management and sound advice is much of his early success

to be attributed. Standing beside him at the coronation of his ambition, in the hour of his glory, she looked upon him with a pride beyond language, as, under such conditions, what wife would not; but in the dark days, which measured the period from July 2d to September 20th, and ended so deplorably to her and the country, it was a wifely love, destitute of all vainglory, with which, in full view of Christendom, she ministered, as only angels do, to the wounded form of her dying husband. No picture could be more pathetic, more instructive, more valuable as an example to all women of this day and coming ages; and it will be so remembered. Garfield's struggle for a life that had become historic for its manly courage, was brave indeed; but with the history of that struggle there must forever be associated the imperishable name of a wife as great as he in all that makes greatness worth living or dying for in the eyes of men. "Man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man."

Now the land was covered with a pall. The insignia of mourning greeted the eye everywhere. It was the spontaneous expression of the people, without premeditation or system. Concert of action in a matter where every one moved upon the instant was not feasible; but it was as if the President were lying dead in every habitation. Prompted by a sentiment which defies analysis, but which sprang from that wearisome vigil at his bedside; from those long weeks of testing his pulse, listening to his breathings, and wondering at his courage; from hope deferred, gloom, despair, death—it agitated the depths of universal humanity, and impelled a response to the holiest dictates of every heart. Notwithstanding the all-pervading grief, the demonstration was wonderful and without a parallel. Quite as wonderful for its universality as for any of its physical conformations. A poor widow, in a Western city, draped her doorway with her one black dress. She had no other means of joining in the general expression of grief. Doubtless many other widows did the same thing for exactly the same reason. Others, who had not even a decent dress, hung out a single yard of black muslin, or a less quantity of crape. The poor made as emphatic expression of their grief as the wealthy, and the humblest offer-

ing of honest poverty invariably carried to the heart of the observer a deeper pathos than the ornate decorations with which the rich man symbolized his lamentation. This is not said in a spirit of criticism, but to record a fact which is a part of this history, and which teaches a lesson germane to its object.

Not in this country alone were these things prominent, but they were part of the mourning of every land that regards the usages of civilization; and wherever there is recognition of mental and moral worth, there was heartfelt grief at the death of Garfield. The world missed him. He occupied a place of great responsibility, which no one could be better fitted for. His administration gave promise of good results. He was anxious to do good for the sake of good, rather than for popularity. He was resolved to do right regardless of those who might stand in his path. He did every thing in his power that he believed to be right. He opposed, with all his might, every thing he believed to be wrong. He was a just man and forgiving, with no hooks upon which to hang grudges. He was a Christian statesman—the highest type of a chief executive. How much the country lost in his death will never be computed. It is beyond estimate. It is more than any one has yet attempted to figure out. The sum of such a man's value is quite beyond the reach of mathematics. It can not be measured; therefore grief for his loss is illimitable.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE SOLEMN PAGEANT.

There he lies dead beside the moaning sea!  
The days of watching and the nights of pain,  
The burning flush, the keen anxiety,  
The ebb and flow of hope, the blinding rain  
Of bitter tears that came and came again,—  
All, all are ended! O'er the sighing deep  
Floats on the solemn air a sad, low strain,  
A mournful dirge that seems to sob and weep!  
O Nation, take your dead and lay him down to sleep!

THE President was dead. The curtain had fallen at last between an anxious people and the first citizen of the Republic. It only remained for fifty millions of freemen to take him up with tender hands and bear him away to the narrow house prepared for all living. It was a sad duty which the Nation was not likely to neglect or leave to others to perform.

In the preparations made for the President's funeral there was neither passion nor excitement. When Cæsar fell there was an uproar. The benches of the Senate House were torn up by the maddened populace to make a pyre for the burning of the dead Emperor's body. We have improved upon all that. The temperate spirit and self-restraint of the American people promise well for the perpetuity of the Republic. However much cause there may be for anger and alarm, it is not likely that our institutions will ever be endangered by an outburst of popular fury.

The shutters of Francklyn cottage were closed. The sun's face wore a coppery tint as he came up from the sea to look on the scene of death. The wind, which had blown stormily

for a week, fell to a calm. A September haze filled the air and sky, and an indescribable quiet settled over the long, low shores of Jersey. With the rising of the sun a single craft far out at sea, floating, as it seemed, on nothing, broke the line of the horizon.

At the cottage the silence of death prevailed. At a little distance, on all sides, armed sentinels, with fixed bayonets, paced their beats, guardians of the border line between now and hereafter, beyond which the living might not pass. The flag, which, since the arrival of the President at Elberon, had been floating from a pole thrust out of an upper window of the cottage, was draped with black; but beyond this somber signal no outward sign of mourning was apparent. The first comers were the journalists; but in their demeanor the customary eagerness of competition was no longer apparent. Fifty millions of people would, before night, read the truths which these reporters had come to gather, but their subject of inquiry was now death rather than life; and their demeanor was calm and respectful in that shadowy presence.

At half-past 10, Secretaries Windom, Kirkwood, and Hunt and Postmaster-General James arrived at Elberon, and were invited at once to the Attorney-General's cottage, situated about as far to the north-east of the hotel as the Franklyn cottage, in which the body of the President lay, is to the south-east. There they remained during the forenoon discussing the details of the events which had just transpired, in which they were all so deeply interested. A half hour later General Grant, with his son and a friend, drove up and spent an hour in gathering information of the last hours of President Garfield.

Meanwhile, the undertaker and his assistants had arrived and were preparing the body of the President for embalming and burial. The body showed the loss of flesh to a degree painful to look upon. Only the face preserved any thing like the appearance of the living Garfield. The beard, in a measure, contributed to this, serving to conceal the hollowness of the wasted cheeks. The body was laid upon rubber cloths placed

upon the floor to await the autopsy, which was to take place in the afternoon.

In the afternoon President Arthur arrived at Elberon. He had already taken the oath of office in New York City, and had then come immediately to Long Branch to tender condolence to



CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

the friends of the dead and to confer with the Cabinet. The question under consideration was the arrangement of a programme for the funeral of the President. After the conference, the following plan for the funeral services was ordered by the Cabinet, and was given for the information of the public by Secretary Blaine:

“ELBERON, N. J., September 20, 1881.

“The remains of the late President of the United States will be removed to Washington by special train on Wednesday, September 21, leaving Elberon at 10 A. M., and reaching Washington at 4 P. M. Detachments from the United States Army and from the marines of the Navy will be in attendance on arrival at Washington to perform escort duty. The remains will lie in state in the rotunda of the Capitol on Thursday and Friday, and will be guarded by deputations from the Executive Departments and by officers of the Senate and House of Representatives.

“Religious ceremonies will be observed in the rotunda at 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon. At 5 o'clock the remains will be transferred to the funeral car and be removed to Cleveland, Ohio, via the Pennsylvania Railroad, arriving there Saturday at 2 P. M. In Cleveland the remains will lie in state until Monday at 2 P. M., and be then interred in Lakeview Cemetery. No ceremonies are expected in the cities and towns along the route of the funeral train beyond the tolling of bells. Detailed arrangements for final sepulture are committed to the municipal authorities of Cleveland, under the direction of the Executive of the State of Ohio.

“JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.”

Meanwhile, on the afternoon of the 20th, a post-mortem examination of the President's body was made with a view of clearing up the many uncertainties which existed concerning the nature of the wound and the secondary causes of death. The autopsy lasted for about three and a half hours, and was conducted by the attending and consulting surgeons, assisted by Dr. D. S. Lamb, Assistant Surgeon of the Medical Museum at Washington, and Dr. A. H. Smith, of New York. The revelations made by the examination were of an astonishing sort, chiefly so as it respected the diagnosis of the President's injury, which was found to have been utterly at variance with the facts. At 11 o'clock P. M. an official bulletin—last of many—was prepared by the surgeons, setting forth the results of the autopsy, as follows:

“ELBERON, NEW JERSEY, September 20, 1881.

By previous arrangement, a post-mortem examination of the body of President Garfield was made this afternoon in the presence and with the assistance of Drs. Hamilton, Agnew, Bliss, Barnes, Woodward, Reyburn, Andrew H. Smith, of Elberon, and Acting Assistant Surgeon D. S. Lamb, of the Army Medical Museum of Washington. The operation was performed by Dr. Lamb. It was found that the ball, after fracturing the

right eleventh rib, had passed through the spinal column in front of the spinal cord, fracturing the body of the first lumbar vertebra, driven a number of small fragments of bone into the adjacent soft parts, and lodging below the pancreas, about two inches and a half to the left of the spine, and behind the peritoneum, where it had become completely encysted.

“The immediate cause of death was secondary hemorrhage from one of the mesenteric arteries adjoining the track of the ball, the blood rupturing the peritoneum, and nearly a pint escaping into the abdominal cavity. This hemorrhage is believed to have been the cause of the severe pain in the lower part of the chest complained of just before death. An abscess cavity, six inches by four in dimensions, was found in the vicinity of the gall bladder, between the liver and the transverse colon, which were strongly adherent. It did not involve the substance of the liver, and no communication was found between it and the wound.

“A long suppurating channel extended from the external wound, between the loin muscles and the right kidney, almost to the right groin. This channel, now known to be due to the burrowing of pus from the wound, was supposed during life to have been the track of the ball.

“On an examination of the organs of the chest, evidences of severe bronchitis were found on both sides, with broncho-pneumonia of the lower portion of the right lung, and, though to a much less extent, of the left. The lungs contained no abscesses, and the heart no clots. The liver was enlarged and fatty, but not from abscesses. Nor were any found in any other organ except the left kidney, which contained near its surface a small abscess about one-third of an inch in diameter.

“In reviewing the history of the case in connection with the autopsy, it is quite evident that the different suppurating surfaces, and especially the fractured, spongy tissue of the vertebra, furnish a sufficient explanation of the septic condition which existed.”

During the first day after the President's death several incidents occurred worthy of note. Among others, came two dispatches from Cleveland, whose people were profoundly touched by the death of their friend. The first was from a committee of the city council, and said :

CLEVELAND, OHIO, September 20, 1881.

Mrs. J. A. GARFIELD, *Elberon, New Jersey* :

In behalf of the trustees, we tender you ground in Lakeview Cemetery for the burial of our lamented President, such as you or your friends may select.

(Signed by Executive Committee.)

This was supplemented by the following dispatch sent by the Mayor of Cleveland:

*Mrs. JAMES A. GARFIELD, Long Branch, N. J.:*

The people of this city, who have borne such love and honor to your husband, most earnestly and sincerely desire that his grave may be made here among us. Allow me, dear madam, to add to this publicly expressed desire of our citizens my own personal and official concurrence.

R. R. HERRICK, Mayor.

These cordial offers, concurring with Mrs. Garfield's own wishes and the express desire of her dead husband, determined the choice of the spot where his body was to be laid to rest.

Another incident was the breaking of the news to the aged mother at home. Early in the morning a message came to Mrs. Larabee, sister of the President, who lives at Solon, Ohio, and with whom the poor old mother was for the time residing. The dispatch said:

*To Mrs. ELIZA GARFIELD:*

James died this evening at 10:35. He calmly breathed his life away.

D. G. SWAIM.

For awhile the dreadful intelligence was held back from the faithful heart that had sheltered James A. Garfield in his childhood. At length, after breakfast, she sought, as usual, the daily telegram from her son. Finding the dispatch, she was about to read, when her granddaughter took the message from her trembling hands.

"Grandma," she said, "would you be surprised to hear bad news this morning?"

"Why, I don't know," said the old lady.

"Well, I should not," said Mrs. Larabee, "I have been fearing and expecting it all the morning."

"Grandma," said Ellen Larabee, "there is sad news."

"Is he dead?" asked the old lady, tremulously.

"He is."

The quick tears started in the sensitive eyes. There was no violent paroxysm of grief. No expression of frenzy told of the anguish within.

"Is it true?" she asked, with quivering lips. "Then the Lord help me, for if he is dead what shall I do?"

It was the bitterest of all the outcries of sorrowing human nature—the anguish of a mother's breaking heart. The morning of the 21st of September broke calmly from the sea. Every thing was in readiness for the departure. For a brief period in the morning the people of Elberon were permitted to view the face of the dead. The coffin rested upon supports draped in black. There were few decorations. Upon the top were two black palm leaves. Some white flowers and a hanging basket of ferns with some branches of cycas leaves, emblematic of heroism, completed the decorations.

At half-past nine a brief funeral service was pronounced over the dead by Rev. Charles J. Young, of Long Branch, and then preparations were made for the immediate departure of the sad cortege on its sorrowful journey.

The train which was to bear away the President's remains was backed up to the cottage on the track that had been so magically laid over the lawns on the night before he was brought to Long Branch. It consisted of an engine and four cars, which were all heavily and tastefully draped in mourning. Almost all the woodwork on the sides of the cars was covered with crape, only the number of the car being left exposed. The front car was for the baggage. The next was specially arranged for the coffin. In the center of this was a large catafalque for the casket to rest upon. It was covered with crape arranged in graceful folds. It rested upon a raised platform also draped in mourning and surrounded at the bottom by flags. The sides and top of the car were entirely covered with black cloth. Cane chairs were provided for the military guard of honor which occupied the car with the coffin. The third car was a combination one for members of the Cabinet. It was also draped in mourning inside and out. The last car was the private car of President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It was reserved for Mrs. Garfield and family, and was the same car in which she came to Long Branch on the 6th of September. This car was also tastefully draped in black.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the train moved slowly away toward the Elberon station. At this time there were two or three thousand persons lining the track, and the roadway was crowded with carriages for half a mile. Men stood with uncovered heads watching the train as it disappeared from view.

It was expected that President Arthur would arrive at Attorney-General MacVeagh's house in the morning, and with the Cabinet visit the house where President Garfield lay dead. The mixed crowd of city and country people who had gathered from many miles thought they would witness the closing scenes of the dead President's career and at the same time catch a glimpse of his successor. The arrange-



MISS MOLLIE GARFIELD.

ments were subsequently changed, however. President Arthur decided to take a special train from Jersey City and meet the funeral procession at the Elberon station.

Without further delay the funeral train moved slowly along the track which had been laid across the fields specially to convey President Garfield to his new home by the sea. Nearly every hat was removed from the heads of the observers when the train approached. It moved along the left-hand track until the last car was parallel with the rear car of the special train from Jersey City, which stood on the right-hand track. President Arthur and the rest of the party then stepped into

the car where the Cabinet were seated. After greeting the persons in the car, the President seated himself behind Secretary Blaine, and the two engaged in conversation. General Grant took a seat immediately behind President Arthur, when he was soon joined by Chief-Justice Waite. The engine which drew the train from the Francklyn cottage drew the train only to the main road. Engineer Paige and Fireman Gwinnell, who had charge of the engine when President Garfield was removed from Washington, were waiting with the same engine on a side track. Deep folds of mourning hung from the engineer's box and pieces of crape covered the brass and other portions of the engine. Paige, who has always felt great pride in the successful removal from Washington, backed his engine on the main track and coupled it to the car which contained the coffin. At twelve minutes past 10 o'clock, the conductor told Paige that all was ready. A few puffs was the only noise made, and the funeral train moved quietly away.

At the various points en route there were tokens of the deepest popular sorrow. At Ocean Grove, the railroad for half a mile on both sides was lined with people. On the platform of the dépôt were from 4,000 to 5,000 men and women. As the train passed the men stood with uncovered heads, absolutely silent. The bells tolled, and then the crowd dispersed. Flags were at half-mast, and the buildings were draped in black.

There was a brief stop at Monmouth Junction, and at Princeton, where the students from the College of New Jersey were gathered to catch a glimpse of the passing train. They stood five hundred strong along the track, which had been strewed with flowers by the people. At Trenton, which was passed just before noon, an immense crowd of people had assembled. Every man took off his hat, and the women bowed their heads as the train went by. Many persons were affected to tears.

At 12:50 P. M. the cortege reached Grand Ferry Junction, opposite Philadelphia, where a great crowd, standing in silence, caught a glimpse of the casket containing the remains of the dead President. At Wilmington, fully ten thousand people were assembled.

The bells of the city hall, court-house, and fire-engine houses were tolled while the train was passing through the city. At Baltimore there was no stop. Several thousand persons were gathered about the dépôt, who uncovered as the train passed, preserving the most respectful silence. Only three or four persons on the train were visible and recognized, the curtains of the cars being closed.

At 4:35 P. M. the cortege reached Washington City. As the train came into the dépôt, there was a hush among the throng, and then every head was uncovered. The scene that followed was impressive in the extreme. Mrs. Garfield, heavily veiled and dressed in deep mourning, alighted, leaning on the arm of Secretary Blaine on the one side, and supported by her son Harry on the other. Members of the Cabinet followed, and among them towered the form of President Arthur, on whose face was written the various emotions which must have struggled within him as he was welcomed by the sad and silent thousands of the people of Washington. This party was followed by the pall-bearers, consisting of trained artillery sergeants. As the cortege reached Sixth Street, where the military was massed, the Marine Band began slowly to play "Nearer, my God, to Thee." As the notes of this beautiful melody filled the air all heads were bowed in reverence, and even the rabble in the streets was awed into silence.

The scene at the east front of the Capitol was an imposing one. The wide plateau was filled with the various military organizations in bright uniforms, conspicuous among which were the marines. The General and staff officers of the Army and the officers of the Navy formed in two lines leading to the foot of the broad marble steps



JAMES R. GARFIELD.

on the east front, standing on which President Garfield had delivered his inaugural address. Directly in front was the hearse, drawn by six magnificent gray horses. At the foot of the steps stood the officers of the Senate and of the House, and the Reception Committee. When the band had played a dirge, the pallbearers advanced, followed by the President, Cabinet, Justices of the Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives, and filed slowly and sadly up a pathway which had been kept open in the middle of the broad flight of stairs, the sides being densely packed with people who had crowded in to see this part of the pageant.

On reaching the center of the vast rotunda, the casket was placed on the catafalque which had been prepared for it, and then the President and the Cabinet, together with General Grant, the Senators and the Representatives, stood for a moment in silence. Then a panel covering the face of the dead President was removed, and they looked for the last time upon the wasted features of him who so lately was chief of the Nation, and then solemnly moved away. The sight of the face of the dead President was indeed terrible, and upon most who saw it an impression was left which time can never efface. It was pinched and haggard to the last extreme; the skin yellow and glistening; the eyes sunken, and the lips tightly drawn. The nose looked unnaturally long, sharp, and hooked; and altogether there was but the slightest resemblance to the heroic form and face of him who had been James A. Garfield.

The arrangement made was that for two days and nights the body of the illustrious dead should lie in state in the rotunda of the Capitol. This plan was carried out. A guard of honor stood right and left, and very soon, in orderly procession past the mortal remains of their dead friend, the people began to pour in a continuous stream. It was now night-fall, and the shadows came down around the magnificent structure which for eighteen years had been the scene of the toils and triumphs of Garfield, now, alas, about to witness the last ovation in his honor.

On the morning of the 22d of September Washington City became, at sunrise, the scene of such a pageant as had never but

once been beheld within those spacious avenues. By six o'clock the crowds had assembled, and were filing through the east door of the Capitol. As the day advanced the throng increased; and, as it became absolutely necessary that each person should have his turn in the solemn procession, the latest comers were obliged to take up their stations at the end of a long line to the rear. By ten o'clock this was found to reach to the crossing of Second Street and the avenue south-west—considerably more than a quarter of a mile away. All along this line policemen walked back and forth, to prevent stragglers from the outside from coming into the line out of turn. The people forming this procession were of the highest and lowest; among the number, thousands of women and children.

The time required to pass from this extreme limit of the line to the catafalque was, at the most crowded period, *three hours and a half*, and this under a broiling sun and upon a broad asphaltum pavement, which scorched the feet that pressed it.

During the day there were no incidents in the rotunda worthy of mention. Beyond the ceaseless tramp of the people, who poured through in a continuous stream, there was no sound—the desire for conversation being swallowed up in the awe which the presence of the dead President inspired. Some of the people passed the coffin without lifting their eyes from the floor, unwilling to trust themselves to gaze upon the awful sight. Others, more curious, looked as long as they could, and then reluctantly moved away. There were a great many colored people in the throng, of both sexes and of all ages and conditions. Common laborers in tattered clothing crowded upon sumptuously-dressed ladies and gentlemen, all inspired by a common motive. At one time during the day it was ascertained by actual count that sixty persons passed the coffin in one minute, or at the rate of 3,600 an hour, or more than 40,000 during the day. This is probably not above the actual number which passed through the rotunda.

At the farther end of the catafalque were some beautiful floral decorations. There was a broken column of white roses of the Marshal Neil variety, about three feet high, surmounted by a white

dove with wings outspread, as if in the act of alighting. Next came a lovely design representing "The Gates Ajar." These columns were also of white roses, and the bars of the gate were of variegated white and green. The gate-posts were surmounted by globes of immortelles. Next to this was a crown of white rose-buds, the points being tipped with fern. Beyond this was a bank of white flowers from which sprang a column on which was perched a white dove. Upon the bank of white was worked in green the words: "Our Martyr President." At each end of the floral display was a wreath of ivy leaves lying on the floor. In the afternoon there was sent from the British Legation a massive wreath, one of the most beautiful ever seen in Washington. It came in obedience to orders telegraphed from the Queen, and the accompanying card bore the following touching and significant inscription:

"QUEEN VICTORIA, TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD. AN EXPRESSION OF HER SORROW AND SYMPATHY WITH MRS. GARFIELD AND THE AMERICAN NATION."

"SEPTEMBER 22, 1881."

The interior of the rotunda was hung in black, though not so heavily as to produce a marked effect. In all other respects this portion of the Capitol was of the usual appearance.

After passing the catafalque, most of the visitors left the building by the west staircase and departed; but many mounted to the dome and viewed the crowds assembled at the east front from that point of vantage. All day the streets were thronged with people. The street-cars, which had been appropriately draped, were filled to overflowing both to and from the Capitol, and all the conveyances in the city were brought into requisition. The trains brought many visitors from all parts of the nation to the city; and many country people from Maryland and Virginia took advantage of the pageant to visit the city.

During the afternoon there were some indications that the decomposition of the body had set in; and, it being understood that in such event it was the wish of Mrs. Garfield that the features

of her husband should be shut out from the public gaze, the lid of the casket was closed, by order of Secretary Blaine, at about 6:30 in the evening.

Thus, with the evening twilight, the face of James A. Garfield,



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

which, for so many years, had shone with a great radiance among the people, was shut forever from the sight of men.

The morning of the 23d of September witnessed a renewal of the scene of the day before. At half-past eleven all the doors and avenues of approach were closed in order that Mrs. Garfield might go in and remain for a few minutes alone with her dead. What passed behind those silent curtains belongs not to curious

history, peering ever with sleepless eyes into the secrets of life and death, but only to the stricken woman who went in alone to her honored dead.

After this affecting episode the procession was renewed for a season, and then preparations were made for the observance of the formal ceremonies of the day. At two o'clock the services began. Appropriate passages of Scripture were read by Rev. Dr. Rankin, and this was followed with a touching prayer by Elder Isaac Errett, of Cincinnati. As the closing words of the invocation died away, the Rev. F. D. Powers, of the Vermont Avenue Christian Church, of which President Garfield was a member, delivered a feeling address. He spoke in a clear voice, and was distinctly heard in every portion of the hall:

“The cloud so long pending over the Nation has at last burst upon our heads. We sit half-crushed amid the ruin it has brought. A million million prayers and hopes and tears, as far as human wisdom sees, were vain. Our loved one has passed from us. But there is relief. We look away from the body. We forget, for a time, the things that are seen. We remember with joy his faith in the Son of God, whose gospel he sometimes himself preached, and which he always truly loved. And we see light and blue sky through the cloud structure, and beauty instead of ruin,—glory, honor, immortality, spiritual and eternal life in the place of decay and death. The chief glory of this man, as we think of him now, was his discipleship in the school of Christ. His attainments as scholar and statesman will be the theme of our orators and historians; and they must be worthy men to speak his praise worthily. But it is as a Christian that we love to think of him now. It was this which made his life to man an invaluable boon, his death to us an unspeakable loss, his eternity to himself an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

“He was no sectarian. His religion was as broad as the religion of Christ. He was a simple Christian, bound by no sectarian ties, and wholly in fellowship with all pure spirits. He was a Christologist rather than a theologian. He had great reverence for the family relations. His example as son, husband, and father, is a glory to this Nation. He had a most kindly nature. His power over human hearts was deep and strong. He won men to him. He had no enemies. The hand that

struck him was not the hand of his enemy, but the enemy of the position, the enemy of the country, the enemy of God. He sought to do right, manward and Godward.

“He was a grander man than we know. He wrought, even in his pain, a better work for the Nation than we can now estimate. He fell at the height of his achievements, not from any fault of his; but we may, in some sense, reverently apply to him the words spoken of his dear Lord: ‘He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him.’ As the nations remember the Macedonian as Alexander the Great and the Grecian as Aristides the Just, may not the son of America be known as Garfield the Good?

“Our President rests; he had joy in the glory of work, and he loved to talk of the leisure that did not come to him. Now he has it. This is the day, precious because of the service it rendered. He is a freed spirit; absent from the body, he is present with the Lord. On the heights whence came his help he finds repose. What rest has been his for these four days! The brave spirit which cried in his body: ‘I am tired,’ is where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. The patient soul which groaned under the burden of the suffering flesh: ‘O, this pain,’ is now in a world without pain. Spring comes, the flowers bloom, the buds put forth, the birds sing. Autumn rolls round, the birds have long since hushed their voices, the flowers have faded and fallen away; the forest foliage assumes a sickly, dying hue:—so earthly things pass away, and what is true remains with God.

“The pageant moves; the splendor of arms and the banners glitter in the sunlight; the music of instruments and of oratory swells upon the air; the cheers and praises of men resound. But the spring and summer pass by, and the autumn sees a Nation of sad eyes and heavy hearts, and what is true remains of God. ‘The Eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.’”

At the close of the address another prayer was offered by Rev. J. G. Butler. As the last words of the service died away a beautiful rainbow appeared upon a bank of clouds in the east, and while this arch of promise rested calmly against the background of black, the casket was taken up by the pall-bearers and borne away to the hearse. The funeral train was already in waiting at the dépôt of the Pennsylvania Railway, and every thing was in

readiness for the departure. The streets were lined with people, and no visible sign of grief was lacking to testify the sorrow of the people for the dead, and their sympathy for the living. The Marine Band played a solemn dirge, and at sixteen minutes past five o'clock the train started for Cleveland.

The journey from Washington to the west was made without remarkable incident. Crowds, large beyond all precedent, awaited the passage of the train at every point. In Baltimore, which was reached before dark, the whole city had apparently turned out to see the draped coaches go by. As the train reached the outer edge of the waiting throng, Mrs. Garfield was seated in her car looking out of the window. Knowing her disposition to shrink from publicity, one of her companions arose to put down the shade. But she asked that it be allowed to remain open, saying that she was glad to see the crowds which had assembled to do honor to her husband.

All on the funeral train retired early and remained in bed until they arrived in Pittsburgh. In the night, however, those awake saw everywhere the crowds which were in waiting. At Altoona a weird scene impressed itself upon the minds of those who saw it. The place was passed in the middle hours of the night. The darkness was made visible by large numbers of pine torches held by workmen stationed at intervals along the streets. At East Liverpool the members of a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic awaited the passage of the train. At another place the track was strewn with flowers. At Pittsburgh, which was reached a little after six o'clock, the whole town was astir, and the train made its way between dense and silent masses of humanity. In the morning all on the train called on Mrs. Garfield to pay their respects. She had borne the fatigue of the night and the long journey quite well.

At nearly every station along the route, bells were heard tolling as the train passed, and at one or two places dirges were played by brass bands. It was noticed by the passengers that the women in the crowds through which the train passed were weeping. Very good time was made as far as Pittsburgh, but at that point a dis-

patch was received from Cleveland asking the railroad authorities to delay the train an hour or two, as the citizens had not yet completed their arrangements for the reception. On this account the speed was decreased, and the train did not arrive at Cleveland until 1:15 in the afternoon.

The ceremony of reception at the latter city was simple, and every thing was decorously done. Long before the train was expected the people of the town, in carriages, street cars, and on foot, made their way toward the station. Military and civic organizations were already on the spot, and although there was some inevitable bustle, every thing was in place when the train arrived. As the draped engine drew near, every head was uncovered. When the train stopped, the citizens' committee of reception, which had met the cortege as it passed into Ohio, stepped off the train, and formed into double line. The Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators and Officers of the Army and Navy followed, and took their positions in the line without delay.

The coffin containing the body was then lifted from the car by the regular soldiers who accompanied it on the train, and carried to the hearse. The personal friends and attendants of Mrs. Garfield, including the members of the Cabinet and their wives, then passed between the two lines. Last came Mrs. Garfield leaning upon the arm of her son Harry, and escorted upon the other side by Secretary Blaine. Mrs. Garfield and her family were taken to a carriage and driven directly to the house of James Mason, which became her temporary home.

It had been determined that the remains of the President should be conveyed to Monument Square, and there be laid in state until the day of interment. To this end a pavilion, perhaps the finest structure of the kind ever erected, had been built in the middle of the square at the intersection of Superior and Ontario Streets; and here the body of the President was to lie until the 26th of September, which had been fixed upon as the day of sepulture. The pavilion, tasteful in design and rich in decoration, was a fit exponent of the gorgeous solemnity of sorrow. The structure was forty feet square at the base. The four fronts were

spanned by arches thirty-six feet high and twenty-four feet in width. The catafalque upon which the casket rested was five and



JAMES AND HARRY GARFIELD.

a half feet high, covered with black velvet, and handsomely festooned. Long carpeted walks ascended to the floor from the east and west fronts. The pavilion was seventy-two feet high to the apex of the roof. From the center of the roof rose a beautiful gilt sphere, supporting the figure of an angel twenty-four feet high. The columns at each side of the arches were ornamented by shields of a beautiful design and exquisitely draped. Over these were suspended unfurled flags. The centers of the arches bore similar shields. On the angles of the roof were groups of furled flags. Projecting from the angles of the base were elevated platforms, occupied by fully-uniformed guards. Each platform was provided with a suitable piece of

field artillery. The structure was appropriately decorated, from base to dome, with black and white crape. Flowers and flags were displayed in various portions of the pavilion.

The interior was beautified with rare plants, choice flowers, and

exquisite floral designs, two carloads of which had been brought from Cincinnati. The whole was a magnificent piece of work, both in design and execution.

At the east and west entrances to Monumental Park were heavy Gothic arches with drive-ways and openings for foot passengers on each side. They were situated at a sufficient distance from the catafalque to appear to be a part of it. The eastern one was covered with crape, with white and black trimmings running down each column, and the top bordered with blue and white stars. Added to these were several golden shields. The western gateway was similar in construction, and seemed fairly to close up Superior Street to the view. On the extreme outside pillars were the names of the States in black letters.

Into this solemn and beautiful structure, at the head of an almost endless procession, and drawn in a beautiful hearse, surrounded with guards of honor, was borne the body of the dead Garfield. Here the casket was laid upon the catafalque prepared for its reception. The day was already worn to evening, but it was decided not to admit the throng of people until the morrow.

Meanwhile, a last resting-place had been chosen where the great Ohioan should be at peace. The place selected for the tomb was at the top of the most commanding knoll in Lakeview Cemetery. Below it lie two ornamental lakes of considerable size, and on all sides, except the south, stand the marble and granite monuments of the dead. Northward, in the distance stretching along the horizon on either hand for twenty miles, can be seen the blue waters of Erie. The selection of this site was made by the trustees of the cemetery, subject to Mrs. Garfield's approval, which was promptly and thankfully given.

So one more day closed in the shadows of the autumnal twilight, and Ohio sat still beside her dead.

It was the morning of Sunday. A strange vision rose with the sun. Cleveland was thronged with illimitable crowds of people. The murmur of the multitudes, though subdued, grew, and became continuous. At nine o'clock the guards about the public square made an opening in their line upon the west side

through which the multitude began to pour. They were kept in line four and five and six abreast, marching in families, squares, groups, and indiscriminately, but still keeping their ranks, and sweeping steadily and rapidly onward at the east and west sides of the catafalque. Inclined planes had been erected and carpeted so that the throngs marched easily up on the one side and down on the other. The pace was too rapid to make the visit a satisfactory one—for the exquisite floral adornments were tempting enough to furnish pleasure for a visit of an hour—but all had an opportunity to get one glance at the coffin which contained the remains of him they had met to honor.

As the morning wore on the procession grew in length and volume. In an hour after the movement began the line stretched away to the distance of a square; then two squares; then a half mile. The people passed at the rate of one hundred and forty to the minute. Still there was no abatement of the tide which poured past the catafalque. In the afternoon the immense volume of humanity was swollen to a river whose surging, silent waters seemed filled from fountains exhaustless as the ocean. Later in the day came a storm of thunder and wind; only a few were driven from the column; others filled the vacant places, and still the tide surged on. As the crowds, never ending, swept by the catafalque, every hat was raised, and with uncovered heads, often with tears in their eyes and half-suppressed sobs, the people moved on. Late into the night they continued to come in unbroken ranks, the old and young, the pure and vile, the lame upon their crutches, the infirm leaning upon their companions, and babes in the arms of their mothers. It was the day of the people. It was estimated that during the day 150,000 human beings passed silently by the casket whose mute tenant recked no longer of earthly pomp and pageant.

On the evening of the 25th, Monument Square was set aglow with electric lights, which, from high places here and there, threw over the strange scene their brilliant, almost unearthly, splendor. On the outskirts of the guard-lines great masses of

men and women still lingered, gazing silently towards the catafalque surrounded by sentinels. At midnight only a few guards and workmen remained inside the line, though many persons were yet on the streets outside. The scene was singularly impressive at this hour. The almost perfect silence, the bright glare of the lights, the ceaseless movements of the sentinels, the sighing of the wind through the trees, combined to create a feeling of awe in the breasts of all beholders. The massive structure, reared so quickly in the large square, seemed the work of magic. The fact that the noble, patriotic Garfield lay calmly sleeping the final sleep amid the scenes of his early manhood, carried its sad lesson to every heart, and then came, quick as thought, the reflection that the morrow would hear the *mournful monologue* of "*Earth to earth, ashes to ashes.*"

It was the morning of the last day on earth. Well-nigh all the formalities, many and sometimes tedious, peculiar to the burial of one falling in high office and high honor, had been observed, and to these had been added a thousand tokens, extemporized out of the nation's grief, befitting the funeral of a beloved Chief Magistrate. It only remained for the people once more to lift the casket containing the body of their friend, and to bear it to the home prepared for all living.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 26th the line of people leading toward the pavilion found itself suddenly confronted by a line of muskets. The order had been given to clear the gates. Men and women who had been in line for hours were unable to proceed further, and many with ill-disguised resentment turned aside to seek a favorable point to view the exercises. The troops now formed along each side of the Park, in a hollow square six hundred feet in length. The beautiful canopy stood in the center, at the intersection of the two streets, and under it lay the casket. An opening was made at the western end leading up to Superior Street, and this was maintained with some difficulty by a regiment of State troops. From this point to the canopy itself was stationed a line of marines from the Washington Navy-yard—a broad avenue, a half a mile in length, being thus kept open, so that the

carriages of those entitled to admission could enter without difficulty. It was a beautiful sight from the canopy to look down this long double file of soldiers and knights, and the photographers were busy in their efforts to preserve the picture.

At 9:30 A. M. the funeral car, which was to convey the body to the cemetery, was drawn into the square by twelve black horses with black draperies fringed with silver lace. The horses were arranged four abreast. At the head of each of the six outside horses was a negro groom in long black coat, high silk hat, and white gloves.

The car was elaborately decorated and surmounted by large black-and-white plumes, with folded battle flags at each corner. Next came a procession of carriages bearing the family and intimate friends of the dead President. Draped chairs were arranged about the catafalque, and here were seated not only those who were bound to the Garfield family by the ties of nature and intimate affection, but also a great number of the most distinguished statesmen, jurists, and soldiers of the nation. The sound of a minute-gun broke the silence, and the services were opened with the reading of the Scriptures by Bishop Bedell and an invocation by the Rev. Ross C. Houghton. At eleven o'clock the Rev. Isaac Errett, of Cincinnati, pronounced the funeral oration, which was a chaste and touching tribute to the memory of the great dead.

At the close of this eloquent address, Rev. Jabez Hall announced General Garfield's favorite hymn, "Ho! reapers of life's harvest," which was sung by the choirs gathered about the catafalque. Then followed a closing prayer and benediction by Rev. Charles S. Pomeroy, and then the removal of the casket to the cemetery. It was now noonday, and the heat was very oppressive. The funeral car had been drawn up to within fifty feet of the foot of the incline leading from the canopy, and a roll of carpeting covered the ground. The trained soldiers from Washington stood in line at the foot of the canopy, ready to carry out the body whenever the word was given.

The members of the Cleveland Greys, with their high bearskin hats, stood like statues at the four corners of the canopy. The

long line of soldiers stood, all attention, and the signal that all was ready was given. At the word of command the soldiers, with their white helmets, stepped briskly up the incline, and turning "about face," readily lifted the casket to their shoulders. Then, grasping each other by the shoulder, thus giving the casket all the support necessary, they marched with slow and steady step down toward the funeral car. Not a word was spoken. The men were too well drilled to need more than a nod of command, and they carried the body to the car and laid it on the bier in silence. Then they marched back, and, turning again, took up their position on either side of the coffin.

A line was now formed outside of the square in order that the cortege might pass on its way to the mansion of the dead. The wife and mother and children of the President, accompanied by a great throng of intimate friends, arose to follow, and then the procession began to move towards the cemetery, three miles away.

The funeral car proceeded beyond the city hall, and stopped until the first carriage started out. As the carriages containing the friends of the family and eminent men were filled, the car continued its journey until the massive archway at Erie Street was reached. Another jam of people were waiting here. And as the procession slowly passed onward these joined the ranks. Turning into the broad and beautiful Euclid Avenue, the mournful cortege wended its way toward the cemetery in the distance. The great difficulty with the moving pageant was its immense volume. If all applicants had been given a place it would have been twice the length of the entire route. The weather had been very warm during the morning, but about two o'clock a refreshing breeze cooled the atmosphere, and an hour later a heavy storm of rain came down, rendering the march very disagreeable. Then there was a stampede of the crowd for shelter. The rain lasted for about fifteen minutes, and the bright uniforms of the soldiers, and the feathery plumes of the Knights Templar, and other societies, were drenched and soiled.

The procession continued its weary march without further event until the head of the column arrived at a point about half a mile

distant from the cemetery gate, when a halt was ordered. The societies then opened their ranks, and the funeral car, with escort and following carriages, passed through and onward to the vault which was to receive the President's remains.

Here was the last scene of the solemn pageant, begun afar by the sea. The surroundings were grand and beautiful. Art had led Nature by the hand to this last shrine of the earthly pilgrimage. On every side lay the soft carpet of green. Over the space from the roadway to the entrance of the vault was a magnificent canopy, draped in the gorgeous trappings of woe. The air was burdened with the perfume of a thousand flowers. Leading into the vault was a dark carpet strewn with roses so thick that the carpet could not be at first recognized. On entering there was presented a somber darkness and sacred shade, equal to the catacombs of antiquity. There was a vault within a vault. The interior was hung all about with dense mourning, having large flags as a background. The choicest floral designs occupied every space on the walls, and the floor was deeply bedded with choice flowers. A large cross and crown, from the Belgian Legation, was in the center of the south side, and an elegant lyre, sent from Washington, was on the opposite side, while numerous designs from the people of the city were placed here and there. It was impossible to use all the floral offerings sent to this place of rest, and many of them were kept in the boxes at the vault. The walls of the chamber were trimmed with smilax, and the doors with crape festooned with trailing vines. On the first step of the entrance, at the right door, was a group of three elegant crosses of roses, jasmine, carnations, with the words,

“DEAD, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN,”

the gift of the Bolivian Legation at Washington. The steps were covered with evergreens and strewn with a thick carpet of rosebuds, tuberoses, and carnation. A large wreath, presented by the ladies of Dubuque, Iowa, was fastened near the ceiling, so that it could be seen at some distance. Looking through the open door

at the head of the bier was a lyre of roses, carnations, and tuberoses, bearing in immortelles the words:

“IN MEMORY OF JAMES A. GARFIELD.”

At the foot of the bier stood a heavy cross, the gift of Mrs. Garfield herself to the Decorative Committee, for that place. The sides of the vault were draped with rich black. The canopy of the interior consisted of many flags so arranged as to give the impression of an interior roof. The inner west wall was beautifully draped with flags festooned with black, and ornamented with a wreath of white roses. The floor was covered with a carpet of arbor vitæ and roses. The heavy doors were removed, and the gates were draped with bunting and festoons of smilax. In the center of the vault stood the bier, a beveled parallelogram, with a base of black velvet and draped entire with heavy black broadcloth, rich fringe, and a liberal trimming of evergreen.

The procession halted. It was the last stage in the journey. The chief mourners, except Harry and James Garfield, did not alight. The clouds still wept at intervals. The band removed to a distance, sounding the notes of a solemn requiem. The Forest City Guards formed on the right and the Knights on the left. The funeral car was then drawn up over the heavy carpeting of evergreens and flowers. The long lines of Guards presented arms. There was a moment of death-like silence—a most impressive pause—when the inclined plane was adjusted to the car. The Marines marched up into the car and carefully bore the casket down and directly into the vault. It was set gently on the bier. The Guards stood silent. A brief historical sketch of the dead President was read by the Rev. J. H. Jones, former chaplain of the old Garfield regiment. The Vocal Society of Cleveland then chanted in beautiful measure the Twenty-second Ode of Horace. The friends and attendants were thanked for their presence and sympathy, and the benediction was pronounced by President B. A. Hinsdale, of Hiram College. The door was closed. A guard was placed about the sepulcher, and all that the earth could claim of James A. Garfield was left to sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

To moralize on the Life and Work of Garfield would be superfluous. He has furnished to the people of the United States one of the brightest and noblest examples of American citizenship. Both in public life and private life he has contributed to the annals of our times a record unsullied as the azure sky. His steps were the steps of a pure man climbing up to greatness. His ambitions were chastened—his aspirations the aspirations of a patriot. Over his great talents was shed the luster of noble activities, and his path was illumined with something of the effulgence of genius. His integrity was spotless, his virtue white as the snow. Of all our public men of recent times, Garfield was in a certain sense the most American. He had suffered all the hardships of the common lot. He had known poverty and orphanage and toil. To himself he owed in a preëminent degree his victory over adversity and his rise to distinction. He carried into public life, even to the highest seat of honor, the plainness and simplicity of a man of the people. Ostentation was no part of his nature, and subtlety found no place in his practices. In an age of venality and corruption—the very draff and ebb of the Civil War—he stood unscathed. He went up to his high seat and down to the doorway of the grave without the scent of fire on his garments. His name smells sweet in all lands under the circle of the sun, and his fame is a priceless legacy which posterity will not willingly let die.





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